

T H E
KENTISH REGISTER,

A N D
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

FROM AUGUST TO DECEMBER,

1793.

V O L U M E I.



SPECTEMUR AGENDO.

CANTERBURY:
PRINTED BY SIMMONS, KIRKBY AND JONES.
Sold by all the Booksellers in Kent;
AND BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

MDCCXCIII.

RENTISH REGISTER

Pd

MONTHLY



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1.

DEDICATION

TO THE

COUNTY OF KENT.

THE completion of our first Volume of the Kentish Register, imposes upon us the very agreeable duty of making our unfeigned acknowledgments to the inhabitants of this County, for the patronage extended towards this infant Publication. In our prospectus to the work we fully explained the plan upon which it was intended to be conducted; our exertions to fulfil our engagements have been unremitting, and we presume to hope, from the extensive and increasing sale, satisfactory—Our great object in digesting the plan of the Kentish Register, was to render it a work of *real utility*, as well as of *entertainment*. That we have accomplished the former we can appeal with confidence to all men of business. In the Five Agricultural and Commercial Tables, published in every Number, is combined a greater variety of useful information than is to be found in any other publication in the Kingdom. Those Tables are particularly calculated for the information of Farmers, Graziers, Buyers and Sellers of Hops, and Tradesmen in general, from whom we earnestly solicit hints for their improvement, which will be punctually attended to.

In our County Intelligence for the Month, every event worthy of being recorded is regularly inserted under the date on which it took place—and in our lists of *Preferments, Births, Marriages and Deaths*, we have added such collateral information concerning the parties as cannot, we think, fail to be very acceptable to our readers.

It is a generally acknowledged truth, that references to Newspapers to ascertain the date or particulars of any remote event, are attended with much trouble and frequent disappointment—the article in question having no index to point it out, will often escape the vigilance of a very attentive observer. These difficulties will now be obviated, by complete Indexes to each Volume of this work, by which any event can be referred to, as far back as the Kentish Register records, with the greatest facility.

So far we can speak with confidence—that as a provincial Register we have rendered it a work worthy the attention of the County—as a literary Miscellany, it would not become us to be very diffuse in its commendation. In commencing the work, we felt the difficulty of our situation, and well knew that in point of excellence and variety of matter we could entertain no well grounded hope of superseding either the Gentleman's or the European Magazines, (certainly the most respectable of the London monthly publications;) but we were convinced, that with the aid of several very estimable literary characters, who had offered us their services, united with our own labours, we could produce a Magazine more generally interesting to the inhabitants of this County

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County than either; and our sale, which already extends to 750 impressions, is the best proof that our anticipation was correct. In making this assertion, we are not unmindful of what we owe to the public, which on this, as on former occasions, has extended its early patronage to our publication, and generously given us credit for its merit in advance.

The obligations we owe to those Gentlemen who have undertaken to furnish us with a monthly communication upon a particular subject, we here publicly acknowledge. In this description we must rank "*Letters on the French Revolution,*" "*The Topographical papers, and the Moralists.*" To the excellence of these writings, already sanctioned by the approbation of criticism, we have no hesitation in saying that our Register is indebted for much of its celebrity; and we flatter ourselves, in soliciting a continuance of the correspondence of their Authors, we speak not only our own wishes, but the wishes of our readers in general.

To the other Correspondents of the Kentish Register, the limits of this dedication will allow us only to make one general acknowledgment; flattering ourselves at the same time that they have seen no reason to regret their productions appearing amongst those pieces which we have occasionally selected in prose and verse, for the entertainment of our readers.

In the *political retrospect*, we have endeavoured to seize the most prominent Events in each Month, and to arrange them into a kind of historical detail, making such reflections as appeared to us naturally to arise out of the circumstances; this we thought preferable, more novel, and from its brevity better suited to our plan, than a long recapitulation of details, as they appeared in the newspapers—and as we have reason to suppose the public approves of this arrangement, we shall with pleasure continue it.

We again earnestly solicit the correspondence of the learned, and the ingenious—Knowledge, when locked up in the mind, may console the possessor; but it is only in the communication of it that a man experiences the full satisfaction his knowledge is capable of producing; and the means of publicity being rendered easy and respectable through the medium of this work, we flatter ourselves, that the period is not distant when the pages of the KENTISH REGISTER will be *wholly* occupied by the productions of the Literati of the County.

We have only to add, that in the future progress of this work, we shall do our endeavour to secure and extend the patronage, we already experience, by introducing with all possible expedition, those improvements which our Friends have been so kind as to suggest.

THE
KENTISH REGISTER,

For AUGUST, 1793.

SPECTEMUR AGENDO.

LETTERS on the FRENCH REVOLUTION.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER:

S I R S,

HIGHLY pleased with the plan of your intended publication, I take the earliest opportunity of transmitting to you, though with much humility and diffidence, the first of a series of letters on the awful events which are passing in FRANCE. In this my first communication, it has been my task to be the dull transcriber of facts, which from their notoriety can have nothing of the grace of novelty. But this appeared a necessary duty; and I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to suppress my feelings, and my reflections. If now and then my indignation has broken forth, and I could not restrain my pen from some very obvious remarks, let it be remembered that you

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are not answerable for my warmth; that you profess your publication to be open to all parties; and that, if I am wrong, I am liable to answer, which, according to the manner in which it is conducted, I shall think myself at liberty to reply to, or to treat with silent contempt. Conscious that a true Lover of Liberty as I am, I have ever abhorred the despotism of the Old Constitution of France; I am prepared for the attacks of the desperadoes of sedition, and hope that I can hear with patience, and resist with manliness, their calumnies and their violence.

O. Y.

Canterbury, July 27, 1793.

B

LETTER I.

LETTER I.

On the origin and progress of the French Revolution.

SCARCE any subject in history, ancient or recent, is of the same degree of magnitude and importance as the *French Revolution*. Not only because it tends to establish the happiness or misery of a nation, large in extent, full of inhabitants, and fertile, healthy and temperate in soil and climate; but because the principles and conduct by which it has been carried on, have been held up as a test whereby to try the justness of all ancient establishments; to disturb their internal peace, and in contempt of the wisdom of ages, to shake old structures to their foundation; to erect new systems of civil rights; new schemes of human government. Therefore, though I pretend not to add any new lights, any secret intelligence, to the many accounts of it already published, it may be no unuseful task to bring together in as clear a manner as possible the great and prominent facts, allowed on all sides to have attended the limitation and subsequent destruction of the Monarchy of France; that a candid judgement may be drawn, not only how far it has hitherto procured, and is likely in future to obtain, that security and innoxious freedom to its people, which ought to be the end of every good government; but how little its circumstances, and its rules of action are applicable to one nation at least, to which with such unwearied industry and wickedness they have been applied.

The Constitution of France was, undoubtedly, such as required a very essential REFORM. The power of the Crown, and the privileges of the Nobles and Clergy, were unquestionably inconsistent with the real and just ends of civil establishments. The seeds of some important change had long been sown. The writings of the French Philosophers (which, if they were directed to enlighten minds blinded by the dazzle of despotism, with the principles of pure and prac-

tical liberty, were nobly employed) had long been exerted in disseminating new opinions, and new schemes of human rights. These were confessedly the first steps, that led to the Revolution; and they who admire an unqualified overturn of the old government, by whatever destruction it might be produced, and by whatever consequences attended, will surely applaud them. But whether these writers, this literary cabal, especially the two academies of France, through the medium of their Encyclopædia, by their wild theories, (which might seem rather to be the playful effusions of wanton fancies, than the solid conviction of those who formed them;) by such a contempt of the gradually acquired truths of ages, the solid conclusions of experiment, as produced a scepticism that unhinged the mind from all its ancient supports, and by degrees obliterated religion itself; whether these, while they painted future scenes of ideal good, did not infallibly lead to real evil, not only temporary, like the unexampled miseries in which their country is now involved; but of unabated wretchedness, so long as their direction is pursued; the most enthusiastic lover of genuine freedom will reasonably doubt.

The part which the Crown of France took in the American war, contributed to fan the growing flame of liberty. They who had fought for the emancipation of others, could hardly be so stupid or so dastardly as not to turn their minds on the situations of themselves. The Marquis de la Fayette, who had early distinguished himself in that contest, and continued in it till its conclusion, had there cherished and confirmed ideas, peculiarly suited to the ambition of a man situated like him; whether that ambition was noble and disinterested, or was in pursuit only of that selfish aggrandizement, to which, I fear, the doctrines of his philosophic countrymen tend. Over these thoughts he continued to brood, and watched but for an opportunity to bring them into action. That

That opportunity was now drawing near. The government had long groaned under an accumulating debt, which it was no longer able to bear. Though M. De Calonne, the Minister, by his bold and judicious measures had restored credit to the Caisse d'Escompte, which had stopped payment a few weeks before his accession, and had in 1784 established the Caisse d'Amortissement, or Sinking Fund, which deserved yet higher applause; though peace was now settled throughout Europe for three years; the finances seemed yet unable to recover themselves, and every year it was necessary to close with a loan. The minds of the people, as has been mentioned, were in a state, which the smallest spark would set in a flame. The Commercial Treaty of 1786 had raised considerable discontents, and when the loan of the last year, which amounted to the sum of three hundred and thirty thousand pounds, was presented to the Parliament, the murmurs shewed themselves aloud in the remonstrances of that assembly, who now hesitated and seemed to claim a negative on the edicts of the King, which he insisted it was their duty to register alone. They obeyed reluctantly; and accompanied the act with a resolution, importing "that public œconomy was the only genuine source of abundant revenue; the only means of providing for the necessities of the state and restoring that credit, which borrowing had reduced to the brink of ruin." However commendable was this conduct, (and it was a boldness of spirit that must be applauded) yet the King, it may be supposed, however little inclined to be tyrannical, did not tamely bear this resistance of a power, which he had been taught from his infancy to be unquestioned. He commanded therefore the attendance of the grand deputation of Parliament; he then erased from their records the resolution that had been adopted, with the observation, that he would never endure from them a censure of his conduct, though he was always

ready to receive a respectful representation of whatever concerned the public good. And to enforce the proof of his displeasure, he superseded one of the officers, who had been most active in this proceeding.

But such a victory over the Parliament afforded the King, or his Minister but little satisfaction. This body had shewn a temper too inflexible for those accommodations which Calonne required, to aid him in restoring the desperate state of the finances. Some mode was necessary to gain the national sanction to the public debt. He proposed therefore, (and why should we doubt that he honestly proposed?) a reform of whatever was vicious in the constitution. But these schemes were not to be carried on by means of an Assembly, which had already shewn themselves so adverse to his plans; an assembly, which though their powers must not be estimated by comparison with the august body of the English Constitution, which bears the same name; (since they were originally only a Convention of Lawyers, indebted for their appointment to the King, and their duty seems rather to have been ministerial than deliberative;) an assembly, I say, of narrow authority as they were, yet anxious, and perhaps honourably, to engross on so fair an opportunity, all the attributes of legislation; and animated in their claims by the plaudits of a people burning for freedom, and glad of every opening to controul the authority of the Crown.

Some other Assembly, therefore, seemed necessary, of whose countenance the Minister might have better hopes. But it must be such a one in the present temper of the nation, as must meet their sanction also; for they of course would not endure the suppression of the only acting body, that seemed able and willing to oppose the King, without the establishment of some other at least equally dignified and powerful. In this emergence then he turned his views to a meeting, which should consist of

members from all the various orders of the state, and provinces of the kingdom; a measure that promised to be popular. Such an assembly, indeed, nominated by the Crown, under the title of the *NOTABLES*, had been convened by Henry IV. and again by Lewis XIII. Though it must be confessed, that the genuine assembly of the nation were the *STATES GENERAL*. But they had not been convened since 1614; and M. Calonne could scarce flatter himself that the Sovereign would consent to the renewal of a body, upon the decay of whose power his ancestors had built their own.

On the 29th of December, 1786, therefore the writs were dated for embodying the *NOTABLES*; they were addressed to seven Princes of the blood, nine Dukes and Peers of France, eight Field-M Marshalls, twenty-two Nobles, eight Counsellors of State, four Masters of Requests, eleven Archbishops and Bishops, thirty-seven of the Heads of the Law, twelve deputies of the *Pays D'Etats*, the Lieutenant-civil, and twenty-five Magistrates of the different towns of the kingdom. The number of Members was 144; and the 29th of January, 1787, was the period appointed for their meeting.

The Minister, however, was not so soon prepared to submit the scheme of public affairs to them; and the meeting was postponed to Feb. 7th. The indisposition of himself and Count Vergennes, caused a second procrastination to the 14th of the same month; and by the death of the latter, who was President of the Council of Finance, &c. on the 13th, it was a third time deferred. Though his place was supplied by Count de Montmorin, a person of excellent character, M. de Calonne suffered an irreparable loss by the decease of this nobleman; for he alone of all the Ministers, entered with warmth and sincerity into his plans.

Under these disadvantages, at length on Feb. 22, M. de Calonne met the Assembly of the *NOTABLES*;

he traced up to its commencement centuries ago, the growing debt of the nation; its temporary abatements; its partial remedies; and its vast accumulation to three millions and three hundred and thirty thousand, at his accession to office. The resources which he proposed were surely truly patriotic and laudable; and such as those only would wish to stigmatize with odium, who anxious to carry all things to the most violent extremes, cannot bear to see credit attached to any systems of moderate reform.† He recommended a territorial impost, somewhat like the English Land-Tax, from which no rank or order of men were to be exempted; and an estimate of the estates of the Clergy; which hitherto had contributed little* to the public burdens; besides which, he suggested a strict enquiry into all the various branches of internal taxation, and represented considerable resources from a mortgage of the demense lands of the Crown.

But alas! the nation was not virtuous enough for schemes like these! A nobility selfish, unprincipled, and deadened by a course of incessant and frivolous dissipation, to every exertion both of head and heart; and a clergy, who had too long enjoyed uninterruptedly an unproportionate and overpowering wealth, were inflamed with resentment at plans, to which had they seen but half as far as they might, their private interest as well as public patriotism would have induced their consent. It may be supposed that those master-heads, which during the selfish supineness of these higher bodies, watched, and perhaps directed the gathering storm, were not quiet on an occasion like this. They had

† See the harsh character given of him by Mackintosh, on Burke, p. 25—"Detested," says he, "by the Nobles and Clergy, of whose privileges he had suggested the abolition; undermined in the favor of the Queen, by his attack on one of her favourites (Breteuil) &c." Why surely, if Mr. M. be consistent, these are grounds of praise!

* Burke, however, says, that the exemption was very far from general, as it has been represented,

no peaceable and moderate charges in view; obliquely, therefore, would they urge the passions of those, whom they meant to devour, against acceding to proposals which might nip their own ambitious and bloody purposes in the bud. Thus the necessity for these reforms were combated with boldness and virulence. For M. Neckar, previous to his retirement, had published his *Compte Rendu au Roi*, in which France was represented as possessing a clear surplus of 425,000l. sterling. This had been read with avidity, and though it might have contributed to offend the King, was ably vindicated by M. de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse. An adversary rose too in the person of M. Mirabeau, whom, formerly, Calonne had patronized, but now found difficult to cope with. There are characters, which seem formed to exist in turbulent elements alone; who delight to ride in the whirlwind, and guide the tempests of civil commotion. This man had visited, and made his observations on all the courts of Europe; but he was restless and discontented, he fostered a pride, which continually subjected him to mortifications; and he longed for scenes, where his activity and his ambition might have larger scope.

With such powerful assistance, did the privileged orders oppose the virtuous projects of M. de Calonne. When we consider, upon such exigencies as these, those who are by far the most able to contribute to the public wants, resisting so clamorously, all calls to bear a part in the common burden; and when we recollect not only the immense number of the ancient nobility of France; but the shameful prostitution to sale of patents, which were bought up by those who had rapidly acquired fortunes; so that, by consequence, money would procure exemption; we must ever execrate this foolish, and unjust conduct. The actors in it have been, alas! the greatest sufferers themselves; they opened the channel for those overwhelming waters of de-

struction which have swept them clean away; and which, had their waves been properly tempered, had never perhaps collected strength enough to burst at once the mound of defence, and overspread the land.

Such, however, was their ill-advised resistance; such the odium against the Minister, which they raised, that on the 12th of April he resigned his place, and fled to England.

During this time, the King's attention was called from domestic affairs, to his new ally, the Republic of Holland. Over that state, it had been the longest, and most continued object of the ambition of France to obtain an influence; and the power of which the Prince of Orange was now stripped, seemed to afford an inviting opportunity of interference with success, but the assistance which the King eagerly gave to the republican party availed but little: they were soon disappointed in their hopes by the interference of Prussia; and when this was strengthened by the aid of Great Britain also, France, though willing to keep up appearances by equipping a fleet, in opposition to ours, was soon desirous to listen to terms of peace; and gladly acceded to the proposal of restoring harmony by a discontinuance of all warlike preparations. But no foreign views, successes or disappointments could long abstract the King's mind from domestic grievances; these mortifications must have humbled his spirit, even had haughtiness and ambition, rather than a mild and benevolent temper, characterized him. Calonne dismissed: the kingdom without a minister; no settled schemes of government; and the Assembly of NOTABLES, so far from complying with the purposes, for which he had convened them, that they became new sources of evil to him; and portended more powerful checks to his wishes, even than the Parliament! Respect and moderation, indeed, of behaviour they did not want; and this appearance they probably pre-

served

served in consequence of the appointment of the Archbishop of Toulouse, the vigorous adversary of M. de Calonne, to the office of Comptroller-General; but they shewed an alarming firmness; and were obstinate in rejecting the territorial impost.

What was now to be done? money must be raised; and the crown was once more obliged to rely on the royal edicts for this purpose. These, the Parliament, who had before felt their own strength, again refused to register: absolute authority was used to compel them: they entered however a most spirited protest, and called for the convocation of the *States-General*. The consequence on the part of the King, who could hardly be expected to give up so material a point without a struggle, was, an immediate banishment of them individually to *Troyes*, a city of Champagne, about 70 miles from Paris.

But my letter grows too long. I must reserve the detail of these important events for a future communication. In the mean time it may be satisfactory to close that which I now send you, with the account, taken at the moment, of one, who has never been denied to be a warm admirer of liberty, and was then an enthusiastic well-wisher to the French Revolution. I mean *Arthur Young*.

Oct. 13, 1787. Paris.—“ We had
“ a large party at dinner, and poli-
“ ticians among them, and some
“ interesting conversation on the pre-
“ sent state of France. The feeling
“ of every body seems to be, that
“ the Archbishop will not be able to
“ do any thing towards exonerating
“ the State from the burden of its
“ present situation; some think that
“ he has not the inclination; others
“ that he has not the courage;
“ others that he has not the ability.
“ By some he is thought to be at-
“ tentive only to his own interest;
“ and by others, that the finances
“ are too much deranged to be with-
“ in the power of any system to re-
“ cover, short of the *States-General*
“ of the kingdom; and that it is

“ impossible for such an assembly to
“ meet without a revolution in the
“ government ensuing. All seem
“ to think, that something extraor-
“ dinary will happen; and a bank-
“ ruptcy is an idea not at all uncom-
“ mon. But who is there that will
“ have the courage to make it?”*

Oct. 17.—“ Conversation entirely
“ political. Both Calonne and the
“ Archbishop were condemned on all
“ hands in the lump; as being ab-
“ solutely unequal to the difficulties
“ of so arduous a period. One opi-
“ nion pervaded the whole company,
“ that they are on the eve of some
“ great revolution in the govern-
“ ment; that every thing points to
“ it; the confusion in the finances
“ great; with a *deficit* impossible to
“ provide for without the *States*
“ *General* of the kingdom, yet no
“ ideas formed of what would be the
“ consequence of their meeting: no
“ minister existing or to be looked
“ for in or out of power, with such
“ decisive talents as to promise any
“ other remedies than palliative ones;
“ a prince on the throne with excel-
“ lent dispositions, but without the
“ resources of a mind that could go-
“ vern in such a moment without
“ ministers; a court buried in plea-
“ sure and dissipation; and adding
“ to the distress, instead of endea-
“ vouring to be placed in a more in-
“ dependent situation: a great fer-
“ ment among all ranks of men,
“ who are eager for some change
“ without knowing what to look to,
“ or hope for: and a strong leaven of
“ liberty, increasing every hour since
“ the American Revolution: alto-
“ gether form a combination of cir-
“ cumstances, that promise e'er long
“ to ferment into motion, if some
“ master-hand, of very superior
“ talents, and inflexible courage, is
“ not found at the helm to guide
“ events, instead of being driven by
“ them. It is very remarkable, that
“ such conversation never occurs,
“ but a bankruptcy is a topic: the

* A. Young's Travels in France, p. 61, 62.

“ curious question on which is,
 “ *Would a bankruptcy occasion a civil*
 “ *war, and a total overthrow of the*
 “ *government?* The answers that I
 “ have received to this question ap-
 “ pear to be just: such a measure
 “ conducted by a man of abilities,
 “ vigour and firmness, would cer-
 “ tainly not occasion either one or
 “ the other. But the same measure
 “ attempted by a man of a different
 “ character might possibly do both.
 “ All agree that the states of the
 “ kingdom cannot assemble without
 “ more liberty being the conse-

quence; but I meet with so few
 “ men that have any just ideas of
 “ freedom, that I question much the
 “ species of this new liberty that is to
 “ arise. They know not how to
 “ value the privileges of the PEOPLE;
 “ as to the nobility and clergy, if a
 “ revolution added any thing to their
 “ scale, I think it would do more
 “ mischief than good.”*

As I wish to be as candid as possible;
 with these sentiments of another, I
 shall conclude my first letter.

O. Y.

* P. 66. Mr. Y. adds this note. “ In
 “ transcribing these papers for the press, I
 “ smile at some remarks and circumstances
 “ which events have since placed in a singu-
 “ lar position; but I alter none of these pas-
 “ sages; they explain what were the

“ opinions in France before the revolution,
 “ on topics of importance; and the events
 “ which have since taken place render them
 “ the more interesting” *June, 1790.*—
 The fear of increased power to the nobility
 and clergy was indeed very unnecessary !!!

[To be continued]

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ARTHUR YOUNG, ESQ.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

SIRS,

THOUGH to discuss the cha-
 racters of the living is a subject
 of extreme delicacy, yet there are
 circumstances under which it is not
 only peculiarly interesting, but surely
 commendable. Men, who through a
 life of incessant labour and self-denial,
 have attempted to enter the doors of
 honourable Fame, by opening the
 blinded paths of national prosperity,
 ought in gratitude to be held up to
 the public with the respect they de-
 serve. Against the barkings of malice,
 the sneers of silent dullness, the
 cowardly attacks of conceited reserve,
 which with all the train of ignorance
 and envy, form a powerful combina-
 tion to oppose the generous adven-
 turer in literature, some counteract-
 ing spirit, in cases of merit, ought to
 be excited; some overawing reputa-
 tion, which may drive away the
 buzzings, and the stings of these

hornets, that disturb him, who walks
 in the public eye.

For these reasons, I send you a slight
 sketch, drawn principally from the
 Author's own memoirs, of the life of
Arthur Young, Esq. so well known
 for his agricultural pursuits; and this
 you will the more readily admit, be-
 cause he seems to have had no slight
 original connection with the County
 of KENT.

Arthur Young, Esq. of Bradfield
 Hall, in Suffolk, is of a family, who
 have resided at that seat, as country
 gentlemen, with no dependence but
 on their land, for nearly two cen-
 turies.* His father was the first who
 added to it the aid of a profession.
 He was the same Dr. Young, who
 occupied the prebendal stall of the
 Cathedral of CANTERBURY,

* Annals of Agriculture, vol. xv. p. 163.

which

which is now filled by Archdeacon Lynch. His eldest son Dr. Young, was brought up in the same line as himself, and held considerable preferments in the church: he was Fellow of Eton, and Prebendary of Worcester, and a great favourite of the King, with whom, as he was hunting in 1786, he met with an accident by the fall of his horse, which terminated his life, without issue. He had very generously, on the mother's death, (whole name was *Couffmaker**) given up to his brother, the subject of this sketch, 800*l.* of the 2000*l.* which he was entitled to, out of the Bradfield estate, by her will; a will most honourably dictated by himself, and written by his own hand, by which this ancient paternal inheritance had been previously bequeathed to him. But I am anticipating the later circumstances of a life, which, had many years of difficulty to struggle with, before it arrived at this competency.

More than thirty years ago, Mr. Young commenced farmer upon the lands which he now occupies,† having hired of his mother about 300 acres. Here, young, eager, too thoughtlessly speculative, and too confident of an ignorant and dishonest bailiff, he confesses he squandered much money on ideal improvements; and awakened at length from his golden dreams by the lightness of his purse, and some domestic uneasiness, he found it time to remove from Bradfield. He then hired Saupford-hall, in Essex, a large farm of 300 acres, which promised ample returns; but this he was obliged to quit from the failure of pecuniary aid from a relation, without which it was impossible to carry it on. Now, again, his active mind was thrown on the world for employment; and he advertized for farms. The answers to his enquiries, led him to many surveys, which,

inquisitive as he was, and active in noting down his various observations, fixed the future colour of his life, and engaged him in that indefatigable career of service to the agricultural world, which his long series of subsequent writings has produced; for the first result of these notes was his *TOUR OF SIX WEEKS THROUGH THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND*. This being the first instance of the principal direction of a traveller's enquiries to agriculture, engaged the public attention, and brought the author into some notice. He then, with the advice of his Suffolk bailiff, fixed on a farm of 100 acres in Hertfordshire: both were deceived in the soil; it was an hungry vitriolic gravel, "I occupied," says he, "for nine years the jaws of a wolf."• During this period, he made and published his other tours; and his knowledge and experience of course continued to grow more enlarged and matured; but they were exerted in vain on land calculated to swallow, as he says, a Nabob's fortune. This mortification was increased by literary imprudences, which he confesses with such engaging candour that I shall not venture to use any words but his own: his tours were successful; but he adds, "I published also other works of much inferior merit, which I was tempted to do from the success that my former had met with; and perhaps no author ever experienced, more strongly than I did, the ill effects of writing and printing a great deal too much, and too fast; for I did every thing possible to write myself down; and indeed effected it in a great measure, as far as a Book-seller's ideas are annexed to that term."

My account commenced about 1761; the nine years employed on the Hertfordshire farm have brought me down to 1776; that year with the three following were engaged in Ireland, partly by a residence in the county of Corke, in arranging and letting part of the estate of Lord

* Annals, ut supra, p. 162. She was sister to Mr. Couffmaker, of Dane Court, in Tillmanstone, in this county, who was first husband of Lady Hales, widow of Sir Thomas Pym Hales, bart.
† Ibid. p. 154.

• Ibid. p. 156.

Viscount Kingsborough; and partly in journals, a register of which, on his return to England he published. The Dublin Society, for the encouragement of Agriculture, gave it barren praise; and though published by subscription, the profit was nothing. Yet Mr. Young had soon the satisfaction, which must be abundantly gratifying to a mind like his, to see the Legislature diametrically reverse their former principles of policy in regard to corn, convinced by him; and the cultivation of the kingdom make a gradual advance by his suggestions. The year 1780 was now arrived; and I will not mar the beauty of the following energetic passage by using any other words than the author's own. "The tranquil bosom of my good mother's hermitage, my native *Bradfield*, once more opened its arms to receive us. It was little more than to come to close the eye, and receive the last sighs of that beloved parent. Blessed Spirit! may my hitherto restless days finish as thine did! who didst meet death with the tranquillity of a healthy life; and mightest have said with as much justice as an Addison,—*See with what peace a Christian can die!*"*

On this estate, of which the rental was about 300l. a year, he now determined to settle; to cultivate assiduously his own lands, and to wander no more. Some opportune bequests from relations enabled him to stock his farms; and he lived for a few years quiet, retired, frugal, and the easier, as he asserts with a little venial spleen, because he was engaged in no publication; though he was labouring all this time as well as long before and since on his *ELEMENTS OF AGRICULTURE*, a work which he has twice recast, and on which he long placed all his hopes of permanent fame; but which yet he knows not when he shall finish for the public eye, in a manner satisfactory to himself. †

* *Annals*, ut supra, p. 161.

† *Ibid.* p. 184.

Mr. Young, however, was not formed for idleness (if idleness such might be called.) His fermenting mind produced the plan of the *ANNALS OF AGRICULTURE*, a monthly publication, of which the first number appeared in January, 1784. This excellent work has never from that time been discontinued; and is now in the progress of the 20th volume; the variety of correspondents, who have here concentrated their sentiments; the vast body of facts here collected together, form such a repository of information, as is unequalled in any science; and from which such improvements to the future agriculture of the kingdom may be drawn, as may justly entitle the author to the noble character of *BENEFACTOR to AGES to COME*.

In 1786 died Dr. Young, in whom he lost his elder brother beforementioned, and his son, an uncle and a protector, who would have amply provided for him in the church, for which his father had strained his utmost to educate him at Eton, and since, (because too late to alter his plan of life) at Cambridge. Surely the nation will not long suffer the son of a man, who has grown poor in their cause, to go unprovided for.

Early in 1787, he was induced by some French friends, to make the first tour in France: he returned in the winter, and was kept in a ferment from that time, of which he spent nine weeks in London, by the *Wool Bill*, to which he gave the most able and manly opposition, in favour of the landed interest, who were too supine to exert themselves.

In 1788, he made a second journey in France; travelling 1700 miles on a blind mare, and bringing her safe (through humanity) back to *Bradfield*.

In 1789, he finished his travels in France; having declined, with some hesitation, the purchase of an estate of 4000 acres there, to which in his disappointment, he was half inclined to emigrate from his ungrateful country; but from which in the subsequent

quent unparalleled barbarities of that nation, he must have blessed himself for having escaped. During these journies, he noted with indefatigable attention, the state of agriculture, and of the great political events, of the former of which, little account had been previously given, and which the inundation of subsequent troubles would have rendered too late to register. This task was undertaken, therefore, at a most critical period.

In the summer of 1790, he was employed in digesting his materials with incessant labour. And here, adds he, in the melancholy languor of recovery from a severe illness, in Jan. 1791, "ends my narrative of thirty years.—I know not what epithet to give them generally; but they have been a series of never-ceasing labour, and never-failing anxiety."

But I hope this was the passing cloud of temporary malady. Brighter prospects have since arisen. The travels in France, which were published in 1792, have enlarged the sphere of his fame; perseverance and encreasing merit seem at length to have overcome the torpid hand of Neglect, and we may yet see the evening of his days set in peace, gilded by the sunshine of public reward.

Mr. Young's pamphlet, entitled *The Example of France a Warning to Great Britain*, published a few months since, is one of the most seasonable, spirited, and sensible political addresses which was ever published, and is doubly worthy of attention, because it is in direct opposition to the author's former, and even lately published opinions, which are recanted with an ingenious candor, of which great minds only are capable.

Thus for brevity's sake, lest the article should swell too much for the limits of your Miscellany, have I extracted, almost entirely from the author's own memoirs, the naked facts

of his life, stripped of all that interesting colouring, with which, in a strain of complaint, it must ever be regretted he had cause for, himself has clothed them. It may be said I have added nothing new: I confess it; but your publication may extend where the *Annals of Agriculture* are unknown; and I wish all the farmers in particular of my native county should hear something of a man, to whom, whatever they may think, they are so much obliged.

When I first came warm from the author's sketch of himself to this paper, my mind and my heart were overflowing with sentiments and reflections; but the room I allowed myself permitted only a statement of facts; and the ideas, that were playing in my fancy, are gone; they are fled without a trace, like the course of a boat upon the ocean. A few observations, therefore, shall close this letter. Would that I were capable of entering into a critical examination of the subject, but as I will not deceive the public by insinuating that my praise is of more value than it is, I must confess, that agriculture is a subject, of which, though I am strongly convinced of its high importance I am but superficially acquainted. Unqualified praise is of but little value, because it is suspicious. Mr. Young is a writer whose talents seem to have improved by time almost beyond all parallel. In his earlier tours it must be confessed his language and ideas on many collateral subjects seem often crude; and his descriptions of mansions and pictures affected, verbose, and of doubtful taste. Throughout all his works there is perhaps that error, to which ardent minds are so peculiarly prone, of giving exclusive importance to his own pursuits. In him I grant it is particularly venial, because no science of half the importance of agriculture has ever been so much under-rated. He is always too careless in his language, and sometimes too rapid in his facts; though I do not mean to yield to those foolish

* *Annals*, ut supra, p. 177.

proofs of it one sometimes hears from those, who confining their ideas to the narrow spots of themselves and their immediate neighbours, think what is important to themselves must be so to the world, and call that superficial, which does not give a minute and accurate detail of their own pretty operations. But I must ever think the

thanks of the nation peculiarly due to Mr. Young for his unwearied labors in favor of that science and that property in the kingdom, which have ever been peculiarly oppressed; for such, in comparison with commerce, agriculture, and the landed interest have certainly always been.

RUSTICUS.

LIBERTY.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

GENTLEMEN,

AGREEABLE to your professions of impartiality, I claim a place for the following:

AMONGST the many consequences resulting to the world, from the revolution in France, those which will probably be felt in this country are not the least material. Already, to every man of reflection, a visible change has taken place in the sentiments and opinions of the public. The motives which induced the commercial, the landed and trading interest of the country to rally round the throne in a moment of danger to oppose the torrent of licentiousness which threatened the kingdom, were laudable; but in proportion as this burst of loyalty subsided, a prejudice I fear has taken root, equally repugnant to the principles of genuine liberty, and the English Constitution, as the licentiousness it reprobates. By opposing the excess of liberty, we appear to have conceived a kind of antipathy to the name; and every proposition now advanced, having the liberty of the subject either immediately or remotely for its object, is scouted as a demon destructive to the welfare and existence of the state, "*The Majesty of the People*," a term wisely adopted as an antidote to the infernal doctrine of "*Jure divino*," and heretofore cherished as an expression

congenial with our constitution, is now regarded with as much horror as the head of Medusa, armed with its hundred snakes; and Patriotism, which formerly occupied a respectable seat in the heart of every Englishman, is now fairly kicked out of doors. A patriot is now at least a suspicious character; and a man who attempts to talk with veneration of the Majesty of the people, is regarded with as little complacency as a mad dog. As our Constitution derives its excellence, by meliorating the principles of arbitrary power, and cherishing the seeds of genuine liberty; so those sentiments which tend to bring liberty into disrepute must ultimately be injurious to ourselves. When the people cease to be the guardians of their own freedom, there are not wanting, in the best of times, men who will take advantage of their folly. By attaching an odium to liberty, we give a very fair pretext for those in power to remove it out of our reach. That the atrocities committed of late in France, under the mask of Liberty, should arouse the indignation of every generous mind, I readily admit; but we should at the same time recollect, that the abuse of a blessing, is no rational plea for despising the blessing itself; and altho' there are a number of wretches, who have

have disgraced the cause of freedom by the most blasted acts of iniquity and injustice, still THE INTRINSIC VALUE OF FREEDOM REMAINS, AND FOR EVER WILL REMAIN THE SAME. Englishmen ought to be very cautious how they indulge in peevish, petulant invectives against liberty, whilst they are boasting the constitution under which they live. Such declamation is absurd in itself, and mischievous in its tendency. It was the conviction that liberty is a substantial blessing to society, that animated our ancestors to obtain it; and hence that jealousy and vigilance with which it has hitherto been watched; but there is an incongruity in supposing that we shall continue to preserve with jealousy, what we have agreed to despise. Tyrannical government is with difficulty established over a people retaining their senses; but when the people voluntarily relinquish their reverence for liberty, they commit a political sui-

cide upon themselves, and the business is soon done. Dr. Moore, in his excellent journal, vindicates the sentiments advanced in this letter, beyond refutation, in the following extract. "Before I left Paris," (says the Doctor) "I heard a person, who was filled with indignation at the recital of the horrors then committing, cry 'D—n Liberty, I abhor its very name!' The indignation was just; but surely it was ill directed. If he had been hearing a recital of the cruelties which have been exercised on various occasions, under the pretext of zeal for the christian religion, whose essence is mercy and good-will to man, he might with equal justice and discernment have said—'D—n the Christian Religion, I abhor its very name!'" The force of this observation is too conclusive to need any further comment.

CATO.

July 12, 1793.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

THE MORALIST.

No. I.

- "Whatever secondary props may rise
- "From POLITICS, to build the PUBLIC PEACE,
- "The Basis is the MANNERS of the LAND.
- "When rotten these, the Politician's Wiles
- "But struggle with Destruction."

YOUNG.

NUMEROUS as the societies for promoting particular branches of knowledge are, I most sincerely wish to see some instituted for the sole purpose of diffusing moral knowledge; and for the public encouragement of moral rectitude. By institutions of this kind many crimes might be prevented—many virtues might be rewarded—the abilities of the studious and industrious might be patronized—the sobriety and good behaviour of the poor might be made

respectable—the genius of the cottage might be rescued from obscurity; and many a flower that is new born to blush unseen, might not then be destined to

"Waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Societies of this description, were they to become universal, might contribute in a very essential manner to renovate the world. It is ignorance that renders men ferocious and ungovernable. Ignorance is natural to man.

man. We should all at this moment have been ignorant if we had been left to ourselves. They, therefore, who feel the value of knowledge, should exert themselves in diffusing it around them. They should consider that men without knowledge are the most dangerous of all created beings. They are neither qualified to possess liberty nor power. The more the liberties of a people are enlarged, the more should the principles of moral knowledge be inculcated and enforced; and before the privileges of a people are increased, their minds should be well stored with good principles, and their understandings exercised with the precepts of sound wisdom. And this is by no means so likely to be effected as by the exertions of collective bodies of people forming themselves into societies for this very purpose. Societies which might cause lectures to be publicly read every Sunday evening to the lower classes of people, as well women as men, with a view to improve their minds, to enlighten their understandings, to form their manners, to cultivate their hearts, to direct their judgments, and to inspire them with a spirit of fortitude, with unaffected goodness, and genuine dignity of character. Such societies as may teach men to think, to reason, and to act, under all circumstances, and in all situations, as becomes rational beings. Such societies as may promote the public welfare by an impartial attention to the morals of those about them; by inspiring, as far as their influence can reach, a desire of mental improvement; and by discouraging as much as possible, every misapplication of time and talents which is hostile to public peace, and dangerous to individuals.

All human happiness is founded on moral virtue. And of all human subjects, morality is by far the most interesting and beneficial to man, whether we consider him as an individual, or as a member of society. The influence of moral goodness must always have the most salutary effect

on the peace and happiness of the world. The doctrines of morality, (unlike those of religion) are incapable of being subjects of contention. The judicious professor of morality will always adhere to facts. He will not oppose theory to experiment. No new declarations of rights can alter the system of moral rectitude. The injustice of to-day cannot be wiped away by the new-formed doctrines of tomorrow. Morality is founded on principles that are short, clear, and unequivocal. No stretch of thought is required to understand them—no laborious deductions are requisite to prove the authenticity of them. They are neither visionary nor delusive. They are founded in the nature and constitution of things; and they are invariably and unalterably the same. Without entering into any curious enquiries concerning the origin of morality, it is quite sufficient for our present purpose to observe that it is, as a system, the best adapted for universal approbation and acceptance, and for the promotion and establishment of universal happiness, of any extant. It is built on truth. Its utility is proved by the experience of all ages; and its influence is such as ought to render it one of the first and most important objects of attention in every nation and kingdom; in every city, town and village. It is by the practice and encouragement of morality, that blessings may be naturally expected to descend on the third and fourth, nay, even to the remotest generations of men; and it is by a culpable inattention to the improvement of mankind in this most useful branch of knowledge, that generations yet unborn may be cursed through our neglect of a duty, which can no sooner be recognized than felt.

The King, in his proclamation for the encouragement of morality, has evinced a desire to prefer those of his subjects, whose moral conduct has been uniformly such as it ought to be before all others. But how is the King to know which of his subjects he ought to prefer, unless they are recommended

commended to him by the societies of disinterested and independent men, on whom we can rely? Members of Parliament, and persons in office, have generally their own interest and emolument principally in view, rather than the good of the nation at large. To the recommendations of such men no attention should be paid. Let government receive no persons into their service, but those who come recommended to them by societies instituted for the purpose of encouraging morality, and the influence that is founded in a principle of selfishness will be effectually abolished. The influence of a government will always be less dangerous in proportion as the influence of morality increases. And where the culture of the heart has been properly attended to, *there* will be but little danger to be apprehended from bribery and corruption. Nay, the man who can offer a bribe to

promote his own views, tacitly refuses to act up to the character of a moral agent. He that moment descends from the dignity of a rational being, and as an object of pity rather than respect. To man, as a rational being, no interest is respectable that is not unpurchased—no praise is honourable that is not voluntary—no friendship is desirable that is not sincere—no service is grateful that is not unfeigned. For these and various other reasons, the mind of man should be carried to the summit of pure moral knowledge, with all the care, industry, and expedition that it is capable of.

But as I am not certain that lucubrations of this kind may be acceptable in a Kentish Register, I shall abruptly subscribe myself

SEMPER IDEM.

July 16, 1793.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

YOUR declaration of impartiality, induces me to request the insertion in your new publication of the Appendix to a Sermon from Prov. xxii, 2. preached before the Stewards of the Westminster Dispensary, at their Anniversary Meeting in 1785, reprinted with the additions in 1793, by the Bishop of Landaff. The sentiments of this learned Prelate upon the wisdom and expediency of that NECESSARY INEQUALITY which exists among mankind, and its application to the present state of Europe, particularly the French nation, appear to be so reasonable, and so very comprehensively expressive, that I conceive you will not only entertain, but inform a majority of the readers of your Miscellany; to which I most cordially wish every encouragement it may prove to deserve.

Z.

Aug. 3, 1793.

"WITH regard to France," says this animated Prelate, "I have no hesitation in declaring, that the object which the French seemed to have in view at the commencement of their Revolution had my hearty approbation. The object was to free themselves and their posterity from arbitrary power. I hope there is not a man in Great Britain so little sensible of the blessings of that free Constitution under which he has the happiness to live, so entirely dead to the interest of general humanity, as not to wish that a Constitution similar to our own might be established, not only in France, but in every despotic state of Europe; not only in Europe, but in every quarter of the globe.

"It is one thing to approve of an end, another to approve of the means by which an end is accomplished. I did not approve of the means by which the first Revolution was affected in France. I thought that it would have

have been a wiser measure to have abridged the oppressive privileges, and to have lessened the enormous number of the nobility, than to have abolished the order. I thought that the state ought not, in justice, to have seized any part of the property of the Church, till it had reverted, as it were, to the community, by the death of its immediate possessors. I thought that the King was not only treated with unmerited indignity, but that too little authority was left him to enable him, as the chief executive magistrate, to be useful to the State. These were some of my reasons for not approving the means by which the first Revolution in France was brought about. As to other evils which took place on the occasion, I considered them, certainly, as evils of importance; but, at the same time, as evils inseparable from a state of civil commotion, and which I conceived would be more than compensated by the establishment of a limited monarchy.

“ The French have abandoned the Constitution they had at first established, and have changed it for another. No one can reprobate with more truth than I do both the means and the end of this change. The end has been the establishment of a republic. Now a Republic is a form of government, which, of all others, I must dislike;—and I dislike it for this reason: because of all forms of government, scarcely excepting the most despotic, I think a republic the most oppressive to the bulk of the people; they are deceived in it with the shew of liberty: but they live in it under the most odious of all tyrannies, the tyranny of their equals. With respect to the means by which this new republic has been erected in France, they have been sanguinary, savage, more than brutal. They not merely fill the heart of every individual with commiseration for the unfortunate sufferers, but they exhibit to the eye of Contemplation an humiliating picture of Human Nature, when its passions are not regulated by

Religion, or controuled by Law. I fly with terror and abhorrence, even from the altar of Liberty, when I see it stained with the blood of the aged, of the innocent, of the defenceless sex, of the ministers of religion, and of the faithful adherents of a fallen monarch. My heart sinks within me when I see it streaming with the blood of the monarch himself. Merciful God! strike speedily, we beseech thee, with deep contrition, and sincere remorse, the obdurate hearts of the relentless perpetrators and projectors of these horrid deeds, lest they should suddenly sink into eternal and extreme perdition, loaded with an unutterable weight of unrepented, and, except through the blood of Him whose religion they reject, inexpiable sin.

“ The monarch, you will tell me, was guilty of perfidy and perjury. I know not that he was guilty of either. But admitting that he has been guilty of both, who alas! of the sons of men is so confident in the strength of his own virtue, so assured of his own integrity and intrepidity of character, as to be certain that, under similar temptations, he would not have been guilty of similar offences? Surely it would have been no diminution of the sternness of new republican virtue, no disgrace to the magnanimity of a great nation, if it had pardoned the perfidy which its own oppression had occasioned—if it had remitted the punishment of the King to the tribunal of Him by whom *kings reign and princes decree justice*.

“ And are there any men in this kingdom, except such as find their account in public confusion, who would hazard the introduction of such scenes of rapine, barbarity, and bloodshed, as have disgraced France, and outraged humanity, for the sake of obtaining—what?—Liberty and Equality—I suspect that the meaning of these terms is not clearly and generally understood: it may be of use to explain them.

“ The liberty of a man in a state of nature consists in his being subject to no law but the law of nature; and the liberty of a man in a state of society,

ciety consists in his being subject to no law but to the law enacted by the general will of the society to which he belongs. And to what other law is any man in Great Britain subject? The King; we are all justly persuaded, has not the inclination; and we all know that, if he had the inclination, he has not the power, to substitute his will in the place of the law. The House of Lords has no such power; the House of Commons has no such power; the Church has no such power; the rich men of the country have no such power. The poorest man amongst us, the beggar at our door, is governed—not by the uncertain, passionate, arbitrary will of an individual—not by the selfish insolence of an aristocratic faction—not by the madness of democratic violence—but by the fixed, impartial, deliberate voice of Law, enacted by the general suffrage of a free people. Is your property injured; Law, indeed, does not give you property; but it ascertains it. Property is acquired by industry and probity, by the exercise of talents and ingenuity; and the possession of it is secured by the laws of the community. Against whom, think you, it is secured? it is secured against thieves and robbers; against idle and profligate men, who, however low your condition may be, would be glad to deprive you of the little you possess. It is secured, not only against such disturbers of the public peace, but against the oppression of the noble, the rapacity of the powerful, and the avarice of the rich. The courts of British justice are impartial and incorrupt; they respect not the persons of men; the poor man's lamb is, in their estimation, as sacred as the monarch's crown: with inflexible integrity they adjudge to every man his own. Your property, under their protection, is secure. If your personal liberty be unjustly restrained, though but for an hour, and that by the highest servants of the Crown, the Crown cannot screen them; the Throne cannot hide them; the Law, with an undaunted arm,

seizes them, and drags them, with an irresistible might, to the judgment of—whom?—of your equals—of twelve of your neighbours. In such a Constitution as this, what is there to complain of on the score of liberty?

“The greatest freedom that can be enjoyed by man in a state of civil society, the greatest security that can be given him, with respect to the protection of his character, property, personal liberty, limbs, and life, is afforded to every individual by our present Constitution.

“The equality of men in a state of nature does not consist in an equality of bodily strength or intellectual ability, but in their being equally free from the dominion of each other. The equality of men in a state of civil society does not consist in an equality of wisdom, honesty, ingenuity, industry; nor in an equality of property resulting from a due exertion of these talents; but in being equally subject to, equally protected by, the same laws. And who knows not that every individual in this great nation is, in this respect, equal to every other? There is not one law for the nobles, another for the commons, of the land—one for the clergy, another for the laity—one for the rich, another for the poor. The nobility, it is true, have some privileges annexed to their birth; the judges, and other magistrates, have some annexed to their office; and professional men have some annexed to their professions. But these privileges are neither injurious to the liberty or property of other men. And you might as reasonably contend, that the bramble ought to be equal to the oak, the lamb to the lion, as that no distinctions should take place between the members of the same society. The burdens of the state are distributed through the whole community with as much impartiality as the complex nature of taxation will admit; every man sustains a part in proportion to his strength; no order is exempted from the payment of taxes. Nor is any order of men exclusively entitled to the enjoyment of the

the lucrative offices of the state. All cannot enjoy them, but all enjoy a capacity of acquiring them. The son of the meanest man in the nation may become a general or an admiral, a lord chancellor or an archbishop. If any persons have been so simple as to suppose that even the French ever intended, by the term equality, an equality of property, they have been quite mistaken in their ideas. The French never understood by it any thing materially different from what we and our ancestors have been in full possession of for many years..

“ Other nations may deluge their land with blood in struggling for liberty and equality; but let it never be forgotten by ourselves, and let us impress the observation upon the hearts of our children, that we are in possession of both, of as much of both as can be consistent with the end for which civil society was introduced amongst mankind.

“ The provision which is made for the poor in this kingdom is so liberal, as in the opinion of some, to discourage industry. The rental of the lands in England and Wales does not, I conjecture, amount to more than eighteen millions a-year, and the poor rates amount to two millions. The poor then, at present, possess a ninth part of the landed rental of the country; and, reckoning ten pounds for the annual maintenance of each pauper, it may be inferred, that those who are maintained by the community do not constitute a fortieth part of the people. An equal division of land would be to the poor a great misfortune; they would possess far less than, by the laws of the land, they are at present entitled to. When we add to this consideration an account of the immense sums annually subscribed by the rich for the support of hospitals, infirmaries, dispensaries, for the relief of sufferers by fire, tempests, famine, loss of cattle, great sickness, and other misfortunes; all of which charities must cease were all men on a level, for all men would then be equally poor; it cannot but

excite's one's astonishment that so foolish a system should have ever been so much as mentioned by any man of common sense. It is a system not practicable; and, was it practicable, it would not be useful; and, was it useful, it would not be just.

“ But some one may think, and, indeed, it has been studiously inculcated into the minds of the multitude, that a monarchy, even, a limited one, is a far more expensive mode of civil government than a republic; that a civil list of a million a year is an enormous sum, which might be saved to the nation. Supposing that every shilling of this sum could be saved, and that every shilling of it was expended in supporting the dignity of the crown, both which suppositions are entirely false, still should I think the liberty, the prosperity, the tranquillity, the happiness of this great nation, cheaply purchased by such a sum; still should I think that he would be a madman in politicks who would, by a change of the Constitution, risk these blessings (and France supplies us with a proof that infinite risk would be run) for a paltry saving of sixpence. I am not, nor have ever been, the patron of corruption. So far as the civil list has a tendency to corrupt the judgment of any member of either house of parliament, it has a bad tendency, which I wish it had not. But I cannot wish to see the splendour of the crown reduced to nothing, lest its proper weight in the scale of the Constitution should be thereby destroyed. A great portion of this million is expended in paying the salaries of the judges, the interpreters of our law, the guardians of our lives and properties! Another portion is expended in maintaining ambassadors at different courts, to protect the general concerns of the nation from foreign aggression. Another portion is expended in pensions and donations to men of letters and ingenuity; to men who have, by naval, military, or civil services, just claims to the attention of their country, to persons of respectable families

D

families and connexions, who have been humbled and broken down by misfortunes. I do not speak with accuracy, nor on such a subject is accuracy requisite; but I am not far wide of truth in saying, that a fifth part of the million is more than sufficient to defray the expences of the royal household. What a mighty matter is it to complain of, that each individual contributes less than six pence a-year towards the support of the monarchy!

“ That the Constitution of this country is so perfect as neither to require or admit of any improvement, is a proposition to which I never did, or ever can, assent; but I think it far too excellent to be amended by peasants and mechanicks. I do not mean to speak of peasants and mechanicks with any degree of disrespect; I am not so ignorant of the importance, either of the natural or social chain by which all the individuals of the human race are connected together, as to think disrespectfully of any link of it. Peasants and mechanicks are as useful to the state as any other order of men; but their utility consists in their discharging well the duties of their respective stations. It ceases when they affect to become legislators, when they intrude themselves into concerns for which their education has not fitted them. The liberty of the press is a main support of the liberty of the nation; it is a blessing which it is our duty to transmit to posterity; but a bad use is sometimes made of it; and its use is never more pernicious than when it is employed to infuse into the minds of the lowest orders of the community disparaging ideas concerning the Constitution of their country. No danger need be apprehended from a candid examination of our own Constitution, or from a display of the advantages of any other; it will bear to be contrasted with the best: but all men are not qualified to make the comparison; and there are so many men, in every community, who wish to have no government at

all, that an appeal to them, on such a point, ought never to be made.

“ There are, probably, in every government upon earth, circumstances which a man, accustomed to the abstract investigation of truth, may easily prove to be deviations from the rigid rule of strict political justice; but whilst these deviations are either generally not known, or though known, generally acquiesced in as matters of little moment to the general felicity, I cannot think it to be the part, either of a good man, or of a good citizen, to be zealous in recommending such matters to the discussion of ignorant and uneducated men.

“ I am far from insinuating, that the science of politicks is involved in mystery; or that men of plain understandings should be debarred from examining the principles of the Government to which they yield obedience. All that I contend for is this—that the foundations of our Government ought not to be overturned, nor the edifice erected thereon tumbled into ruins, because an acute politician may pretend that he has discovered a flaw in the building, or that he could have laid the foundation after a better model.

“ What would you say to a stranger who should desire you to pull down your house, because, forsooth, he had built one in France or America, after, what he thought, a better plan? You would say to him, ‘ No, sir, my ancestors have lived in this mansion comfortably and honourably for many generations; all its walls are strong, and all its timbers sound. If I should observe a decay in any of its parts, I know how to make the reparation without the assistance of strangers; and I know too, that the reparation, when made by myself, may be made without injury either to the strength or beauty of the building. It has been buffeted, in the course of ages, by a thousand storms; yet still it stands unshaken as a rock, the wonder of all my neighbours, each of whom sighs for one of a similar

similar construction. Your house may be suited to your climate and temper; this is suited to mine. Permit me, however, to observe to you, that you have not yet lived long enough in your new house to be sensible of all the inconveniences to which it may be liable; nor have you yet had any experience of its strength; it has yet sustained no shocks; the first whirlwind may scatter its component members in the air; the first earthquake may shake its foundation; the first inundation may sweep the superstructure from the surface of the earth. I hope no accident will happen to your house; but I am satisfied with mine own.

“Great calamities, of every kind, attend the breaking up of established governments; yet there are some forms of government, especially when they happen to be badly administered, so exceedingly destructive of the happiness of mankind, that a change of them is not improvidently purchased at the expence of the mischief accompanying their subversion. Our government is not of that kind. Look round the globe, and see if you can discover a single nation, on all its surface, so powerful, so rich, so beneficent, so free and happy as our own. May heaven avert from the minds of my countrymen the slightest wish to abolish their Constitution!

‘Kingdoms,’ observes Mr. Locke, ‘have been overturned by the pride, ambition, and turbulency of private men; by the people’s wantonness and desire to cast off the lawful authority of their rulers, as well as by the ruler’s insolence, and endeavours to get and exercise an arbitrary power over the people.’ The recent danger to our Constitution was, in my opinion, small; for I considered its excellence to be so obvious to men even of the most unimproved understandings, that I looked upon it as an idle

and fruitless effort, either in foreign or domestic incendiaries, to endeavour to persuade the bulk of the people to consent to an alteration of it in favour of a republick. I knew, indeed, that in every country the flagitious dregs of a nation were always ripe for revolutions; but I was sensible, at the same time, that it was the interest, not only of the opulent and powerful, not only of the mercantile and middle classes of life, but even of honest labourers and manufacturers, of every sober and industrious man, to resist the licentious principles of such pestilent members, shall I call them? or outcasts of society. Men better informed, and wiser than myself, thought that the Constitution was in great danger. Whether, in fact, the danger was great or small, it is not necessary now to enquire; it may be more useful to declare, that, in my humble opinion, the danger, of whatever magnitude it may have been, did not originate in any encroachments of either the legislative or executive power on the liberties or properties of the people, but in the wild fancies and turbulent tempers of discontented or ill-informed individuals. I sincerely rejoice that, through the vigilance of Administration, this turbulency has received a check. The hopes of bad men have been disappointed, and the understandings of mistaken men have been enlightened, by the general and unequivocal judgement of a whole nation; a nation not more renowned for its bravery and its humanity, though justly celebrated for both, than for its loyalty to its princes, and whet is perfectly consistent with loyalty, for its love of liberty, and attachment to the Constitution. Wise men have formed it, brave men have bled for it; it is our part to preserve it.

R. LANDAFF.

London, Jan. 25, 1793.”

On the CULTIVATION of LAND with POTATOES.

BY SAMUEL DUNN, ESQ.

From the Transactions of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce

I READILY comply with the wish of the Society, that I would inform them of the quantity and value of the wheat which grew upon the acre and a half of land that I fed with potatoes in the spring of 1790, instead of having a summer fallow to kill weeds and quick grass, as I had been advised to do; and which wheat was sown on the same land from whence the potatoes were taken in the month of October following, with only one ploughing, and no fresh manure.

The account will, I doubt not, be very pleasing to the Society, as well because of its extraordinary value, as that it will further prove how beneficial the growth of potatoes is, and the easiest and most advantageous way of bringing land into order, when filled with noxious weeds, as mine was.

The wheat has been all threshed out, and measured under my own inspection, and produced eight quarters and a half of clean corn.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Six quarters, sold for seed, at 44s. - - - -	13	4	0
Two quarters and a half more, not sold, 14 bushels of which we kept for our own seed (the price of wheat is fallen): therefore say, at 41s. -	5	2	6
Hinder ends from ditto, two bushels, at 3s. - - -	0	6	0
Straw from ditto, 16 threave, at 1s. 6d - - - -	1	4	0
Short straw from ditto, worth -	0	5	0
	20	1	6

Expences attending the growth of the wheat, &c.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Ploughing an acre and a half of land - - - -	0	5	3
Paid for seed - - - -	1	6	6
Sowing and harrowing - - -	0	4	0
Weeding - - - -	0	2	8
A boy to guard the wheat from the birds, 30 days, at 4d. -	0	10	0
Reaping the corn, being very thick grown and strong corn, two men, two days, at 2s. -	0	8	0
Waggons, horses, and men, to bring it home - - - -	0	4	9
Threshing 15 days in harvest time, at 2s. - - - -	1	10	0
Dressing the corn - - - -	0	2	3
Rent for one year, at 20s. per acre, being the most it has been let for, though worth more - - - -	1	10	6
Taxes on ditto, about - - -	0	3	10
Total	£6	7	3

This sum deducted from the total value as above, leaves 13l. 14s. 3d. clear profit, the rent and taxes being accounted for.

I must beg leave further to observe to the Society, that this experiment of mine, made in some degree under their sanction, will appear to have completely answered the end proposed: the land is freed from the weeds and the quick grass, with which it was run over; the owner of it is very much benefited, in point of profit; and the country farmer convinced at least, if not informed, that this method of tillage may very prudently be practised in future.

To

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

WHILE the minds of most men are anxiously bent on the events of a war, whose direful effects are felt, among an unhappy and unsettled people, it gives one no small pleasure to reflect, that war is not the *only topic*; and that there are many amongst us who are wishing to promote the cause of Agriculture.

The connection of Agriculture with Manufactures, need not here be insisted upon, as it must be obvious to every one, that "Agriculture is the foundation of manufactures, since the productions of Nature are the materials of art."*

The promoting then the knowledge of agriculture, and encouraging the industrious, must be of the utmost importance, not only to the welfare and support, but likewise to the comfort, and the happiness of individuals. Whatever, therefore, tends to improve agriculture, must tend also to benefit the community at large; and whoever assists in encouraging the virtuous and the good, must do an essential service to his country. Nevertheless, an individual alone, whatever abilities he may possess, and however a friend he may be to his country, has neither the opportunity nor the power of contributing so much towards the knowledge and improvement of agriculture, as when united in a society, for those express purposes. "For to give a spur to industry and improve agriculture, no method can be so well adapted as that of bestowing premiums and rewards; for unless labour is assisted by art, and unless the knowledge of the learned is communicated to direct the hands of the industrious, the labourer may waste his time and strength in vain, and study degenerate into amusement."†

* Gibbon.

† Dossie—Introduction to the Society of Arts and Sciences.

Such reflections as the foregoing, induced a few gentlemen of East-Kent to attempt forming a society for the above purposes; it soon appeared that a communication of thought was only wanting to give it being. A private meeting was held in consequence on the 28th day of December, 1792, by the following gentlemen:

Henry Godfrey Fauissett, esq. (who was called to the chair.)
 William Honywood, esq.
 Thomas Papillon, esq.
 William Hougham, jun. esq.
 Thomas Brett, esq.
 Reverend Thomas Randolph.
 James Tillard, esq.
 Samuel Elias Sawbridge, esq.
 George Carter, esq.
 Reverend J. C. Beckingham.
 William Hall, esq.
 Thomas Jull, jun. esq.
 Reverend Stephen Tucker.
 And Mr. John Jacob.

A general meeting was advertised for Jan. 26, 1793, when the society was formed, at which were present, the Members for the County, (who accepted the patronage of the society) Sir John Honywood, bart. who was chosen President, and near fourscore gentlemen and farmers besides. Some regulations were then agreed upon for advancing the society, and the following sketch, which was there read, was afterwards printed, and ordered to be distributed throughout the county. The *benefits* which are likely to accrue to the public from the establishing the above society must be obvious, and surely its own merit will be a sufficient inducement for the obtaining the favour and support of the gentlemen and farmers in particular, throughout the county at large.

A SKETCH of the KENT SOCIETY, for the Encouragement of AGRICULTURE and INDUSTRY.

The advantages that the public are

are likely to receive from the institution of societies for encouraging agriculture and industry, and the benefits that have accrued to those parts of the kingdom in particular, where they have been already formed, first give rise to the idea of the establishment of one in this county; to shew the utility of such an institution, it will be necessary only to state what are the *chief Objects of its Attention*.

To excite by premiums and otherwise a spirit of emulation among the Ploughmen.

To encourage a spirit of industry among the Labourers.

To reward the labour and industry of those poor Labourers and Cottagers, who shall breed up, or have bred up the greatest number of legitimate children, either without any or with the smallest relief from their respective parishes.

To encourage diligence and industry in Servants of both sexes employed in husbandry.

To promote the knowledge of Agriculture, by encouraging experiments on those subjects which are of the most importance to it, by distributing rewards to such persons as shall raise the largest and best crops of

natural and artificial GRASSES, and the several sorts of GRAIN, on any given quantity of ground, the nature of the soil being taken into consideration.

To encourage the improvement of *Waste Lands*, by inclosing, draining, manuring, raising plantations, and by the introduction of *vegetable food* for Cattle.

To encourage the improvement of the breed of all sorts of live Stock, and to provide for their health better than has been hitherto done.

To promote all improvements in the various implements belonging to the Farmer, and to introduce such *new ones* as the *experience* of other counties has proved more valuable than those now generally used in this.

And as there is hardly an object of rational improvements which may not be brought within the influence of such institutions by a proper distribution of premiums; the attention of the society will also be directed, in proportion to the support it shall receive, to every thing that may hereafter appear most likely to conduce to the *prosperity* of this county in particular, and to the good of the community at large.

A PREFATORY ESSAY ON TOPOGRAPHY.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

SIRS,

Aug. 3, 1793.

AS the topography of the county of Kent, is one of the subjects which you particularly profess to be a part of your plan, I have promised myself considerable pleasure in communicating to you some articles of that kind. Yet a few remarks upon the utility, or at least the entertainment, of this species of information,

may not be an improper introduction to them. It is a melancholy symptom of the temper of the times, that researches into the characters, the manners, and the arts of our ancestors; that favourable accounts of their virtue, and praises of their learning, are attempted to be decried by ridicule, or branded with the names of

bigotry

bigotry and servility ! To the wise and the well informed, it is well known that this is but a collateral branch of the systematic, and wicked plan, by which a certain set of people have long, with such incessant perseverance, endeavoured for their political purpose to poison every part of literature. Of the thoughtless and vulgar it gains the instant applause ; because it flatters their stupidity, or their want of importance. But there is a natural curiosity in the human mind regarding the past, which, in all nations, and in all ages, has encouraged history, either traditional, or written. And, however great the number may be of the vitiated, or the ignorant, who shield themselves under the banner of a cold, and *false-named*, philosophy ; there is yet, I doubt not, a large and respectable party, who think enquiries regarding former centuries neither servile, unamusive, nor unprofitable ; who cannot be convinced that all freedom, all goodness, all wisdom, and all ingenuity is so totally engrossed by the present age ; as by comparison to render the past, a period of barbarism too contemptible to waste their thoughts upon ! Were, indeed, our forefathers as rude and savage as certain writers wish us to believe them, even then would our researchers want not either entertainment or use ; to contemplate the vast difference between original rudeness and modern elegance ; to trace the progress, and appreciate the effects ; would surely be no frivolous employment ! But the unwearied heart and assiduity with which they, whose object it is to overturn all establishments, and produce a new system of opinions and policy, pursue their end, is incredible except to such as watch them narrowly and perpetually. Almost all the vehicles of literature they have got into their own hands ; and whatever may have the most remote, the most trivial, and one would think the most unsuspected, influence against their principles, they are always ready with subtlety and obliquity, under the ap-

pearance of candor, criticism, or philosophy to counter-act. Thus it is, that they, whose doctrines are inconsistent with the sentiments of the wise of every age since the world began, will by every art decry researches that attempt to throw a lustre upon the dead ; even though the writers of them, pursuing their own amusement, and satisfying a natural curiosity, never dreamed of political applications. But he, who is to be damped by such attacks, deserves the contempt that is endeavoured to be fastened on him. For me, though I am by no means out of humour with the age in which I live ; though I adore the unexampled liberty, which (no thanks to these preachers of revolutions) my country now enjoys, and (in spite of them) I hope will ever enjoy, yet I cannot think all excellence centered in the present period ; and in defiance of the censure of bigotry, I shall still venerate an ancient mansion ; shall sometimes delight my fancy with the pomp of feudal manners ; and often remember with admiration heroes and sages, whom the tomb has covered for centuries. So well are the arts of our ancestors deserving of notice, that I run no hazard in asserting the sublimity, the elegance, and the variety of genius discovered in gothic architecture, *though it frown with battlements, and be dark with superstition*, to be in the highest degree exquisite. It is very true that this style, in its purest and most beautiful form, was principally, though certainly not entirely, confined to ecclesiastical buildings ; and that many of our old mansions are a strange jumble of gloom, deformity, and inconvenience ; yet these also are highly curious ; some are proofs of the simplicity, and some of the hospitality of our ancestors. But have we forgot the splendid palaces, barbarous as in some respects their ornaments are, built by the nobility in the reigns of Elizabeth, and James ? Have we forgot the chaster graces of Inigo Jones ? And as to paintings, can we behold with an eye too

too partial, the portraits of Holbein ; and of Jansen ; of Rubens, Vandyke, and Lely ? It is a gratification very natural, and very exquisite, to behold in such colours, as these painters have arrayed them in, the features and countenances of those distinguished personages, with whose names our annals have made us familiar. Nor can the spots where they resided be contemplated without some emotion, by minds of sensibility and elegance. Whoever, indeed, is not so weak as to behold whatever is ancient with a blind reverence, (and because there are such, it is the art of our censurers to confound us all in one proscription) will govern his admiration by the just renown of his subject ; nor suffer the gay creature of a court, merely splendid by his wealth, or his birth, to divide his admiration with him, who is rendered illustrious by his abilities, or his virtues. Here, again, however, these pursuits encourage a fondness, which fills our levellers and revolutionists with indignation. It is impossible to behold a mansion that has for centuries been in the possession of the same family, who have all the while maintained their rank and their honors unimpeached, without feeling a lively pleasure at the sight, a respect for its inhabitants, and a soothing satisfaction at the stability of human advantages. But attention to birth is, it seems, the very height of human folly ! So thought not the immortal Bacon ;* our modern philosophers are, I doubt not, much more enlightened than he was ! Yet it must be confessed, that there is a party, not totally deficient in character, in learning, or abilities, who, (though we presume not to compare them with *these meteors of infallible wisdom ; these enlighteners of the world ;*) have yet continued in the agreement with ancient prejudices ; and have thought the establishment of ranks and orders politically wise, and for the mutual happiness of all. They approve " a nobility possessed of no

* See his Essay on Nobility.

" odious or oppressive privileges ; a
 " nobility distinguished rather by
 " their titles than their power. From
 " such an institution they see many
 " advantages resulting to this coun-
 " try ; and it is perhaps not the least ;
 " that it operates as a salutary check
 " upon the insolence of overgrown
 " wealth ; upon the purse-proud up-
 " start, who has filled his coffers by
 " the unlawful commerce of human
 " flesh ; by successful gambling in
 " the national funds ; or by plunder
 " and extortion in the character of an
 " agent, or a commissary. The mul-
 " titude must ever have some idol to
 " worship ; and they think the inno-
 " cent vanity of birth and title a less
 " dangerous object of adoration, than
 " that already too general one, *the*
 " *love of gold.*"† If, indeed, there
 must be something at which the mob
 will gaze with wonder ; let them gaze
there ; for *there*, even the philosopher,
 if the noble sage, whose name I lately
 mentioned, be right, may often find
 something to reflect on, and applaud ;
 and tho' hereditary rank and property
 confer extraneous advantages, to which
 the possessor sometimes trusts to cover
 the indulgence of the most vicious in-
 clinations ; on the whole surely it
 gives a greater chance of elegance of
 manners, purity of heart, and eleva-
 tion of mind. With these sentiments
 I shall not blush to delight in the con-
 templation of our Sackvilles, our
 Sydneys, and our Cobhams : I shall
 not fear the imputation of silly bigo-
 try in describing the ancient splendors
 of *Knowle* ; or of adulation, and
 servility in dwelling with pensive
 pleasure on the rude pomp and classi-
 cal scenes of *Penshurst*. But the
 limits of my present communication
 will allow me no more room than to
 conclude with the following beauti-
 ful sonnet of Mrs. Charlotte Smith :

† Critical Review, for July, 1793, p. 294, upon *Godwin on Political Justice* ; of which chimerical, and half-witted book, see also an account in the *British Critic* for the same month.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT PENSURST, IN AUTUMN, 1788.

YE Towers sublime, deserted now and drear,
 Ye woods, deep-sighing to the hollow blast !
 The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
 While History points to all your glories past :
 And startling from their haunts the timid deer
 To trace the walks obscur'd by matted fern ;
 Which Waller's soothing notes were wont to hear ;
 But where now clamours the discordant heron !*
 The spoiling hand of Time may overturn
 These lofty battlements, and quite deface
 The fading canvas, whence we love to learn
 Sydney's keen look, and Sachariffa's grace ;
 But Fame and Beauty still defy decay,
 Sav'd by th' historic page---the Poet's tender lay.

F* S*****

* In the park is an heronry.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

GENTLEMEN,

AS the Kentish Register is designed to give an account of eminent persons, I apprehend that some account of the historians of this county, will not be uninteresting to many of your readers. I send you for this month, an account of *Philipot*, and shall occasionally contribute other memoirs to your Miscellany.

M. A.

JOHN PHILIPOT, author of the *Villare Cantianum, or Kent surveyed and illustrated*, 1659, was a native Folkstone in this county. He had a genius, from his youth, to the studies of heraldry and antiquities ; and obtained appointments in a profession to which he was so much attached. He was first made the Pursuivant extraordinary, in the College of Heralds, Vol. I. No. 1.

who is called *Blanch Lion*, afterwards in 1618 Pursuivant in ordinary, by the title of *Rouge Dragon*, and in 1624, *Somerset* herald.

At the commencement of the rebellion, he was one of those faithful servants, who adhered to the cause of their royal master. He followed Charles to Oxford, but took up his quarters at a village about two miles distant. In July, 1643, he was created Doctor of Law, by the University of Oxford. He was soon after seized in his quarters by a party of the Parliament's soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Abingdon. and was carried prisoner to London about the year 1644. However, he was soon set at liberty, but spent his few remaining days in obscurity in London, according to Wood, in or about

E

Eltham,

Eltham, according to *Hoisted*. He died in November 1645, and was buried on the 25th of that month within the precincts of St. Bennet's church, Paul's Wharf, London.

He married Susan, the only daughter and heir of William Glover, esq. brother to Robert Glover, Somerset Herald, by whom he had a son, Thomas Philipot, educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, who published the *Villare* under his own name; but though, in this instance, he unjustly assumed the merit which did not

belong to him, he is said to have been a tolerable poet, and well versed in divinity, history, and antiquities.

John Philipot has written besides the *Villare*, "A Catalogue of the Chancellors of England, &c. 1636, "Additions to Camden's Remains, "1637." He is also said to have written a book, proving that gentry doth not abate with apprenticeship, but only sleepeth, during the time of their indenters, and awaketh again, when they are expired.

Short SKETCH of the PERSON and CHARACTER of

MARIA-ANNE-VICTOIRE-CHARLOTTE CORDET.

Executed at PARIS on WEDNESDAY, July 17, 1793,

For the Assassination of M. MARAT, Member of the National Convention.

THIS lady, who has contrived to render her name celebrated, and perhaps immortal, was born at a village near Alençon, July 28, 1768; her mother's name was Godier; and while blood gave a claim to honour in France, boasted of being descended of a noble Norman family, who, like the Chevalier de Bayard, had lived *sans peur et sans reproche*. Previously to the abolition of titles, her name, like that of her ancestors, was D'Armand, a *nom de terre*, borrowed from the appellation of an estate and castle formerly in their possession.

From the very commencement of the Revolution, Mademoiselle Cordet was a Patriot.—a circumstance perhaps surprising, whether we consider her descent, which was illustrious—her property, which was large—or the situation of her father, who had an employment about the person of Louis XVI. Of a saturnine disposition, she was resolute, rather than violent, in the maintenance of her political opinions; and whilst she displayed all the boldness of an enthusiast, she

evinced none of the extravagance usually attendant on fanaticism.

She resided principally at Caen, in which city the news of the revolution of May reached her. She was warmly attached to the party of Brissot, Gensonne, Vergniaud, Pethion—in short, the overthrow of the *Girondists*—whom she deemed the only persons capable of saving the Republic, and the triumph of the Jacobins, whose energy she admired, but whose crimes she held in abhorrence; and her consequent reflections threw her into a state of melancholy that had nearly conducted her to her grave. On her recovery she set out for Paris—calm, yet determined; with a mind seemingly disengaged, yet firmly bent upon effecting its purpose. Immediately on her arrival in the capital she sedulously sought an interview with the direct object of her journey. Marat did not see her: she left at his abode the following note: "Your civism
"must make you desirous to discover
"conspirators. I have a very im-
"portant one to communicate to
you,

"you, and therefore beg that you will hear me at your house." She again presented herself there the next morning; but not seeing him, left a second note conceived in these terms: "Have you received my letter? If you have received it, I rest upon your politeness. It is enough that I am unfortunate to claim your attention." A third time she sought and obtained the interview she so ardently desired. She entered at large into conversation with him about the conspirators who had fled from Paris, particularly those who had entered the city of Caen. He answered her, that "*they would one day lose their heads upon the scaffold.*" At these words she plunged the knife into his bosom. Marat had only time to articulate, "I am dying." His servant entering, made a cry; people ran in; Madame Cordet with much cool intrepidity went out, but was soon stopped. When told by M. Chabot and other delegates from the Convention, that she would lose her head upon the scaffold, she smiled upon them with the most ineffable contempt. Upon her trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal her countenance displayed heroic disdain, and her answers, by their boldness, struck every spectator with astonishment. At the beginning of her trial, she thus addressed her judges: "I did not expect to appear before you—I always thought that I should be delivered up to the rage of the people, torn in pieces, and that my head, stuck on the top of a pike, would have preceded Marat on his bed of state, to serve as a rallying point to Frenchmen, if there are still any worthy of that name. But happen what will, if I am consigned to the guillotine, and my clay-cold remains are buried, they will soon have conferred upon them the honours of the Pantheon, and my memory will be more revered in France than that of Judith in Bethulia." Sentence was passed for her execution the same evening, July 17.

She appeared to be about what she really was, 25 years of age. Her face was oval, her nose aquiline, her eyes black and piercing, her hair a dark auburn. She was dragged to the block by the means of a kind of sledge, on which she sat; but, unlike other criminals, her face was turned towards the executioner. She was dressed in a degrading habit, designed by the law to assassins. Her hands at liberty. She did not utter a single word: but her gesticulations were peculiarly impressive, for her arms were extended towards the spectators; and her mind giving an animated expression to her features, she now and then placed her hand upon her heart and seemed to say, "I glory in having exterminated a monster." On ascending the scaffold, her face still possessed an heroic calmness; and her auburn tresses, which at that moment began to waver in the mind, rendered her figure at once picturesque and interesting.

She appeared serene and reconciled to death. She pulled off her bonnet and neckerchief herself, but recoiled when the executioner went to bind her legs, and said, "Are you so bad as to expose me here?" He answered, "No, it is to bind you."—"Do it then," she replied with firmness. She delivered a sealed paper to one of the municipal officers; and then, after a wistful and earnest look towards heaven, submitted herself to her fate, and died without a tear and without a groan!

The scene which her execution presented was magnificently awful. The place was thronged with multitudes; and the most feeling minds were excited to behold the amazonian courage of this unhappy lady in her last moments.

It was with much difficulty she arrived at the scaffold. The fish-women and others, belonging to the markets, were near tearing her to pieces, with oaths and imprecations the most horrid. The gens d'armes and horse of the Republic prevented this horrid act, by galloping up with a

The moment that the fatal guillotine had severed her head from her body, some few spectators exclaimed—"Vive la Republic!" but a hollow murmur of disapprobation pierced through the crowd, and deep marks of sorrow were to be seen upon the features of every man of reflection and sensibility.

The inhuman monster, when shewing her head to the people after her execution, slapped her twice on the cheek!!—This was considered as such an atrocious act, that the very Tribunal, who had condemned her to death, sentenced her executioner to twelve years imprisonment in irons.

The corpse of Madame Cordet was buried in the church-yard of St. Magdelaine, near the grave of Louis XVI. she having been executed in the same section with that unfortunate monarch.

Thus fell by the hands of an executioner, a woman whose name will be transmitted to future ages, as another example of that heroic fortitude which has in various instances distinguished the character of the feminine sex.

We are taught from our earliest years to admire the godlike enthusiasm of that Roman, who plunged his dagger into the bosom of a friend, a patron, and perhaps a parent, placed by his insatiable and guilty ambition above the laws—and shall we deny our plaudits, to that Frenchwoman, who stabbed a far more bloody and successful tyrant? For was not Marat as much out of the reach of justice as Cæsar? It is true that a good and virtuous man naturally pauses at the

idea of assassination. But if he cannot praise, will he condemn that heroic female, who struck for her country, and willingly submitted to an ignominious death, provided she could but transfix a monster, who had repeatedly invoked the murder of three hundred thousand of her fellow citizens? To this woman Greece would have erected statues, and Rome elevated temples. France, in *better days*, will place her in the calendar of her martyrs: the Ancients would have ranked her among their gods.

Letter from Marie Anne Victoire Charlotte Cordet, addressed to her father, from the Prison of the Conciergerie, in the Room lately occupied by the Deputy Brissot. July 16, 1793.

"My dear and respected Father.

"Peace is about to reign in my Country, for Marat is no more!

"Be comforted, and bury my memory in eternal oblivion.

"I am to be tried to-morrow, the 17th, at seven o'clock in the morning.

"I have lived long enough, as I have achieved a glorious exploit.

"I put you under the protection of Barbaroux and his Colleague, in case you should be molested.

"Let not my relations blush at my fate, for remember, according to Voltaire,

"That crimes beget disgrace, and not the scaffold.

"Your affectionate daughter,
(Signed)

Marie Anne Victoire Charlotte Cordet.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

ESSAY

On the ART of REVIEWING BOOKS.

UNDER the hands of a skilful operator, there is no work, however excellent, but may be made ridiculous: such a one will in a moment

reverse the effects of Midas's wand and turn gold into dross. Instances of this nature appear abundantly in some of the periodical reviews, and produce

produce them were useless and almost endless.

Addison's Cato, whatever may be its defects as an acting tragedy, is allowed in general to be a noble and beautiful poem. Seventy years have established its merits; but let us for once suppose it to be a work of *yesterday*, and to be reviewed in the *ensuing month*. To select a passage or two (the beauties of which would strike a common reader) and criticise them in the *manner of the day*, may be neither unpleasant or unuseful.

Let us first lay the critical hand on Juba's beautiful speech to Syphax.

- ' 'Tis not a set of features or complexion,
- ' The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
- ' Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
- ' Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
- ' The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex;
- ' True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
- ' But still the lovely maid improves her charms.
- ' With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
- ' And sanctity of manners.'

This passionate lover declares, that he does not admire *a complexion or tincture of a skin*, and yet in three lines breaks out in raptures that the lady 'is fair (Oh, how *divinely* fair!) by the way, what is *divinely* fair? what know we of the *beauty* of divinities.

He goes on to tell us, that this beauty which he *does* and *does not* admire, is improved by 'inward greatness and unaffected wisdom.' It is impossible to pass by the superfluity of the epithet *unaffected*. Wisdom is no longer wisdom if it be affected; then it becomes folly; why, therefore, talk of *unaffected* wisdom?

Before we dismiss this speech, we must notice the ingenious method the

author has taken to let us know that Mercia was *six foot high*.

'The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex.' like Diana in the Poet,

- 'Humerisque alias supereminet omnes.'
- 'By head and shoulders taller than the rest.'

Cato's soliloquy, in the fifth act, is a master-piece of absurdity. The author tells us of an *unbounded prospect*, upon which 'shadows, and clouds, and darkness (bless us, how the climax increases!) 'rest.' What penetrating eyes a man must have to see through all these! and yet he *does* and *must* see through them, or else how should he know that the prospect is *unbounded*?

But we cannot sufficiently admire the profundity of the *soul smiling at the drawn dagger*.—Pray did Mr. Addison ever see any of these *smiling souls*?—'and *defies its point*.'—Sends it a challenge, we suppose.

But he goes on:

- 'The stars shall fade away; the sun himself
- 'Grow dim with age, and nature sink in
- 'years;
- 'But thou—'

Who? for ought appears it may be Cato, or the Sun, or any of the spectators, whom he may choose to point at—

- 'But thou shalt flourish, in immortal youth,
- 'Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
- 'The wreck of matter, and the crush of
- 'worlds.'

Well said, little Bayes!—There's a rant for you. The audience must certainly expect the house to tumble about their ears.—Seriously we would recommend it to the author to stick to plain prose, (in writing which we confess he has a tolerable knack,) for we must assure him that poetry is not his fort.

A. F.

ACCOUNT of the MOUNTAINEERS.

*A new Play, performed the first Time, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket,
on Saturday, August 3.*

ON seeing the title of the Play, we supposed the Muse had been rambling in the Alps, in the highlands of Scotland, or the mountains of Wales; and we went prepared to console ourselves by rustic simplicity, for the intrigues and vexations of cultivated society. We were also told, the play was by Mr. Kemble, and the songs by the Bacchanalian Charles Morris, called the singing Captain Morris; to distinguish him from his elder brother, a decent Poet.

But things turned out otherwise. The report of the theatre gives the play to Mr. Coleman, jun. and the song is rather romantic, having a reference to the ancient manners of the Spaniards and Moors.

One of the heroes is a Spanish Cavalier, whose passion for his mistress being disappointed by her father, drives him among mountains; and during the paroxysms of a species of insanity, he inhabits a cave.

With this business is interwoven another adventure, occasioned by the loves of a Spanish Officer in captivity, and the daughter of a Moorish Governor, who is persuaded to elope with him.

From these two sources, aided by subordinate circumstances, incidents flow in abundance; but they are produced without confusion, and on the whole with good effect.

Though the play be not announced as an opera, many of the characters are furnished with songs. The overture, and the music of the airs, are by Dr. Arnold; and composed with that neatness and knowledge of the stage by which he has been ever distinguished.

The play was well performed and well received; and it will assist in rendering the conclusion of a short season, profitable.

SPECIMEN of the SONGS.

GRAND CHORUS OF MOORISH SOLDIERS.

The sun is sunk;—and from afar,
See the pale-bright Evening Star,
Soon the Wolf begins to howl;
Soon the shrilly screeching Owl
Through the air, her death-wing claps,
And at the sick-man's window flaps;
While, on the rampart, strong and steep,
Their silent watch their sentries keep.
Hark, to the heavy rolling drum!
The hour of nightly duty's come;
Lusty Moors! obey command!
March to your posts, and take your stand!
March!

FINALE.

*Mr. Davis, Mr. Cooke, Miss D. Camp, Miss
Dall, &c.*

As we Goatherds trudge along,
O'er the mountain bleak and brown,
Merrily we troll the song,
Till we reach the distant town.
With scrip, and wine that sparkling smiles,
The dreary journey each beguiles;
Thro' cold and heat, thro' sun, thro' snow,
We sing, to market as we go.
As we Goatherds, &c.
And each, a female by his side,
(Wedded wife or wish'd-for bride)
Cheerily descends the dale,
Whisp'ring soft a true-love tale,
As we Goatherds, &c.
Blest be every faithful pair!
May no rigid fires controul,
In the bosoms of the fair
The pure emotions of the soul!
Thus we Goatherds, &c. &c.

SONG—MR. JOHNSTON.

At sixteen years old you could get little good
of me;
Then I saw NORA—who soon understood of
me
I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me
Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas

'Twas dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Och, blood and ouns! what can the matter
be?
Och, Gramachree! what can the matter be?
Bothered from head to the tail!

I went to confess me to father O'FLANNA-
GAN;
Told him my case--made an end--than be-
gan again,
Father, says I, make me soon my own man
again,

If you find out what I ail.
Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter
be?

Och, blood and ouns! can you tell what
the matter be?

Both cried, what can the matter be?
Bothered from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick--I did bellow and curse again;
NORAH took pity to see me at nurse again;
Gave me a kiss; och, founds! that threw
me worse again!

Well she knew what I did ail.

But, dear, dear! says she, what can the
matter be?

Och, blood and ouns! my lass, what can
the matter be?

Both cried, what can the matter be?
Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary--
'How strange, growing older, our nature should
vary;

All symptoms are gone of my ancient quan-
dary,

I cannot tell *now* what I ail.

Dear, dear! &c.

P O E T R Y,

O R I G I N A L A N D S E L E C T.

*On seeing some School Boys playing in the Green-
Court, Canterbury, with drums, fifes, &c.*

By a KENTISH LADY.

OF warriors here a fancied train
With drum and fife advance,
While like their streamers light and vain,
Their youthful spirits dance.

Perhaps, 'mid this fantastic band,
Some future WOLF may tread,
When Time has nerv'd the infant hand,
And Youth its roses shed.

Yon tinny elf, on stilts upborn,
A giant stalks the green,
While by those props that raise his form,
His childish folly's seen.

'Tis thus when rais'd by wealth and birth,
To fill a lofty sphere,
The idle coxcomb's want of worth,
More plainly must appear.

To Miss * * *

By the same.

Feb. 1776.

WHILE you for Gaylard's* festive dance
Adorn your lovely face,
With pleasure see each charm advance,
And heighten every grace;
By Marmontel's instructive page,
I strive my soul to dress,
In charms that shall defy old age,
And brighten in distress.

* A family then resident at Sibertswood.

When Belisarius old and blind,
To fancy's view appears,
Soft pity overflows my mind.
And fills my eyes with tears.

Taught by his fate how vain in power,
How fickle Fortune's smiles,
I learn to prize the peaceful hour,
And scorn Ambition's toils.

Surrounded by the pomp of War,
Had I the hero view'd,
(Those chiefs attendant on his car,
His valour had subdued.)

Compassion for the sufferer's fate.
Had o'er my soul prevail'd,
Obscur'd the Conqueror's glittering state,
And all his glories veil'd.

Despoil'd of honors, riches, power,
Bent with the weight of years,
Helpless, and blind, in Sorrow's hour.
How glorious he appears!

Torn from his brow in life's first bloom,
The Warrior's crown may fade;
Or in the cold and silent tomb
Be wither'd and decay'd:

But round the GOOD MAN's placid brow,
Unfading wreaths shall twine,
More fresh by time those laurels grow,
Bestow'd by hands divine.

ANACREON. ODE XXVIII.

Translated as a School Exercise, in May. 1780.

RARE Artist! who can't canvas warm,
And rear to life each fancied form!
Paint with thy blest expressive art
The nymph deep imagin'd on my heart;

Pain.

Paint her, as she is graven there,
And let me see my absent fair.

First draw the jetty locks that grace
With softest shade her fairer face;
And if thou can'st, e'en let them blow
A balmy fragrance as they flow;
Beneath the spreading tresses' shade,
Bright be her ivory forehead made;
Then nicely bend each sable brow
That circles through her forehead's snow;
Nor part them far, nor join too near,
But let the space between appear.

But her eyes claim thy utmost art;
Resistless lightning *they* must dart:
Like Pallas they must pierce and slay:
Like Venus, sparkling, melt away,
Next in her blooming cheeks unite,
The rose's blush, the lily's white.
Let her ruby lips dispense,
All persuasive eloquence,
As if they strove to challenge bliss,
Inviting to the rapt'rous kiss.

Below her tender chin, bedeck
With nicest art her snowy neck;
With every beauty be it crown'd,
While all the graces sport around.

To end the perfect fair, the rest
Veil in a bright transparent vest,
And thro' the robe be parts reveal'd,
Proofs of the charms that lie conceal'd.

Enough—I see the fair one rise
Before my all enraptur'd eyes—
Yes—now I hear her silence break;
The breathing paint itself will speak.

F. S.

Written Extempore in Faversham Church,

By T. C. RICKMAN.

WHEN to this sacred fame I bent my way,
No raging passion struggled in my breast,
My heart was light and innocently gay,
And cares long felt were lull'd awhile to rest.
I meant *alone* to pay my vows to heaven,
When, lo! such angel forms assail'd my view;
Quick throbbing pulses through my frame were
driven,

And ease and quiet bade my heart adieu!

O mark the change! who to this church repair,
For ye like me perhaps may sometime prove,
That house which was design'd a house of
prayer.

Is the fam'd Temple of the God of Love.

NOBILITY.

WHAT constitutes Nobility,
And gives it charms in Reason's eye;
Makes it what men of sense desire,
And if they cannot reach, admire?
It is a fame that's built on worth,
Nor hangs for its support on birth,

Nor stoops to rob the dead for merit,
Which man may earn, but can't inherit;
'Tis talents with that worth combin'd;
'Tis conscious dignity of mind;
Not such as Pride to Fortune owes,
But such as Virtue's self bestows:
'Tis courage to pursue what's right
Though interest, prejudice, unite,
And vainly strive to blast that name
Which aims at independent fame.
HE IS A NOBLE in whose breast
These stamps of manhood are impress'd,
And wanting these no false invention,
To NOBLE ere can give pretension.
Reason acknowledges no charms
In titles, crests, or coats of arms;
They surely are not types of merit
Which knaves may buy or fools inherit.

August 20.

HOMO.

STANZAS.

*Inscribed to the Countess of Darlington, on the
Birth-Day of Lord Barnard, July 27th,
1787.*

BY DR. PYE.

HALL, Raby, * Norman Neville's antient
pride!

This day the high-roof'd halls and gorgeous
towers

Shall ring with festive music's liveliest powers,
And shrill mirth echo thro' thy portals wide,
Sweet social Mirth and Temperance her guide,
To greet the heir of thy majestic dome,

Who now in prime of health and manhood's
bloom,

His veins enrich'd with Virtue's purest tides
Salutes his native spot, and proudly eyes

Thy spacious lawns with circling woods
embrac'd;

From mould'ring walls sees sumptuous turrets
rise,

And fertile harvests crown the rescued waste:
What cannot Vane's high spirit enterprize,
Match'd with his peerless Consort's polish'd
taste?

Nought shall your wife and virtuous aim defeat,
Illustrious pair whom fond Affection led,
Affection just by dawning Merit fed,
To lift these ramparts to a lordlier height,
To form this structure's ample round compleat,
Fit haunt for princely men and princely
minds,

Whom patriot duty to their country binds;
Be Britain still of Britain's Peers the seat!

O Raby, on this bright auspicious day
Be thy proud pile in all its splendors dress'd,
Thy flowing lawns that every charm array,
To captivate thy future master's breast,
That Gaul's gay court, nor soft Hesperia's
May from thy walls seduce their noble guests.

* In Dur ham.

RE

RETROSPECT of POLITICS.

WE feel ourselves disposed, in common with every friend to humanity, to deprecate War in the abstract, as destructive to the best interests of mankind; and we ardently look forward to the period when a sense of their common interests shall again unite the powers of Europe, in the bonds of peace and good fellowship.—A profusion of blood and treasure we however fear must yet be expended before that happy epocha arrives.—The present War, unlike every other in which Great-Britain has been engaged at different periods, had no specific object for its basis, unless our own security was so far equivocal, as to render the determined interference of England indispensable; and, this admitted, it certainly is a question, whether after having contributed to put our allies in possession of the frontier towns of France, any danger can threaten us, or any advantage arise to this country to compensate us for the evils which a prosecution of the War must necessarily endanger? Independent of these considerations, and whatever motives might have influenced our councils, to join the confederacy against France; it must give sincere pleasure to every Englishman to witness, an English army, under the command of a British Prince, in the high road of victory and conquest, adding to the glory of the British name—giving an example of discipline, of courage, of forbearance to the allies, with whom they are appointed to act, and extorting a confession of admiration even from the enemies whom they are destined to conquer.—The Duke of York, with his victorious army is now before Dunkirk; he has a determined enemy to cope with; and though we have no doubt as to the event of the siege, we are but too confident that he must EARN HIS LAURELS.

Our anxiety for the fate of the Jamaica and East India fleets is at an end; they are arrived in safety—and our Admirals having now a clear and unequivocal line of duty before them, we trust they will not disappoint the expectation of the country.

We are reluctantly obliged to be very short in our political retrospect of this month, for want of room.

COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

Saturday, July 27.

A Messenger arrived at Dover from Ostend, in the Nancy packet, Capt. Osborn, with intelligence of the surrender of Menta, to the army of the King of Prussia.

Mr. M'Dermot midshipman of the Invincible ying at the Nore, fell from the fore-top-mast, and was dashed to pieces against the anchor, which hung over the bow.

Tuesday 3. Captain Cavern, of the Coldstream regiment of guards, arrived at Margate, from Ostend, with an account of the

surrender of Valenciennes to the Duke of York, commander in chief of the besieging armies, before that fortress on Sunday the 28th. The batteries were opened against it on the 18th of June.

Thursday, Aug. 1. James Lloyd, for a burglary in the dwelling house of Ephraim Down, in Seal, and Ambrose Ward and William Collins, for robbing, shooting at and dangerously wounding Francis Du das, esq. near Dartford, executed at Penenden heath. The two latter persisted to the last in their innocence.

Friday 2. Annual Wool Fair established at Ashford. Sir Edward Knatchbull, bart. member for the county, and Sir John Honeywood, member for Canterbury, with a great number of neighbouring gentlemen and farmers, assembled on the wool business; but owing to the low price, very little was sold.

Lewes wool market was also very numerously attended but owing to the same cause, with no better effect. Lord Egremont, Lord Sheffield, Sir J. Banks, several gentlemen and all the principal yeomanry, dined together at the Bear Inn.

After dinner, Lord Sheffield, from the chair, made some very pointed remarks on the rapid decline in the price of wools; and on the state of the woollen trade observed, that the present condition of France, of Flanders, of the countries on the Rhine and not long since of Holland, especially of the first, had produced great convulsions great interruptions of Commerce, and great Bankruptcies.—In his opinion the present check to trade did not arise so much from the want of a demand, as from want of confidence, and from paper money, the usual medium by which business has been carried on, having been thrown out of circulation.—He observed, that the demand for woollens for home consumption, which was the greatest market, was not diminished and that the war and confusion which spread over a considerable part of the manufacturing countries of Europe, could not lessen, but must eventually increase the demand from foreigners for our woollens. He said his situation as commissioner for the issue of Exchequer Bills gave him an opportunity of knowing; and he mentioned it with great pleasure, that the difficulties in respect to money transactions, were diminishing very much daily and he flattered himself that in a short time they would, in a great measure, cease, and he had no doubt that a brisk trade would soon take place, and consequently all articles find their value.

These sentiments seem to have impressed pretty generally the whole body of growers, who have come to sell, till the demand is able the buyer to give.

Tuesday 6. The J. C. Southwell, who died in the 1

that of the Hon. I. R. Tollemache, of the 1st foot guards, killed by a bomb at Valenciennes, were landed at Dover for interment with their respective families; the former at King's Weston, the latter near Ipswich.

Wednesday 7. A great thunder storm, accompanied with a whirlwind, threw down the barns of Mr. Tho. Ashby, at sea-street, and Mr. Downs, of Hampton-hill; raised the beach-stones from the shore at Herne-bay, and broke all the windows of Mr. Norris; tore off the swifts of a windmill near Westbrook, and did considerable damage at Margate.

Monday 12. A formidable floating battery, of a new construction, two bomb-ketches, and several ordnance transports, with an immense quantity of powder, shot and shells, sailed from Woolwich, supposed for the siege of Dunkirk.

The St. George's Bowmen held their annual Bowing Match at Ladywell-lodge, near Lewisham, shooting at all distances, from two to twelve score yards. The prize, a handsome gold bugle horn, was won by W. Foster, esq.

Saturday 17. The house of Mr. G. Broadbridge, of Seafisher, broke open, by some person or persons unknown, many articles of silver and money stolen thereout, and set on fire in three places, the family being in bed; but fortunately discovered in time to prevent a general conflagration.

Monday 19. First public meeting of the Governors and promoters of the Kent and Canterbury Hospital held. A sermon on the occasion was preached at the cathedral of Canterbury by the Rev. Dr. Lynch, Archdeacon; the contributions amounted to 60l. 7s. 7d.

Thursday 22. Meeting of Hop-planters, Brewers, &c. held at Canterbury, to take into consideration the use of brimstone in the fire for drying hops; but there being no proofs of any thing detrimental in the practice, no resolutions were come to.—The consumers therefore, are very properly left to determine whether the vapour of brimstone be wholesome or otherwise; in either case, if the act of George II. be insufficient to prevent its use, a new act only remains to be applied for.

BIRTHS.

July 31. At Fredville, the lady of John Plumtre, esq. of a daughter.

Aug. 3. At Tunbridge-wells, the lady of Sir Thomas Dyke-Ackland, bart. of a son.

14. At Mount Mascul in North Cray, the Hon. Mrs. Madocks, (sister to Lord Craven) of a daughter.

17. At Mytote, near Canterbury, the lady of the Rev. Sir John Fagg, bart. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

June 20. At Barham, Henry Oxenden, esq. only son of Sir Henry Oxenden, of Broome, bart. and the last male heir of this ancient family, to Miss Mary Graham, fifth daughter of the late Col. Graham, of St. Laurence near Canterbury, and sister to Lady Knatchbull.

July 4. Henry Larkins, esq. of East Malling, to Miss Style, sister to Sir Charles Style, of Atringbury, bart.

21. At Gillingham, Mr. Samuel London, to Mrs. King.

23. At Harbledown, Mr. Thomas Horn, of Faversham, to Miss Sarah Sankey.

30. At Billington, Mr. Horn Giles, of Canterbury, to Miss Sarah Blechynden.

At Doddington, Mr. Stephen Lee, to Miss Fance, of Sharsted house.

At Greenwich, Mr. Richard Tuckivell, of London, merchant, to Miss Sophia Best.

31. At St. Martin's in the Fields, London, Richard Glode, esq. of Mayfield-place in Orpington, to Miss Martha Oldershaw, of Leicester.

Aug. 5. At Rainham, Mr. Barton Bishop, of Great Chart, to Miss Dove.

8. At Lamberhurst, John Austen, esq. captain in the 86th regiment, to Miss Harriet Hussey, of Ashford.

19. At Little Chart, John Lynch French, esq. son of Andrew French, esq. of Mitcham, in Surry, to Miss Eliza Darell, dau. of Henry Darell, esq. of Colehill.

At Folkestone, Capt. John Hall Bowney, to Miss Mary Kite.

25. At Sandwich, Mr. Knott, plumber, to Mrs. Jones.

26. At Canterbury, Mr. James Brown, coach-maker, to Miss Jane Rye.

DEATHS.

July 15. At his seat at Leeds Castle, in this county, in his 87th year, Robert Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron in Scotland. He was descended from an ancient and distinguished Yorkshire family, which from the reign of Elizabeth in particular have made a considerable figure in this kingdom. His great great grandfather Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire, was so far a favourite with Charles I. as in 1627 to be created baron of Cameron, in Scotland, and died in 1640, æt. 80. His 2d son Henry, a clergyman, was ancestor of the subject of the present article: but his eldest son, Ferdinando, the 2d peer, was a famous Parliament General, as was his son Sir Thomas, the 3d peer, both of whom are of such celebrity as to be well-known to all acquainted with the history of those times. The latter died in 1671, æt. 60. having had an only daughter his heir, the wife of George Villiers, the famous spendthrift Duke of Buckingham; (on which marriage see Cowley's Ode). The barony then devolved on his cousin Henry, son of his uncle, Rector of Bolton-Percy; which Henry, 4th Lord Fairfax, died in 1680, and was succeeded by Thomas, 5th peer, who by marriage with Catherine, daughter and sole heir to Thomas Lord Colepepper (son of Thomas Lord Colepepper, Master of the Rolls, temp. Car. 1.) became entitled to Leeds Castle, and dying in 1710, was succeeded by his eldest son Thomas, 6th peer, who retiring many years since to Virginia gave up his seat and estates to his brother Robert, a Major in the Horse Guards, who in 1739 and in 1747 was elected M. P. for Maidstone, and was in 1754 successful in a celebrated contested election as Member for the County, to which he was again elected in 1761—and in 1783.

1782, upon the death of his elder brother in Virginia, at the advanced age of 89, became 7th Lord Fairfax. From the time of his declining the representation of the County, he had lived as a country gentleman, in his noble seat of Leeds Castle; from which on his accession to the title, it was too large to emerge, but where with simplicity and cheerfulness he enjoyed health till within a few months of his death. Here however in 1779, the King and Queen, visiting the Camp at Coxheath, honoured him with their presence, and were handsomely entertained. He had two sisters, Margaret, wife of the celebrated antiquary David Wilkins, D. D. who died without issue; and Frances, wife of Denny Martin, esq. of Loose, whose eldest surviving son is D. D. and having long since taken the name of *Fairfax*, and resided with his uncle, the late Lord, many years, now succeeds by entail to the estate; but if there is any heir male entitled to the peerage, he must either be from Henry, Sheriff of Yorkshire 1691, younger son of Henry 4th lord; or from the younger brothers of the Rector of Bolton-Percy, who was father of the 4th lord.

25. At Brompton, aged 55, Mrs. Fennell, wife of John Fennell, esq. one of the Treasury pay clerks at Chatham.

26. At Dover, Mrs. Smithett, wife of Mr. T. Smithett, tide-surveyer of the customs at that port.

30. At her house in Canterbury, Mrs. Mary Hardres, aged 84, only surviving daughter and heir of John Hardres, esq. M. P. for Canterbury in the reigns of Queen Anne and Geo. I. She was the last of the male line of the ancient family of Hardres, of Upper Hardres in this county, who were demonstrably settled there from the time of King John, (and most probably from 1080) till the death of the late Sir William Hardres, bart. in 1764, without issue. She was of the younger branch. Her ancestor Sir Thomas Hardres, knt. King's Serjeant at Law, temp. Char. II. was 4th son of Sir Thomas Hardres, of Hardres, knt. by Eleanor, daughter and heir of Henry Thoresby, esq. Master in Chancery; and was celebrated for his skill in the law, and his reports. He bought in 1649 the house in St. George's Street, Canterbury, where his descendants have ever since resided; where the subject of this article was born; and out of which she and her sister, who died a year or two since, are said never to have slept. She had a brother John, Barrister at Law, who caught cold attending in his profession in the House of Commons, on the memorable Chippenham election 1741, and very soon after died unmarried.

31. At Folkstone, Mr. — Band, school-master.

Aug. 2. At Canterbury, aged 67, Mrs. Elizabeth Tucker, sister of the late rev. John Tucker, second Master of the King's School.

4. At Staplehurst, much respected and lamented, aged 78, Mr. Thomas Simmons.

7. At Dartford, Mr. Oliver Pickken, one

of the proprietors of the Rochester, Chatham and Brompton post coaches.

At Woolwich, Captain Charles Abbott, of the royal artillery.

11. At Maidstone, after a short illness, Mr. Henry Timbury, pastry-cook.

12. In the Mint-yard, Canterbury, in her 12th year, Miss Mereft, daughter of the Rev. James Mereft, of Wortham in Suffolk.

At Woolwich, the lady of Captain Burslem, of the royal artillery.

16. At Deal, Mr. James Cannon, an eminent grazier.

19. At Maidstone, of a decline, in her 15th year, Miss Charlotte Holah.

Lately, much regretted by her neighbours, and friends, Mrs. Smith, wife of Mr. Smith, an opulent farmer at Hoo.

22. At his palace at Bromley, the Right Rev. Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Rochester, dean of Westminster, dean of the most honourable order of the Bath, and a vice-president of the Westminster Infirmary. He married the widow of the late Judge Yates, who had issue by her former husband, a son, now at the bar, who married a sister of Lord St. John, of Bletsoe; and a daughter, wife of Cholmondeley Dering, esq. younger son of Sir E. Dering, bart.

23. At St. Nicholas's in Thanet, Mr. — Ivernden, sen.

24. At Margate, whilst sitting in her chair, Mrs. Tucker, shopkeeper.

At Wye, Mr. Valentine Aussen, an eminent hop-planter. By his particular desire, a dumb peal was rung on the church bells, and the way strewn with hops at his funeral.

25. At Canterbury, James Six, esq. a gentleman very much distinguished for his many ingenious observations and experiments in Natural Philosophy, &c. as well as for his amiable and religious private character. He was one of the many remaining refugee families who fled hither in the reign of Elizabeth, for the sake of the Protestant Religion and established the silk trade, which so long flourished here, and to which he was himself brought up, but on its decline retired early in life upon an handsome competence, to pursue the bent of his genius, and to educate his two children. His truly accomplished and amiable son James Six, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, died prematurely of a fever at Rome, Dec. 14, 1786, which was a very trying affliction to him; for he possessed every moral and mental excellence, he was a good mathematician, an elegant poet, well versed in the ancient languages; and a master of almost all the modern European tongues. The father was one of the earliest establishers of Sunday Schools in that city, and indefatigable in his subsequent support of them. He has left a widow, and only daughter, the wife of Mr. May, a considerable and opulent Brewer at Maidstone.

In St. Paul's, Canterbury, aged 65, Mr. John Gifford, writer.

Lately, at Margate, Mr. Peter Wootton, hair-dresser.

KENTISH REGSSTER,

PRICES of HOPS in KENT.

		CANTERBURY.						MAIDSTONE.					
		Bags.			Pockets.			Bags.			Pockets.		
		l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
July	27 -	4	10	6	0	5	0	7	0	4	10	4	14
Aug.	3 -	5	0	6	10	5	10	7	7	4	10	4	16
—	10 -	5	0	7	0	5	10	8	0	4	12	5	5
—	17 -	4	0	8	10	5	0	10	10	4	14	5	10
—	24 -	7	0	10	0	8	8	11	16	5	0	5	10

At the beginning of the present month, the approaching hop-season had every appearance of being one of the most unproductive (allowing for the increased number of acres now in that cultivation) ever known, since the first tax upon hops in 1711. The plantations, with very few exceptions, were fuller of vermin and evidently in a worse state than in 1782, when the whole duty, including the additional per centage, amounted only to 14,895l. 12s. 5d.—The lowest duties besides, which this commodity ever paid were in 1769, 16,201l. 11s. 7d.—1764, 17,178l. 1s. 1½d.—1725, 6,526l. 8s. 3d. 1718, 15,005l. 13s. 8d.—and 1714, 14,457l. 5s. 11d.

Aug. 31. Prices of Hops, received just as this was going to press, were—

In LONDON -	Bags -	5l. 5s. to 9l. 5s.
	Pockets -	6l. 15s. to 10l. 15s.
In CANTERBURY -	Bags -	8l. 8s. to 10l. 0s.
	Pockets -	9l. 0s. to 10l. 10l.

Prices of Meat in Smithfield Market.

	July 29.		August 5.		August 12.		August 19.		August 26.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef, - per score	7	0	8	6	6	6	7	0	6	6
Mutton, per pound	0	4½	0	5	0	4½	0	0	0	4½
Beef, - per stone*	2	8	3	2	2	6	3	0	2	4
Mutton, per stone	2	10	3	4	3	0	3	4	2	10
Veal, - per stone	3	0	4	0	3	0	3	8	3	0
Lamb, - per stone	3	0	3	8	3	0	3	8	3	0
Pork, - per stone	3	0	3	8	3	0	3	8	3	0

* Of 8 pounds—By the carcase, to sink the offal.

Head of Cattle, sold each Day.

Beasts, - about	1,400	1,500	2,000	1,800	2,000
Sheep - - -	10,000	12,000	15,000	16,000	14,000
Lambs - - -	7,000	6,000	4,500	5,000	5,000

Prices of Tallow in London.

	July 29.		August 5.		August 12.		August 19.		July 27.	
Per Cwt.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Town Tallow -	43	6	0	0	43	0	0	0	43	6
Russia Candle Tallow	40	0	42	0	38	0	42	0	38	0
Russia Soap Tallow *	39	0	0	0	38	0	0	0	38	0
Stuff - - -	24	0	35	0	25	0	36	0	25	0
Graves - - -	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	8	0
Good Dregs - - -	7	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	7	0

Average Price at Clare, St. James's, and Whitechapel Markets.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Per Stone of 8lb.	2	6½	2	7	2	7	2	7	2	7½

Average Prices of Wheat,

By the QUARTER of EIGHT WINCHESTER BUSHELS,

From July 20 to August 17.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	July 20.	July 27.	Aug. 3.	Aug. 10.	Aug. 17.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Middlesex	46 6	47 5	47 10	47 7	46 10
Surry	47 11	47 11	47 11	47 1	47 3
Hertford	47 1	45 11	46 2	45 3	45 0
Bedford	46 9	45 8	45 11	45 0	44 10
Huntingdon	44 8	44 5	44 2	43 10	43 7
Northampton	47 10	48 7	48 6	47 8	47 4
Rutland	50 6	51 6	51 6	52 0	50 0
Leicester	51 11	52 0	53 6	52 0	51 10
Nottingham	55 8	55 8	56 4	56 3	55 3
Derby	58 8	57 0	59 4	57 8	56 3
Stafford	54 2	54 2	54 7	54 6	54 6
Salop	56 3	53 4	53 9	56 3	52 8
Hereford	53 1	53 0	52 4	52 5	50 0
Worcester	48 3	49 11	52 0	50 5	50 2
Warwick	51 8	51 8	52 6	52 8	52 8
Wilts	46 6	46 4	45 10	43 6	44 4
Berks	44 9	46 10	40 2	46 2	44 8
Oxford	48 10	48 10	48 10	49 0	49 0
Bucks	77 10	46 10	45 8	46 0	44 4
Brecon	62 5	55 10	59 3	59 2	59 1
Montgomery	56 10	60 10	55 9	53 0	55 0
Radnor	58 10	58 10	58 1	56 9	56 1

MARITIME COUNTIES.

Dist.		July 20.	July 27.	Aug. 3.	Aug. 10.	Aug. 17.
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
1	Essex	45 10	46 0	46 4	46 0	47 0
	Kent	44 9	44 10	45 4	44 9	44 6
	Suffex	45 0	43 10	43 10	44 8	44 10
2	Suffolk	46 6	46 5	46 2	45 9	45 9
	Cambridge	43 2	41 4	44 9	41 4	41 3
3	Norfolk	43 11	44 0	43 8	43 11	43 8
	Lincoln	48 11	47 11	48 7	49 5	48 8
4	York	45 7	45 5	45 4	44 9	44 7
	Durham	56 0	54 11	55 5	54 10	54 6
5	Northumberland	45 6	45 11	46 4	46 2	46 6
	Cumberland	51 10	52 9	53 10	53 5	54 2
6	Westmoreland	58 1	56 8	56 8	58 1	57 7
	Lancaster	53 5	52 4	52 8	53 3	53 8
7	Chester	50 9	53 8	50 9	51 3	53 3
	Flint	50 2	57 7	52 9	52 10	52 7
8	Denbigh	55 9	57 7	55 7	55 7	55 9
	Anglesea	52 0	48 0	52 0	52 0	52 0
	Carnarvon	55 8	58 0	56 4	54 8	51 8
	Merioneth	58 10	59 4	59 11	59 5	58 6
	Cardigan	55 0	55 0	55 6	57 0	60 8
9	Pembroke	43 4	46 4	45 11	46 4	48 0
	Cardmarthen	55 0	56 1	55 2	55 5	55 2
	Glamorgan	63 6	60 2	65 10	58 10	59 5
	Gloucester	48 2	49 3	49 7	50 10	49 6
10	Somerfet	51 1	51 10	51 4	51 11	50 8
	Monmouth	55 6	55 5	56 2	56 1	52 11
	Devon	50 3	50 4	56 2	55 1	54 4
11	Cornwall	53 11	53 8	55 0	53 10	53 10
	Dorset	49 0	48 7	47 10	47 11	48 2
12	Hants	46 6	46 8	46 10	46 11	45 5

AVERAGE of ENGLAND and WALES.

Per Quarter | 51 0 | 51 0 | 51 3 | 50 10 | 50 7

KENTISH REGISTER, 7

AVERAGE PRICES of WHEAT.

By which Exportation and Bounty are to be regulated.

Computed according to the Directions of the acts of 31st and 33d Geo. III. (Extracts from which will be given next month.

From July 20 to Aug. 17.

Distr.	20.		27.		3.		10.		17.		Distr.	20.		27.		3.		10.		17.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
1	46	9	46	6	47	10	45	8	47	1	7	52	4	52	10	51	11	52	4	53	6
2	45	7	44	9	45	11	44	5	44	6	8	55	3	55	10	56	0	55	6	55	4
3	43	11	40	0	43	10	43	11	43	8	9	55	2	55	0	56	9	54	11	56	2
4	46	10	46	4	46	7	46	8	46	1	10	51	0	51	4	51	10	51	11	50	8
5	50	3	50	5	51	3	50	1	50	6	11	55	1	55	0	55	8	54	5	54	1
6	54	4	54	1	54	11	55	3	55	6	12	47	5	47	4	47	2	47	4	46	

*Returns of Wheat at the Corn-Market, in Mark-Lane, London,
July 29 to August 26.*

July 29.			August 5.			August 12.			August 19.			August 26.		
No of	Price		No of	Price		No of	Price		No of	Price		No of	Price	
Qrs	s.	d.	Qrs.	s.	d.	Qrs.	s.	d.	Qrs	s.	d.	Qrs.	s.	d.
50	51	6	23	54	0	50	52	0	7	52	0	6	52	0
100	51	0	140	51	0	40	50	6	15	51	6	80	49	0
150	50	6	142	50	0	30	49	6	19	50	0	163	48	0
329	50	0	220	49	6	165	49	0	40	49	0	91	47	6
215	49	6	730	49	0	150	48	6	37	48	0	283	47	0
420	49	0	200	48	6	245	48	0	150	47	6	458	46	6
360	48	6	100	48	0	46	47	6	216	47	0	472	46	0
473	48	0	229	47	0	360	47	0	232	46	0	38	45	6
168	47	0	120	46	6	44	46	6	582	45	0	320	45	0
130	46	6	340	46	0	150	46	0	96	44	6	19	44	6
208	45	0	288	45	0	166	45	0	35	43	0	170	44	0
450	44	6	55	42	0	32	44	6	25	42	0	86	43	6
74	44	0	65	40	0	423	44	0	121	41	0	195	43	0
50	42	0	30	38	0	210	43	0	50	40	6	10	42	6
50	41	0				150	42	0	257	40	0	40	42	0
200	40	0				60	38	0	100	38	0	30	41	6
35	38	0										48	40	0
												90	39	6
												100	39	0

Average Prices of Sugar, July 24 to Aug. 21.

Per Cwt.	July 24.			July 31.			August 7.			August 14.			August 21.		
	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.
Exclusive of the Duties	2	18	10 $\frac{1}{4}$	2	18	0	2	19	0 $\frac{1}{4}$	2	12	7	2	19	4 $\frac{1}{2}$

PRICES of HOPS in SOUTHWARK.

Per Cwt. BAGS.		July 20.		August 5.		August 12.		August 19.		August 26.	
		l. s.	l. s.	l. s.	l. s.	l. s.	l. s.	l. s.	l. s.	l. s.	l. s.
Kent	- - - -	3 10	5 5	3 10	5 5	5 0	7 0	5 0	7 10	5 0	5 5
Suffex	- - - -	3 3	4 10	3 3	4 10	4 10	6 10	4 10	7 0	4 10	7 0
Essex	- - - -	3 10	5 10	3 10	5 10	5 10	8 0	6 0	8 0	6 0	8 0
POCKETS.											
Kent	- - - -	4 10	6 0	4 4	6 6	5 10	8 8	6 0	9 5	6 0	9 5
Suffex	- - - -	3 10	5 5	3 10	5 5	5 5	7 0	5 10	8 10	5 10	8 10
Farnham	- - - -	4 4	8 0	4 4	8 0	7 0	10 6	6 0	12 0	6 0	12 0
Worcester	- - - -	3 10	5 5	3 10	5 5	4 0	7 0	5 0	8 10	0 0	8 10
Essex	- - - -	2 4	4 4	2 2	4 4						

LONDON, July—August.

[illegible]

ACCURATE PRICE OF STOCKS EACH DAY, FROM JULY 27, TO AUGUST 26, INCLUSIVE.

KENTISH REGISTER, FOR AUGUST, 1793.

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Days	BANK				INDIA				SOUTH SEA				Commerce Exch. Bills				Lotry. Tickets.						
	Stock.	3 per cent. reduc.	3 per cent. consol.	4 per cent. consol.	5 per cent. ann.	Long ann.	Short ann.	Stock	Scrip	Bonds.	Stock	Old ann.	New ann.	New Navy Bills.	Ex- cheq. Bills.	3 per cent. scrip.	1st. Clafs.	2d Clafs.	3d Clafs.	4 h Clafs.	English l. s. d.	Irish l. s. d.	
27	176	77 1/2	77 1/2	93	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	20 1/2	9 1/2	7s. pr	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1s d	—	—	17	4	0 6	5 10 0
29	177	78 1/2	77 1/2	93 1/2	109 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210	10 1/2	7	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	17	—	0 6	5 11 0
30	177 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	93 1/2	110	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	10 1/2	—	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	0 6	5 11 0
31	177 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	110	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	10 1/2	—	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	16	—	—	5 11 0
1	178 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	109 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	211	11 1/2	16	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1 pt.	—	—	15	14	2 0	5 12 6
2	178 1/2	79	77 1/2	94 1/2	109 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	211	11 1/2	16	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1 d	—	—	15	14	2 6	5 12 6
3	179 1/2	79	77 1/2	95	109 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	211	11 1/2	16	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	16	14	1 6	5 12 6
5	180	79 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	109 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	17	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	2 0	5 12 6
6	178 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	109 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	17	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	1 6	—
7	178 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	17	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	1 6	—
8	178 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	17	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	1 6	—
9	177 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	17	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	1 6	—
10	177 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	17	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	1 6	—
12	176 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	209 1/2	11 1/2	7	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	1 6	—
13	176 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210	11 1/2	7	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	1 6	—
14	178 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	211	11 1/2	17	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	1 6	—
15	178 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	211	11 1/2	17	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	1 6	—
16	177 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	16	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	14	14	1 6	—
17	177 1/2	78 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	15	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	14	14	1 6	—
19	177 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	9	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	14	14	1 6	—
20	177 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	94 1/2	108 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	9	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	14	14	1 6	—
21	176 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	93 1/2	107 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	210 1/2	11 1/2	9	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	79 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	0 6	5 10 6
22	176 1/2	77 1/2	77 1/2	93 1/2	107 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	209 1/2	11 1/2	9	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	78 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	0 6	5 10 6
23	175 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2	93 1/2	107 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	209 1/2	11 1/2	9	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	78 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	0 6	5 10 6
24	177 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2	93 1/2	107 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	207 1/2	11 1/2	9	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	78 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	0 6	5 11 0
26	177 1/2	76 1/2	76 1/2	93 1/2	107 1/2	22 1/2	10 1/2	207 1/2	11 1/2	9	—	—	—	7 1/2	—	78 1/2	1	—	—	15	14	0 6	5 11 0

In this Table, the highest and lowest prices of the 3 per cent. consols. are given each day; in all the other funds the highest price only.

T H E

KENTISH REGISTER,

For SEPTEMBER, 1793.

SPECTEMUR AGENDO.

Critical SKETCH of the LIFE and WRITINGS of
AFRA BEHN, THE POETESS,
A NATIVE OF CANTERBURY.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

GENTLEMEN,

THE multiplicity of celebrated persons who bear an alliance to KENT, a little distract my mind, in selecting a subject for your present month's biography. I had some thoughts of sending you an account of George Sandys, the Poet, who was buried at Boxley, where he spent much of his time with his relation Lady Wyat; but I have mislaid my copy of his poems, of which I intended to discuss the character; and as my unconquerable indolence procrastinates every thing to the last moment, it is now too late to search for it. Kent can boast its relation to a bright list of poetical writers: Sir Thomas Wyatt; Lord Buckhurst (the sublime author of the best part of the *Mirroure for Magistrates*) with his

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descendants the Lords Dorset; Sir Philip Sydney, Col. Richard Lovelace, &c. &c. deserve a very exalted station in the Temple of Fame; and perhaps their writings require a more general discussion than they have hitherto received; because the celebrity of Dr. Johnson's name has confined the public curiosity to the narrow and imperfect list, which his *Lives of the Poets* contain. But I know not whether an apology be not necessary for the attempt I am about to make, in my present communication, to retrieve the memory of a person, whose character I cannot deny to have been somewhat licentious. This is no less than *Mrs. Afra Behn*, who, whatever become of her moral qualities, has certainly, not in the present century, had

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had justice done to her intellectual endowments. Let it not be supposed I wish to revive her writings, mixed as they every where seem to be with coarseness and impurity: of this effect there is no fear: the more delicate ears of the present age would not endure the obscenity and grossness that delighted even the most polished part of Charles II.'s court. But I think I can select whole poems, that not only deserve to be rescued, but claim praise unabated.

Mrs. Afra Behn was born in *Canterbury*, in the reign of Charles I. (probably about 1642) of a good family there, of the name of *Johnson*. She was carried over very young to the West Indies in consequence of her father being (through his relationship to the Lord Willoughby) appointed Lieutenant-General of Surinam, at which she, with the rest of the family, notwithstanding Mr. Johnson died at sea in his passage thither, arrived; and long resided at a place called St. John's Hill, a place, according to her accounts, so delightful, that she challenged all the world to produce another equal to it. It was there she became acquainted with the American Prince Oroonoko, whose adventures she has described in her novel of that name, on which Southerne has founded his famous tragedy. On her return to London, she married Mr. Behn, a merchant there, of Dutch extraction. This marriage placed her in a situation which enabled her to appear with advantage at court; and here she had an opportunity of displaying her abilities by giving Charles II. so agreeable and accurate an account of Surinam, that she gained his good opinion; and he thought her worthy of being trusted with some important affairs in the Dutch war; which occasioned her going to Antwerp. The truth seems to have been, that she was employed as a spy there; and not without success; for by her intrigues with a person there of the name of *Vander-Albert*, she discovered the intention of the Dutch to sail up

the Thames, and burn the English shipping; this intelligence she immediately transmitted home; but was not believed till too late. With this treatment she is said to have been so disgusted, as to have laid aside all future thoughts of interfering with state affairs, and to have employed the remainder of her time at Antwerp in gallantries. After some time she embarked at Dankirk for England, and was very near being lost in her passage; however she arrived safe in London; and dedicated the rest of her life to pleasure and poetry. She was much caressed and praised by the wits of the day; and dying April 16, 1689, was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument is erected to her memory. She published seventeen plays; several histories and novels; and three volumes of miscellany poems. She translated Fontenelle's History of Oracles, and Plurality of Worlds; to which she annexed an essay on Translation and Translated Prose; and she paraphrased Cænone's Epistle to Paris, from Ovid's Epistles; and wrote the celebrated Love-Letters between a nobleman and his sister, 1684. Her plays were published together in two volumes 8vo. and again in four volumes 12mo. in 1724; and her novels in two volumes 12mo. 1735, 8th edition. They who wish to see the facts of her life, and titles of her works more at large, may consult Cibber's Lives of the Poets, and the Biographia Britannica!

She is said to have been a graceful comely woman, with brown hair and a piercing eye; and her conversation is reported to have been so lively, witty, and interesting, as to have delighted all who heard her.

Her poetry comes now to be considered, which has been pronounced by the original writers of her life in the Biographia Britannica to be *none of the best*. This contemptuous sentence must have been pronounced by a critic, who had never read her principal poems. She generally possesses a strength, an ease, a copiousness

ness of fancy, and fluency of language, which betray a very powerful genius. Their tendency, no doubt, is peculiarly immoral and licentious; and this in a woman is doubly reprehensible. The *Voyage to the Isle of Love*, which is said to be imitated from the French, though as a whole it is tedious, often hasty and careless, and a strange intermixture of real and allegorical persons, yet possesses many splendid parts, and shews talents, which more attention would easily have conducted to excellence. The odes are the best part. In one of these, describing the Isle of Love and the darts of Cupid, is the following elegant stanza:

None ere escap'd the welcom'd blow,
Which ne'er is sent in vain;
They kiss the shaft and bless the foe,
That gives the pleasing pain.

The following is the description of
The PRINCESS HOPE.

SHE blows the youthful lover's flame,
And promises a sure repose;
Whilst with a treason void of shame,
His fancied happiness o'erthrows.
Her language is all soft and fair,
But her hid sense is naught but air,
And can no solid reason bear.
As often as she speaks,
Her faithless word she breaks;
Great in pretension, in performance small,
And when she swears 'tis perjury all.
Her promises like those of princes are,
Made in necessity and war,
Cancell'd without remorse at ease,
In the voluptuous time of peace.

These are her qualities, but yet
She has a person full of charms,
Her smiles are able to beget
Forgiveness for her other harms;
She's most divinely shap'd, her eyes are sweet,
And every glance to please she does employ,
With such address she does all persons treat,
As none are weary of her flattery.
She still consoles the most afflicted hearts,
And makes the proud vain of his fancied arts.

I will give one more specimen,
which I think will sufficiently establish
her genius; and then have done.

The COMPLAINT.

OF in my jealous transports I wou'd cry,
Ye happy shades, ye happy bowers,

Why speaks she tenderer things to you
than me?

Why does she smile, caress, and praise
your flowers?

Why sighs she, opening buds, her secrets all
Into your fragrant leaves?

Why does she to her aid your sweetness call?
Yet take less from you than she gives.

Why on your beds must you be happy made,
And be together with Aminta laid?

You from her hands and lips may kisses take,
And never meet reproaches from her pride;
A thousand ravishing stealths may make,
And even into her softer bosom glide,
And there expire! O happy rival flowers,
How vainly do I wish my fate like that of
yours!

Tell me, ye silent groves, whose gloom in-
vites

The lovely charmer to your solitudes?

Tell me for whom she languishes and sighs?

For whom she feels her soft inquietudes?

Name me the youth for whom she makes
her vows,

For she has breath'd it oft amongst your
list'ning boughs?

Oh, happy confident of her amours,
How vainly do I wish my fortune blest
as yours!

O happy brooks! O happy rivulets!
And springs that in a thousand windings
move,

Upon your banks how oft Aminta sits,
And prattles to you all her tale of love:
Whilst your smooth surface little circles bears,
From the impressions of her falling tears,
And as you wantonly reflecting pass,
Glide o'er the lovely image of her face;
And sanctifies your stream, which as you run,
You boast in murmurs to the banks along.
Dear stream! to whom she gives her softest
hours,

How vainly do I wish my happiness like yours!

Though there is little here of the
picturesque and sombrous imagina-
tion of some later poetesses, some al-
lowance is to be made for the fashion
of the times, in which she wrote;
and it cannot be denied that there is
an ease and airiness in these lines,
which in comparison with most pro-
ductions of the same period, are en-
titled to considerable applause.

Mrs. Behn was known by the po-
etical name of *Astrea*; and her plays
and novels are all said to be very vo-
luptuous. Pope's character of her
should not be suppressed.

"The stage how loosely does *Astrea* tread,
"Who fairly puts all characters to bed."

O.

ON

On the USES and VALUE of CHESNUT TREES.

BY NATHANIEL KENT, ESQ.

From the Transactions of the Society of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce.

SINCE I have had the honour of becoming a Member of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, I have read with great satisfaction Mr. Majendie's judicious remarks upon the Spanish chesnut, in the ninth volume of their transactions, page 17; and observation and experience have long convinced me, that it is the most profitable tree that can be planted. Although the character which he gives of it has in a great measure anticipated what I had to say in its favour, still I am persuaded a few more particulars relative to it, will not be considered impertinent or ill-timed, though it may in some instances carry the appearance of repetition.

I entirely agree with Mr. Majendie, that, for hop-poles and stakes, it has no equal, in point of durability, and consequently no underwood can be applied to those purposes with equal profit. He seems to think, indeed, that it is not so quick in its growth as ash, upon a moist soil: I think it is not: but, upon a sand or loam, I apprehend it will keep full pace with the ash, and attain sufficient size for hop-poles, in fourteen years, and be worth at that age two guineas a hundred, and last, with proper care, twenty years; whilst ash, which seldom comes to sufficient size in less than twenty years, will only bear two thirds of the price, and decay in half the time.

For gates and hurdles it is equally good; and being less heavy than oak, is another great recommendation to it, as it is removed from one place to another with greater ease. To these and many other purposes, chesnut, trained and cut as underwood, is peculiarly adapted; and, in point of

beauty, no wood surpasses it; as it admits of close planting, runs straight in its branches, and always appears florid and healthy.

I shall next consider the value of the Spanish chesnut for timber, in which (except for the unrivalled purposes of ship-building) it will be found for most uses equal to the oak, and in buildings and out-door work much superior.

In 1676, an ancestor of the present Mr. Windham, of Felbrigg, in Norfolk, had the merit of being a considerable planter of chesnut. In the space of fifty years, it is presumed, these plantations required thinning, as his successor, about that time, began to apply this timber to useful purposes upon his estate.

The first account is, of the branch or limb of a chesnut, about thirteen inches square, which, in the year 1726, was put down as a hanging post for a gate, and carried the gate, without alteration, fifty-two years, when, upon altering the inclosures of the farm, where it stood, it was taken up under my direction, and appearing to be perfectly sound, was put down for a clapping-post in another place.

In 1743, a large barn was built with some of this timber, and is now as found in every part, beams, principals, and spars, as when first the barn was built: about the same time several chesnut posts and rails were put down, which I have since seen removed; and, after standing thirty or forty years, generally appeared so sound, as to admit of being set up in some other place.

The last instance I shall mention, though not of long date, will show the great superiority of this timber

over

over oak in fences. In the year 1772, the present Mr. Windham made a large plantation in his park, which was fenced with posts and rails, converted from young oak and chefnuts of the same age and scantling, such as were picked out of a place where they stood too thick. Last year, upon Mr. Windham's enlarging this plantation, it was necessary to remove this fence; when the chefnut posts were found as sound as when they were first put down, but the oak were so much wasted just below the surface of the ground, that they could not be used for the same purposes again, without the assistance of a spur to support them.

To these modern proofs of their utility and durability, we may join the authority of Evelyn, an author of established reputation, who asserts, it is good for "mill-timber and water-work, and that great part of our ancient houses in the city of London were built with it, and that it does well for table and other furniture."

As a candid quoter of Evelyn, however, I admit that he says, in another place, that he "cannot celebrate this tree for its sincerity; it being found (contrary to oak) it will make a fair show outwardly, when it is all decayed and rotten within; but that this is in some sort recompensed, for the beams have the property of being somewhat brittle, of crackling, and giving warning of danger."

To account for this drawback in Mr. Evelyn's opinion, it will be proper to observe, that this certainly is the case with old chefnut, that has been suffered to stand beyond the time of its attaining its full growth: it is then the worst of all timber, being more brittle and more apt to crack, and fly into splinters than any other: but I have never known this to be the case with young chefnut;

and therefore, in point of œconomy, it should never be suffered to stand longer than the points of the branches, and the complexion of the bark, indicate it to be in a growing or healthy state; which is not very difficult to ascertain, by a person accustomed to make observations upon timber. And it is this very circumstance, when properly attended to, that makes this timber more profitable than most others; for it is so early useful, that if it be cut when it squares only six inches, it will be as durable as an oak of six times its size and age. This is in a great measure accounted for, by its having so little sap in proportion to other trees, as it will seldom exceed in thickness the breadth of the bark; whereas the sap of an oak will often be from an inch to two inches thick, which is not only useless, but if suffered to remain, tends very much to the destruction of the timber: in other respects, the duration of the chefnut may be accounted for, from its being less affected by worms or insects, than other timber; otherwise it would be impossible that such roofs as King's College, Cambridge, built in the reign of Henry VI. with chefnut, and many other equally ancient buildings, should have lasted so long, and be still in a perfect state, as many of them are.

Therefore, like Mr. Majendie, I earnestly wish to see the culture of this most valuable plant extended over every part of the kingdom, as it must prove highly beneficial to the public.

But let not one be afraid of cutting it too young; for, let this tree be ever so small, if it is large enough for the purpose for which it is wanted, it will be the less liable to decay from its youth; and, if underwood be the object, the proverb, in beech countries, will be fully verified, "Cut wood and have wood."

THE following traditional story of Richard Plantagenet having a close relation to a noted part of Kent, will no doubt be very acceptable to your readers. It is translated from a well-known French work, and though it may have received some colouring from the fancy of the author, the most material parts are founded in fact. Any farther particulars, respecting the subject of the story, or corrections of the present relation will be esteemed a favor from any of your correspondents.

A. Z.

The ROYAL MASON.

Sir Thomas Moyle, being employed in building a castle in the parish of Eastwell, in Kent, in the burial registers of which are still seen these words, "Richard Plantagenet was interred the 22d of December 1550," observed that his principal mason retired at the usual hours of breakfast and dinner, and that when he got to the distance of about an hundred paces, he took a book from his pocket, and read while making his repast.

Sir Thomas, desirous of knowing what book so much engaged the attention of his mason, endeavoured for some days to surprise him, but always without effect; for when the mason heard him approaching, he put the book in his pocket and went away.

The curiosity of sir Thomas was still more excited by this caution; but as he was continually on the watch, he at length discovered that his master mason read Virgil's *Æneid*, and that he was a man of no mean talents. He therefore formed a close intimacy with him, and admitted him to his table; where, by treating him with every mark of respect and attention, he drew from him the following confession—

"Fate, which does every thing

in the world, would have it that I should be a mason; nevertheless, my ancestors caused cities to be built, and I build your castle. They had palaces and possessed a throne, but I possess only an humble cot. I have not always known what I am; but when ignorant of my own extraction, I was happier and more contented than at present.

"Until the age of sixteen I was boarded with a master, at whose house I was visited every three months by a man of great dignity, who paid for my board, saluted me very respectfully, and then retired, after having taken great pains to let me know that he was not my father.

"This man came one day (a month before the expiration of a quarter) begged me to accompany him, and making me get into an elegant coach, conducted me to the gate of a beautiful palace, before which we alighted. After crossing several large halls, we arrived at one much better ornamented than the rest, where my conductor left me, and desired me to wait for a few moments.

"I had not remained here long, when a nobleman about the age of forty-six, superbly dressed, and wearing a garter enriched with diamonds, entered the apartment, advanced towards me, and clasping me for some time in his arms, embraced me, and asked a great number of questions, which I answered in the best manner I could.

"With this person I remained a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which, he gave me a purse filled with pieces of gold, embraced me again, and departed. My first guide then made his appearance, and without revealing the mystery of this strange visit, conveyed me back to my place of residence, and left me a prey to a thousand reflections which afforded me very little satisfaction.

"Some months after, when it was scarcely

scarcely day, the same man returned, and brought me a rich dress, which he made me put on, and desired me to follow him. Having obeyed, I found a phaeton, with six horses waiting for us at the gate, into which we mounted, and instantly drove to Bosworth, to the tent of King Richard III. who as soon as he perceived us came to meet me, laid hold of my hand, and discovered himself to be the same person who had before received me with so much kindness.

"This prince, after clasping me in his arms, shewed me to some noblemen who stood around him saying, 'Behold my son!' then turning towards me, 'My child,' said he, 'I shall fight to-morrow for my crown, and your's; it shall either remain on my head, or I shall lose my life. As you are by far too young, my son, do not expose yourself in the combat. You see that eminence before you, post yourself there; your guide will follow you, and thence you may be a spectator of the event of the battle. If I am victorious, fly to my arms, and I shall acknowledge you as my son; but if I am vanquished, be persuaded that you have no father surviving; fly as far as you can, and reveal to no one the secret of your birth, for none of my friends can hope for mercy from the conqueror, whose interest it will be to destroy even the last branch of my family. Go,' says he, with his eyes bathed in tears, while his words were interrupted by sighs—'go, my son, fulfil your destiny; carry with you this portfolio, and give it to your guide, who will take care of it for you.' Then turning towards him, he added, 'I recommend to you my son and this deposit.'

"Motionless at this discourse, I was struck almost senseless; and, divided between a desire to follow the destiny of my father, and the fear of disobeying him, I waited with my eyes fixed on him, till he should renew his orders for me to retire, or permit me to remain near him; but my guide took me by the

hand, and dragged me towards the eminence, for my legs were almost incapable of supporting the weight of my body.

"I shall only tell you that I saw my unhappy father, on a white horse, make wonderful efforts by his valour, and bring back to the charge his shattered troops, always ready to fly. I saw, and I still shudder at the thoughts of it, a Scotsman fall furiously upon him, and after losing one of his arms by a sabre, make use of the other to cut off the prince's head; and this head at length carried in triumph on the end of a pole, decided my fate and that of the battle.

"When I had lost all hopes, I turned towards my guide, to pour forth in his bosom the burden of my grief; but alas! the unhappy man was no longer near me; he had fled with the portfolio which my father delivered to him, and thus deprived me of every resource.

"Not knowing what course to pursue in this critical conjuncture, I mounted a horse which I found tied to a tree, and which he had left me, and repaired to London, where I sold him, and all the other effects that I possessed.

"I took lodgings in Piccadilly,* where the money I had procured from the sale of my effects supported me for nearly eighteen months; but my purse being at length empty, I saw no other resource to preserve my life, but to conceal my name, and no means of escaping misery but to labour.

"As some masons lodged in the same tavern with me, I one day accosted them as they were sitting down to dinner. Contentment seemed to beam in all their countenances, joy animated their conversation, and the food which was set before them, though exceedingly simple, awakened my appetite. Having entered into conversation with them, I asked them several questions respecting their condition, and their emoluments; and

* A strange anachronism! — *Edit.*

being very well satisfied with their answers, I hired myself to them as a day labourer.

"My first attempts were successful, and my progress so rapid, that at the end of twenty years, being highly distinguished by my master, I became his foreman. He then proposed to admit me to his table; and the son of Richard, who had not disdained to handle the trowel, thought himself very happy to eat at the table of a man who had taught him the use of it; I therefore accepted his proposal with pleasure.

"Sir William, for this was the name of my master, had a daughter who rendered my residence in his house very agreeable. Like Hebe, she was full of graces; her virtue was equal to that of Lucretia, and her countenance was never contracted by a frown.

"I lived with the father and daughter till the death of the former, in the most perfect harmony, and without ever thinking of the future; but this unexpected loss, by filling our hearts with sorrow, told us that we could no longer live in a manner that would wound the delicacy of my virtuous companion, and scandalize our neighbours, and that we must either separate, or unite together for life.

"The idea of the grandeur I was going to renounce for ever, could not even for a moment prevail over the friendship which I entertained for the daughter of my deceased master: I disclosed my passion to her; she gave me a favourable reception, and when the time of mourning was expired, I married her. By this virtuous spouse I had three children, who are still my greatest comfort. Having succeeded to the employment of my master, I am now become your principal mason. This is my history, which you was so desirous to learn."

Sir Thomas, much surprised by this recital, and filled with respect for the mason, 'Prince,' said he, 'it does not belong to me to examine whether your highness could do better than assume the situation of your master; but this I know, that as you are the son of my sovereign, I consider myself obliged to offer you a lodging in my castle, with full assurance that you shall remain there unknown, and live in whatever manner you think proper.'

"Sir Thomas," cried the mason, "spare your titles, and look upon me as a man much less unfortunate than you imagine. I have triumphed over the caprice of fortune, and I have rendered myself independent of others. My wife has preserved her honour, which in the world she must have lost; my children do not regret the want of honours which they never expected; and the labour of their hands procures enough for the subsistence of my family. I shall consent to partake of your bounty, since you require it, but only upon condition that you keep within those bounds which I shall prescribe."

'Speak,' said Sir Thomas, 'and be assured that I will grant whatever you may require.' "Well," said the mason, "give me a small corner in your park, on which I may build a cot, to defend me and my family from the inclemency of the weather. Nothing more I beg of you, else I must retract my request."

Sir Thomas, admiring the disinterestedness of his mason, was obliged, with the utmost regret, to confine his bounty to a small portion of land; upon which this philosopher erected a cottage, where he lived happy for many years, with his wife and his children: he reached the great age of ninety, and had the misfortune to survive his wife as well as his offspring.

FOR

The Editors presume the preceding account is founded on Dr. Brett's letter to Dr. Warren, containing an account of Richard Plantagenet, natural son of Richard III. which they will give their readers in a future number.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

LETTER II.

On the French Revolution.

I Closed my last letter with the banishment in August 1787, of the Parliament to *Troyes*. This was done in the following manner. About a week after they had entered the *protest*, an officer of the French Guards, with a party of soldiers went at break of day to the house of each member to signify to him the King's command, that he should immediately get into his carriage, and proceed to *Troyes*, without writing or speaking to any person out of his own house before his departure. These orders being served upon all at the same instant, and carried into immediate execution, all disorder was so effectually prevented, that the Parliament was well on its way to the scene of banishment, before the Parisians knew any thing of what had happened. Previous to this however they had on the 24th of July, agreed upon, and presented a remonstrance, which has been pronounced to be a master-piece of the purest eloquence ever written or spoken in the French language.* In this they set out with declaring, that they had hoped the name of *Impost* would never again have been heard from the lips of a benevolent monarch, except to render it less onerous: they speak with open indignation of the duplicity and crooked conduct of ministers and courtiers, whose interest they say it is perpetually to conceal the truth from their monarchs: they urge the King to firmness in schemes of œconomy, notwithstanding the artifices of these interested servants, and they particularly deprecate the proposed stamp-tax, of which they enumerate a thousand inconveniences. Amongst many bold, and many wise passages, is the following, which the subsequent con-

duct of the nation has rendered peculiarly extraordinary: "The French," say they, "never consult any interest inseparable from the throne; they are always biased by their sincere attachment to their monarch; in their fervent zeal and enthusiastic exertions for the royal cause, they have been capable of the greatest sacrifices; and they may fancy the ways and means of the nation as unbounded as their affection. These ways and means therefore must be carefully managed and used at proper times, &c."

They then with an appearance of disinterestedness, which seems to deserve applause, (because the requisition, if complied with, would effect the annihilation of their own power) demand the Convention of the *States-General*. "Louis XIV," say they, "finding himself obliged to establish the poll-tax in 1695, and the tenth in 1710, doubted his right to lay them; and if Parliament then thought it their duty to have them registered; it was because the contribution was to last for a short time; it was chiefly because the exigencies of the state seemed to require a speedy redress; had it not been for these substantial reasons, Sire, Louis XIV. would have owned that it was the nation alone re-united in the *three General States* can give the necessary consent for establishing a perpetual tax—that Parliament were never invested with such a power, and that, charged by the sovereign to announce his will to the people, they had never been charged by the people to represent them so implicitly."

Towards the close is one more very singular passage; the words are: "how happy are now the Members of the Assembly in presenting you, Sire, with the effusions of that truth they strongly feel in their hearts!"

* See it at full length in *Gent. Mag.* vol. vii, pt. 2, p. 723.

" hearts! *The Monarch of France*
 " *can never be so great, as when sur-*
 " *rounded by his happy subjects: he has*
 " *nothing to fear but the excess of their*
 " *attachment: he has no other precau-*
 " *tion to take, but to be upon his*
 " *guard against issuing orders that*
 " *may be beyond their power to ac-*
 " *complish.*"

His Majesty answered this remonstrance in a very few lines: that he agreed to their requisition on the duty in question; and gave up the project of levying it; but that he expected they should register a territorial subsidy with all possible speed. This was that against which, when compelled to register it by a *bed of justice* they entered that protest, which caused their banishment.

It could not be expected that the roused spirits of the people would rest contented under the banishment of the Parliament, to which they looked up as the patriotic instruments of their recovering liberties. Their murmurs began to break forth; while the cabinet, weak, disunited, and fluctuating, suffered continual changes in every department. Louis, of whom mildness and irresolution, seem to have been the peculiar characteristics, could not long persevere in these proceedings, while surrounded by the growing discontent of the nation. Some appearances of resolution were indeed assumed: the acts of the Parliament were declared null: but no steps were taken to put this edict into execution; or enforce the taxes: 12,000 troops however were placed in the capital; and soldiers posted at the corner of every street.

While these symptoms of threatening were exhibited, the King also by new schemes of economy, and continual retrenchments in his household, endeavoured to soothe the Parisians: but the flame of opposition had now gone forth, and all these things could not stop its progress.

At this critical period (Sept. 13th) the President of the Parliament came suddenly from *Troyes*, deputed by that assembly, to represent to his

Majesty the stop put to public business, and the ruinous consequences of their exile. The King, probably gald of an opportunity, entered into an accommodation: he consented to restore them, as well as to abandon the stamp duty, and territorial impost.

The consequence, alas! was not the expected harmony: but what those who have grown wise by exploring the annals of mankind, must have foreseen with certainty: that concession would only inflame desire: and the more was given, the more would continue to be asked. This is a rule so infallible, that I should not mention it, were not the contrary constantly in the mouths of those, who, under open clamours for reform, are the private agents of revolutions. The people, they cry, are discontented; yield them something for your own sakes; or they will demand perhaps too much. While they use such arguments as these, they know too well their fallacy; a fallacy, which will surely produce the end they wish, directly contrary, alas! to that which they avow. They know that the power of the populace, like that of an ungovernable horse, once experienced, defies controul; that it gathers strength like a torrent, which when once let loose, laughs at the puny attempt of human wisdom to direct it.

True it is, that in consequence of this restoration, civil speeches had passed between the Parliament and Monarch: the former talked of their gratitude, their affection and their wish to concur in schemes for relieving the people, and rendering them happy: and the latter in a most gracious manner professed his confidence in their fidelity and loyalty, and his warm love for his subjects. Short, indeed, was the continuance of this sunshine,

On Nov. 19th, in an extraordinarily full meeting of Parliament, attended by all the Princes of the Blood, great Officers of State, and Peers of France, the King entered

the Assembly at nine o'clock in the morning, and proposed two edicts; one for a loan of 450 millions; (near 19 millions sterling English money;) the other for the re-establishment of the Protestants in all their ancient civil rights: a measure which had sometime since been strongly recommended by the Parliament, and which was now supposed to be introduced for the sake of gaining the other a better reception.

The monarch seemed now too late determined to exert that spirit, from which he ought never to have relaxed. In a speech of uncommon length, though filled with professions of regard for his people, he strongly expressed the obedience he expected to his edicts: he said he came thither to recall those principles to the minds of his Parliament by which they ought to have been guided, to hear their opinions, and to reply to their misrepresentations. He probably expected that this speech, supported by the memory of their exile, would have obtained the acquiescence of the Assembly; but upon permission being given to every member to deliver his sentiments, he found himself deceived; a warm debate commenced upon the subject of the loan, which lasted for nine hours. It was now six o'clock, and the King, having sat so long without any refreshment, grew wearied with the length of the arguments, and probably disgusted with the freedom of the debate, and suddenly rising, commanded the edict to be registered without further delay. To the astonishment of the Monarch, a Prince of the Blood, the Duke of Orleans, got up and opposed this compendious method of passing a law, representing it to be a direct infringement of the rights of Parliament, and protesting against the whole proceedings as thereby rendered null. The King, however surprised, contented himself with repeating his orders, and instantly quitting the Assembly, retired without breaking his fast to Versailles.

The Parliament immediately con-

firmed the protest of the Duke of Orleans, declaring the whole business of the day void. On the evening of the succeeding day, the Baron de Breteuil delivered a letter to the Duke from the King, concisely commanding him to retire to his seat of Villars Coterel, about 15 leagues from Paris; and there to receive no company except his own family; to depart instantly; and to sleep at Rheincy, four leagues off, where for that night, he was not to have communication even with any one of his own house. At the same time the Abbé Sabbatiere, and Monsieur Freteau, both Members of the Parliament, who had distinguished themselves in the late debate, were seized under the authority of *Letters de Cachet*, and conveyed, the first to the prison of Mont St. Michel, (an impregnable and almost inaccessible rock on the coast of Normandy;) and the other to a prison in Picardy.

This act of violence instantly roused the resentment of Parliament. They waited on the King at Versailles, and through their President, expressed their concern at understanding that a Prince of the blood had been exiled; and two of their body imprisoned for speaking according to the dictates of their consciences, on an occasion when his Majesty had announced that he came to take the sense of the Assembly by a plurality of suffrages: to this they added their supplication, that this severe sentence might be counter-ordered. The King's answer was laconic and unsatisfactory: in reply to which they presented a very long and spirited address; in which they dwell upon the public affliction and consternation at the late rigorous steps; and argue in strong terms for the freedom of speech, thus abridged. About this time, however, convinced of the exigencies of the state, they consented to register the loan for 450 millions of livres; a concession which is supposed to have softened the King's mind, so that in his answer, though it still contained a lofty disapprobation of their attempt to interfere with his judgment, and infringe upon his

rights;

rights, he so far relaxed as to change the imprisonment of the two magistrates into exile.

This, however, was by no means sufficient to satisfy the Parliament. They presented a petition from a full assembly, in which they boldly claimed the entire liberation of their members, and reprobated the late acts of arbitrary violence.

The King, whose nature was mildness, could never, when left to himself, continue firm for any time. In the beginning of 1788, he recalled the Duke of Orleans, who was soon after permitted to retire to England; and he suffered the return of the Abbé Sabbatiere, and M. Freteau, to the capital.

Your pages are too well filled to

have them occupied with the obvious reflections that must arise upon the foregoing detail. I shall only at the close of this letter, say that from the character of the monarch, and the temper of the times, there seems to have been an opportunity, by a combination of spirit and abilities, which were not wanted, for a fair and temperate emancipation from ancient evils, for a wise and glorious revolution, brought about with little or no bloodshed; and very widely different from those horrid and unexampled calamities, which have been the consequence of a scheme too wildly speculative, and an ambition too ungoverned.

O. Y.

Sept. 7, 1793.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

THE MORALIST.

No. II.

“ Nature on all the pow’r of bliss bestows,
 “ Which from her bounteous source perpetual flows;
 “ But he alone with happiness is blest,
 “ Who knows to use it rightly when possess;
 “ A doctrine if well poiz’d in Reason’s scale,
 “ Nor Luxury, nor Want, would thus prevail;
 “ Nor would our fleets so frequent plough the main,
 “ Nor our embattl’d armies strew the plain.”

KING.

EVERY thing that is distressing and disagreeable in life is generated by vice. And when vice becomes fashionable misery becomes general. The votaries of folly are always numerous, but seldom formidable. The exertions of virtue will diminish their number and their strength. Public happiness is founded on the virtue of individuals; the virtue of individuals is founded on their knowledge of morality; and their knowledge of morality is derived from the nature of their education. Every man is born with a capacity of possessing happiness, and with abilities to acquire it; but every

man is not taught to exercise his understanding as he ought to do. Let us then instruct him that all principles must be either good or bad—that every thing which proceeds from a principle that is good, is eventually productive of happiness; and that every thing which proceeds from a principle that is bad, is inevitably productive of misery. It is impossible that mankind can either be miserable or happy by chance; for happiness and misery flow from principles which are diametrically opposite to each other. And as no man is obliged to be governed by principles that are bad, no man is, of necessity, obliged

to be miserable. He therefore who is not disposed to be happy to-day, is determined to protract his misery to a period that he may not live to enjoy. Principles of goodness are always attainable. Those who did not possess them yesterday, may, by the assistance of instruction, by the exertions of virtue, and the influence of society, embrace them to-morrow. To live in ignorance is to live in danger. In such a state we are exposed to innumerable enemies unprepared for our own defence, and unarmed for the conflicts in which we may be engaged. For what is man without knowledge? but an animal subject to passions that are impetuous, and devoted to pleasures that are as dangerous as they are fascinating? In this situation, if he is poor, he feels the full weight of his poverty. He knows not the nature of those pleasures which arise from the reflection of having properly fulfilled the duties of his station. To him labour is a drudgery; he labours to live; but does not think of living to labour. His moments of relaxation hang heavy unless they are spent in vice or intemperance. He is ignorant of the advantages which the world receives from examples of industry, goodness and sobriety. He feels not his own consequence. He seems not to know that the conduct of every individual becomes important to society. No man can live to himself alone. His virtues or his vices, his industry or his indolence, the peaceableness of his behaviour, or the vulgarity of his manners, will have an influence in the world that he is little aware of. One bad action of his may be copied by a neighbour, and become the cause of a series of unhappiness to an extent that is scarcely conceivable. If he is rich, he finds himself surrounded with temptations which he has never been taught to resist; and with powers he had never been instructed to exercise. Unaccustomed to contemplate the happiness that arises from a virtuous conduct, he is equally a stranger to its

importance and its effects. No wonder then if his life exhibits a series of inconsistencies as derogatory to reason as to virtue and happiness.

Vice is a hardy and a fruitful plant; it will grow in every soil and flourish in every climate. Its flavour is exquisitely accommodating. The poor and the rich, the old and the young, are alike eager to taste it. But its influence is pernicious to society and to the world. It lessens the circle of human virtues, and contracts the boundaries of happiness. To eradicate vice we must uniformly discountenance it. We must do more. We must exert ourselves to encourage and protect virtue in every station and situation of life. But how shall we eradicate vice? not by threatenings, by censures, nor by punishments; but by the spirit of love, of moderation, and of humanity: not by telling men how *bad* they are, but by teaching them how *good* they *ought to be*: not by telling them that vice will yield them no pleasure, but by convincing them that virtue will yield them much more: not by reflecting on the improprieties of our superiors—sneering at the irregularities of our equals, or condemning the follies of our inferiors; but by a steady and unalterable determination to make virtue, *what it ought to be*, the INTEREST as well as the *happiness* of individuals. When this point is once happily effected, the grand obstacle will be done away.

The primary and original cause of all happiness consists in the proper application of principles, that are founded in goodness and in truth. But as there are no innate ideas, there can be no innate principles existing in the mind; consequently all happiness is dependent on knowledge, for knowledge must precede application. And all knowledge (except that of a religious kind) may be acquired by repeated operations of the mind on objects of sensation. Hence it is that all moral principles are every where the same, however they may be disguised or perverted by the

in

influence of superstition and fanaticism. Principles, therefore, are not the productions of the mind. These are truths resulting from causes and effects; and they come most forcibly recommended to us in the school of experience and observation. They are truths which the mind cannot but acknowledge and assent to the moment it is instructed in the nature of them. The person who knows that eight added to twelve is equal to twenty, may not know that eight multiplied by twelve is equal to ninety-six; and yet he is as capable of knowing and understanding the one as the other. Here there is evidently no deficiency in the capacity that he is blessed with, but only in the education that he has received, or in the knowledge that he has acquired.

The secondary causes of happiness are compounded of an infinite number and variety of actions and expressions, of looks and gestures, that are to be considered as natural consequences resulting from, and governed by, the primary and original cause of all; that is—the proper application of moral principles.

A man may know that it is better to be happy than miserable; or in other words, he may know that it is better to be virtuous than vicious; and yet he may, perhaps, never have considered how he came by this knowledge. He may have plenty of ideas in his mind, but having never been instructed how properly to associate them, he may be unable to make them subservient to his own happiness, or to the happiness of others. But he who is actuated by the pure principles of morality, founded on the necessity and importance of virtue, is not only happy himself, but is always ready to exert himself in order to promote the happiness of others. In the progress of life, fortune, power, and friends, may forsake him; but as long as his principles remain unshaken, his happiness will remain secure. It is, however, a pleasing reflection, that

the world was never more tenderly alive to the wants of the poor and distressed than it is in the present age. Scarcely any thing seems now to be wanting but a resolution in the benevolent, to direct their attention to the cultivation and encouragement of moral virtue, as a necessary preliminary to the favours of the public, the influence of the great, and the patronage of the legislature.

The first step towards making mankind better, is to encourage those who are good, without casting any reflections, either directly or indirectly, on those who are not so. For men may be lost to a sense of duty before they are lost to a sense of shame. The true moralist is always disposed to view the brightest side of all characters. He searches not for blemishes but perfections. Where vice is prominent he will behold it with an eye of tenderness. Censure is seldom a stranger to guilt. It not unfrequently originates in pride; and pride betrays an ignorance of ourselves. In the scale of created beings no man should be suffered to *descend*, unless the fault is absolutely his own. Indolence deserves no encouragement, and vice should receive none. There will always be poverty enough in the world; and the grand object of the public attention should be to lessen the number of the poor, by encouraging every person of that description whose moral character is unequivocally good. How great then must be the utility of a society instituted for the purpose of recommending persons of a good moral character to the attention of the world! Within the influence of such an institution, how different would be the general behaviour of man! The habitations of the poor would be neglected only in proportion to the immorality of those who reside in them! Goodness, because it would be publicly patronized, would be respected wherever it might be found! And when men once feel that their characters are held in estimation, they will not cease to exert themselves in order to deserve that estimation

estimation. It is the most impolitic thing that can be to attempt to degrade men in their own opinion. If we tell a man that he is a worthless fellow, we take the readiest way to make him such. He that loses the good opinion of his neighbour or his acquaintance, will be tempted to pay little attention in future to the cultivation and improvement of virtuous principles and dispositions. Every encouragement should be held up for reformation of manners, and every expedient should be tried, that is likely to succeed. Virtuous characters should be supported to the utmost. They should be cherished by all descriptions of men. They are the best security we can have for the preservation of our property, and of our happiness. Nor would the influence arising from exertions of this kind be confined to any particular place; it would soon be perceived by neighbouring counties. Nations might in time be induced to adopt similar societies, and to make men happy by teaching and encouraging them to be good and virtuous, industrious and temperate, peaceable and dutiful.

When, however, we treat of real crimes, we must, as moralists, include

all such actions and conduct as have a tendency to promote mischief. War is always criminal, because it has a tendency to destroy our own species; but the criminality is sometimes on one side only, and sometimes on both sides of the opposing parties. Each however is equally zealous to manifest the justness of its cause, though on both sides the blame cannot be equally great. The best apology that can be made for war is, that it is better to stem the torrent of violence when it once breaks forth, than it is to submit tamely to its influence till its power becomes irresistible. The pure principles of morality will prompt mankind to cultivate peace throughout the world; to place liberty on the throne of virtue; and to regulate the reins of government by the wisdom of its laws. Oh Morality! how extensive and salutary would be thy influence if mankind were but taught to reverence thy principles, and to practice thy precepts! Then would tyrants cease to oppress, and slanderers to defame! Then would wars be banished from the world, and the empire of virtue become universal!

Sept. 4, 1793. SEMPER IDEM.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

IN addition to the brief account of *Philipot* in your last, be pleased to insert the following epitaph on his wife, who died in 1664, and was buried in Eltham church; which epitaph points out that *Philipot* was designed for the office of *Norroy King of Arms*.—I send you also a short memoir of *Kilburne*, for the present month.

Yours, &c.

M. A.

IN ELTHAM CHURCH.

“ Near this place lyeth the body
“ of Susan Philipott, late wife and
“ widdow of John Philipott, esq;
“ Som. harold, designed *Norroy*; she
“ was daughter and sole heire of
“ William Glover, esq; and Eliza-

“ beth his wife, daughter and coheire
“ of Henry Harlackenden, esq. As
“ likewise the body of Susan Phil-
“ pott, her eldest daughter; both ex-
“ pectinge a glorious resurrection.”

RICHARD KILBURNE, esq. Author of the *Topographie, or Survey of the County of Kent*, 1659, was a resident in, if not a native of, this county. He was possessed of an estate in the parish of Hawkhurst, where he lived in a mansion called *Fowlers*. He was bred to the study of the law; in which faculty he attained to some distinction, as he was five times principal of *Staples-Inn*, London.

The attention which he bestowed on
the

the topography of Kent, certainly merits the praise of diligence. He published in 1657, *A brief Survey of the County, viz. the names of the parishes in the same; in what bailiwick, hundred, lath, division of the county, and division of the justices, every of the said parishes is; what liberties do claim in the same; the day on which any market or fair is kept therein; the antient names of the parish churches; in what hundred or what township every of the said churches doth stand; and in what diocese every of the said parishes is.* Then came forth in 1659 his *Topographie*, containing *chronological, historical, and other matters, relating to the county.* To this publication his portrait is prefixed.

The labours of *Kilburne* have been treated by the learned author* of the life of Somner as “modern and superficial.” Mr. Haisted, however, observes that *Kilburne* was not only “of some eminence in his profession,

* Dr. White Kennet, who died Bishop of Peterborough in 1728.

“as a lawyer”—“but also of as worthy a character, both as a magistrate and an historian.” Whether the censure of the former, or the commendation of the latter, is most applicable to *Kilburne’s* books, I do not presume to decide. Yet perhaps there are few topographical works, whether those of a *Leland*, a *Lambarde*, a *Philipot*, or a *Kilburne*, from which we may not derive some information, or some amusement;

Whether we wish to trace the holy ground,
Where zeal has strung its beads, or pour’d
its pray’r,
Where tombs defac’d, and turrets ivy-crown’d,
Now mark the impotence of pious care.

Whether to view the Gothic hall we love,
Where Hospitality with Grandeur vied;
Or wander pensive thro’ the silent Grove,
Where sages ponder’d, and where lovers sigh’d.

Kilburne died on the 15th of Nov. 1678, aged 74. His remains were interred in the north chancel of Hawkhurst church, where a monument was erected to his memory.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

TO SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART.

PRESIDENT OF THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SIR,

HAVING long been a Practical Farmer, I naturally love and honour the profession. It was therefore with infinite satisfaction that I read in last Saturday’s Gazette, the long list of Honourable Names, the proud Catalogue of illustrious Theorists, whom the wisdom of these latter days has selected as the great Guides and Pilots to direct us ignorant and uninformed men into those regions of Science and Wealth, which we have hitherto in vain sought, but which we undoubtedly shall now discover without delay, under their auspicious guidance. What may we not indeed hope for, when so many Peers of the

land and so many sapient Commoners condescend to direct our Ploughs and Harrows, to shear our Sheep, and to superintend the breed of our Cows and Horses? Enlisted under your banners, they will carry their researches into every branch of Agricultural Science:—a new order of things will arise:—the ordinary progress of vegetation will give way to improvements novel and unlooked for:—and “the ripening grape will blush on every thorn.”

It is, Sir, with singular satisfaction that I have found your name prefixed to the other Right Honourable and Honourable Names which grace this Catalogue, as the President and Coryphæus

ryphæus of a Society, from which we may so reasonably look for such important effects. The indefatigable industry with which you have hitherto toiled in the theories of Farming, well justifies the choice which has been made of you; and we may now fairly presume, that you will enjoy an unlimited scope and licence of carrying into effect those singular discoveries you have made in this science; and that the conceptions of your closet may speedily be realized upon our mountains and vallies. To enumerate these, would require a much greater length than the nature of this address will admit of; to do justice to them all, would demand a display of talent much superior to mine. There is, however, one discovery you have made, so interesting in itself, so demonstrative of imagination and force of mind, and so likely to be attended with immense advantages, not only to the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, but to the good taste of this country, that I cannot in justice to you pass it over without giving it my warmest commendation, and without expressing my earnest wish, that it may be among the first objects to be carried into general execution by your truly illustrious Society.

The discovery I allude to, Sir, is that of obtaining *two* crops of Wool from a sheep in a year, by the simple means of *dressing your flock in good warm great coats*. Until you arose, no farmer or shepherd ever dreamt of getting more than *one* fleece in a year from one sheep, any more than he did of getting more than *one* crop of apples from *one* apple tree. Nothing, however, as you most clearly demonstrate, can be more simple or more easy, than your process. When your sheep is sheared, you immediately clap upon his back a neat well-fitted *great coat*, which nourishes the infant Wool, and brings it forward with unlooked-for celerity; so that your profits upon your flock are double those of any other farmer, *even after deducting your taylor's bill, and all the wear and tear of your flannel jackets*. I protest,

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Sir, this is a very interesting discovery: and sufficient of itself, had you never made any others, to stamp your name with immortality. I have had the pleasure of seeing your pretty flock wandering about in their full uniforms. Nothing could be so amusing as the figure they made; nor could any thing more entirely prove the delicacy of your taste. Here was to be seen a crook-pated *Ram* in *scarlet* paying his addresses to a coy *Ewe* in *pea green*; half a dozen *Wedders* strolled about in *patent yellow*, while as many *Lambkins* tript from blade to blade in *lilac* or *carnation*. I also could not but remark, that, though many of your bleating friends were adorned in *blue jerkins*, not one among them had either a *buff waistcoat* or *black breeches*. It struck me, moreover, with great satisfaction, to find that the exercise of this discovery had materially benefited a most useful and ingenious body of artists, generally known by the name of *taylors*. As it must be impossible that a flock thus caparisoned can subsist as it ought for a single day without the assistance of such a person, (for I do not find that you have been able to reason your sheep out of their propensity to briars and brambles), of course *every flock* must have his *taylor*. Taking the number of *flocks* therefore within this Island to be *ten thousand* (a low calculation, you will confess), *ten thousand new taylors* must be brought into active employment; a consideration highly important in itself, and extremely gratifying as a national concern.

I am, however, somewhat surprized, Sir, that when you have made so great an advance in the multiplication of Wool, you should have stopped here, and not have gone one step further, when that step would have led you to a discovery, as much superior to that of which we have been talking, as that is to the system which hitherto has prevailed. A *sheep*, Sir, is but a little creature, and of course a fleece taken from his back must also be small. But, if you could contrive to make our *cows* and

I

horses,

horse, bear Wool, a very slight knowledge of calculation would suffice to shew the immense advantages resulting from such an improvement. And I take upon myself, Sir, to pronounce, that there is no more difficulty in this than in your curious discovery; and that it moreover may be done at a much cheaper rate, as it does not require either your *great coats* or your *taylors*, both of which, you must confess, run away with a great part of your profits; and as it besides would save the enormous expence of *saddles* and *horse cloths*. Without entering further in the *theory* of my projects, permit me, Sir, to conclude this address with the narrative of a *fact*, extremely well known in this neighbourhood, and which many yet alive will declare to be true.

DOCTOR DANIEL DOBBS, of *Doncaster*, had a nag that was called *Nobbs*. One day in the middle of winter, the Doctor having been summoned to attend a patient at some distance from his dwelling, and being anxious to return home before it was dark, rode poor *Nobbs* very hard. On his arrival, not finding his man in the way, the Doctor fastened *Nobbs* by his bridle to a rail in the yard, and went into his parlour, where he sat down to warm himself by a good fire. It had happened, that, in the morning, the Doctor's dairy-maid had brewed a barrel of strong beer, which had been drawn off into the cooler; and the dairy-maid having been called away to milk her cows, she had carelessly left the door of the brew-house open. The steam of the beer proved wonderfully inviting to poor *Nobbs*, who had been hard rode, and who now stood in the cold extremely thirsty. After sundry efforts to get loose from the rail, and, repairing to the cellar, he drank so heartily of the strong beer, that before he was aware of it, he fell down dead drunk. The Doctor's man coming home, ran into the yard to convey *Nobbs* to the stable. Not finding him at the rail, he looked about, and at length discovered him stretched on the ground,

cold and insensible. Bursting into the parlour where the Doctor was sitting with Mrs. Dobbs, he communicated to them the news of poor *Nobbs's* decease. The Doctor and Mrs. Dobbs were both good-natured people, and of course were much concerned; but, as the Doctor never suffered misfortunes to get the better of his discretion, he immediately gave orders that *Nobbs* should without delay be flead, and that his skin should be taken next morning to the currier.---The Doctor's man accordingly set to work. Poor *Nobbs* was dragged to the dunghill; his skin was stripped off, and he was left to be eaten up by the hounds. He had not, however, laid long, before the novelty of his situation had a considerable effect upon him. As he had lost his skin, of course the coldness of the night operated with double activity in dissipating the fumes of the beer he had swallowed; and at length he awoke, got upon his legs, and trotted away to the stable door, which happened to be close by the parlour. Not finding it open, and being both cold and hungry, he began to whinny for assistance. The Doctor and his wife had just done supper, and happened at that moment to be talking of the accident which had befallen their nag, over a hot bowl of brandy punch. No sooner had *Nobbs* whinnied, than Mrs. Dobbs turned pale, and exclaimed, "Doctor Dobbs, as sure as I live that is *Nobbs's* voice; I know him by his whinny."---"My dear," (said the Doctor) "it is *Nobbs's* whinnying sure enough; but, poor thing! he is dead, and has been flead." He had hardly said this, before *Nobbs* whinnied again.---Up jumps the Doctor, takes a candle in his hand, and runs into the yard. The first thing he saw there was *Nobbs* himself without his skin. The Doctor immediately summoned all his servants; ordered *six sheep* to be killed, and clapt their *skins* upon poor *Nobbs*. To make a long story short, *Nobbs* recovered, and did his work as well as ever. The *sheep skins* stuck fast, and answered his purpose as well as his

own skin ever did. But what is most remarkable, as well as most to our point, the *Wool* grew rapidly, and, when the shearing-season came, the Doctor had *Nobbs* sheared. Every year he gave the Doctor a noble fleece, for he carried upon his body you know as much as six sheep; and as long as *Nobbs* lived, all the Doctor's stockings, and all Mrs. Dobbs's flannel petticoats were made of his wool.

Having thus communicated to you this very curious and well authenticated fact, I submit to your superior wisdom the propriety of encouraging

the breed of *woolly horses* and *cows*. There can be no reason why the same principle should not equally apply to *cats* and *dogs*, and other domesticated animals; and perhaps some patriotic member of your Society may enlarge the sphere of his researches, and try the experiment of propagating a breed of *woolly men* and *women*, the obvious utility of which is too evident to make it necessary for me to enlarge upon it.

I am, Sir,

With great respect,

Your very humble servant,

Sept. 2, 1793.

AGRICOLA.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you have allotted a part of your Register for miscellaneous articles, I wish to have the following inserted, if you think that it will be no degradation of your plan.

JOHN TAYLOR, commonly called the Water-Poet, from his low occupation of a waterman on the Thames, offered a premium of 50l. to any person who could make a *sense* verse of the same quality as the following:

'Lewd I did live & evil did I dwell.'

The property of this verse is, that it reads the same backwards as forwards. I do not find that any body ever attempted the task, but perhaps it was the will of Fate that no one should succeed in the undertaking, unless born in the present age. As Taylor was born in 1584 and died in

1654, it will be a difficult matter, I believe, to compel his heirs and administrators to pay the reward, on account of the distance of time; but as we live in a world, where pecuniary rewards by many are less valued than the honorary ones for merit, some of your ingenious readers may perhaps be induced to exercise their talents in producing a similar line.

Considering the age in which Taylor wrote, we must make allowance for the orthography of the word *dwell*.

Taylor, by the strength of natural genius, unassisted by education, wrote fourscore books, chiefly of humorous poetry, which are printed in one volume folio

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours, &c.

Z.

The HISTORY of COBHAM - HALL.

COBHAM-HALL is a place which has so long had the lustre of rank, and of names familiar in history, attached to it, that people addicted to antiquarian pursuits visit it with some solicitude, and interest.

The male line of the *Cobhams*, Barons *Cobham*, possessed this place, from the conquest, till the reign of Henry IV. Their rank, and their military and civil services and occupations, were all this while unabated: John Cobham, the last Lord Cobham, of this name, died 9 Hen. IV. leaving a daughter and heir, of whose five husbands the famous *Sir John Oldcastle* seems to have been the fourth. Of this renowned person, the great supporter of the *Lollards*, who was executed as a traitor and heretic, 9 Henry V.—and whose history is to be found in *Gilpin's Lives of the Reformers*; the particulars are so well known that I shall not occupy your room by dwelling on them. His wife left an heiress by her former husband *Sir John De La Pole*, whose daughter married *Sir Gerard Braybroke*, and left a daughter, who carried the estate and barony to *Sir Thomas Brooke* of Somersetshire. Their son, *Sir Edward Brooke*, Lord *Cobham*, died 4 Edward IV.—and through several illustrious generations, the title and lands descended to *Henry Brooke*, Lord *Cobham*, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in the 43d of that reign, and continued through her glorious life an example of splendor, hospitality, and patronage. But the accession of a Scotch Monarch, followed by a thousand dependants, introduced other times, a court of a different character, and gloomier prospects to the English nobility. In the supposed and inexplicable plot, which is called *Sir Walter Raleigh's*, the foulest of the many foul stains of that

inglorious reign, the Lord *Cobham* was accused as a principal. There are writers who say he was not a man of abilities; which may possibly be true. *Sir A. Weldon*, (an author somewhat scandalous) calls him a fool. His “court and character of James I.” which contains much curious history not entirely to be relied upon, gives the following account of this conspiracy.

Speaking of the principal managers of English affairs, on James's accession, he continues:—“You are now to observe, that *Salisbury* had shaken off all that were great with him, and of his faction, in Queen Elizabeth's days, as *Sir Walter Raleigh*, *Sir George Carew*, the Lord *Grey*, the Lord *Cobham*: the three first very able men as the world had; the last, but one degree from a fool, yet served their turns better than a wiser man, by his greatness with the Queen, for they would put him on any thing, and make him tell any lye with as great confidence as a truth. Three of these were utterly ruined, the fourth being a very wise man,* contented himself with a mean place, that was worthy of a much greater; and although very active formerly, called to mind this saying: *Felix quem faciunt, &c.* and meddled with no state-business; his wisdom foretelling his fate, if he had done otherwise; for he did see one better head-piece than his own, fit tottering at that time, and fall off afterwards, which made him think it was good sleeping in a whole skin, &c.”

“I shall now, as near as I can, lead you to the discovery of this treason, which consisted of protestants, puritans, papists, and atheists: a strange medley, you will say, to meet in the same treason, and keep counsel;

* *Sir George Carew*, afterwards Earl of Totness.

which surely they did because they knew not of any. The protestants were the Lord Cobham, and George Brooke his brother, the one very learned and wise, the other a most silly Lord; the puritan, the Lord Grey of Wilton, a very hopeful gentleman, blasted in the very bud; the papists, Watson and Clarke, priests; and Parham, a gentleman, the atheist. Sir Walter Raleigh (then generally so believed, though after brought by affliction, the best school-mistress to be, and so died,) a most religious gentleman. This treason was compounded of most strange ingredients, (and more strange than true:)—most of these, it is very true, were discontented to see *Salisbury*, their old friend, so high, to trample on them, that before had been his chief supporters, (and being ever of his faction) now neglected and condemned. It was then believed an errand trick of state to overthrow some and disable others, knowing their strong abilities might otherwise live to overthrow *Salisbury*, for they were intimate in all his secret councils for the ruin of Essex, especially Raleigh, Grey, and Cobham; though the latter was a fool; yet he had been very useful to them, as the tool in the hand of the workman, &c.”—“It was said all these in a discontented humour had, by Watson and Clarke being confessors, dealt with Count *Aremberg*, the Archduke’s ambassador, to negotiate with the Archduke to raise an army and invade England; and they would raise another of papists and malecontents to join. For you must understand the King was believed an errand puritan (*cujus contrarium verum est.*) How likely this plot was, let the world judge, that the King of Spain, who had bought peace at so dear a rate, and found it so advantageous to him, by the lamentable experience he had formerly in the wars with this formidable state, should seek to break it so soon. And had it been a real treason, the state had been bound to have rewarded these traitors, as the best piece of service done in England all that King’s reign. It was indeed

those that made the peace, not those that endeavoured the breaking of it, were the traitors, and are to be cursed by all posterity. Yet this foolish plot served well enough to take some blocks out of the way, that might afterwards have made some of them stumble, to the breaking of their own necks. They were all arraigned of treason at Winchester, whither the King sent some secretly to observe all passages; upon whose true and faithful relations of the innocence of the persons arraigned, and slight proof upon which they were condemned, he would not be drawn to sign any warrant for the execution of Raleigh, Cobham, and Grey; very hardly for any of the rest, the two priests excepted. For Raleigh’s defence, it was so brave and just, as, (had he not wilfully cast himself out of a very weariness, as unwilling to detain the company longer) no jury could ever have cast him. All the evidence brought against him was *Cobham’s* accusation, which he only desired might appear *vivâ voce*, and he would yield without further defence: but that they knew full well *Cobham* would not; nor could not accuse him: having been tampered with by *Wade*, then Lieutenant of the Tower, *Salisbury’s* great creature; *Wade* desired it under his hand: that also he refused: at last *Wade* got a trick by his cunning to surprize *Cobham’s* weakness, to get him to write his name to a blank, to which *Wade*, no question, wrote the accusation, as will appear hereafter; for *Salisbury* urging *Raleigh* after, if *Cobham* had accused him under his hand, would he then yield; *Raleigh* replied, he knew *Cobham* weak of judgment, and did not know how that weakness might be wrought upon; but was confident he would not to his face accuse him; and therefore would not put his fortune and all on that; at which fence he stood till nine at night; at last his fate carried him against his reason, and he yielded to the producing his hand, which was instantly pulled out, and was in truth his hand, but not his act or deed; so at that present, were

George

George Brooke; *Watson* and *Clarke* executed; *Parham* acquitted; and *Sir Walter Raleigh* executed many years after for the same treason; as much against all reason, as all, or any precedent; yea after he had been a general by the King's commission, and had by that, power of the lives of many others, utterly against the civil law which saith; "*He that bath power of the lives of others, ought to be master of his own*" But the Spaniard was at that time so powerful at court, as that faction could command the life of any man that might prove dangerous to their designs.

"*Grey* and *Cobham* died in their restraints, the one much pitied; the other (*Cobham*) scorned; and his death as base; for he died lousy for want of apparel, and linen; and had starved, had not a trencher-scraper, sometime his servant in court, relieved him with scraps; in whose house he died; being so poor a house, as he was forced to creep up a ladder into a little hole to his chamber; which was a strange judgment and unprecedented, that a man of 7000*l.* per annum, and of a personal estate of 30,000*l.* (of all which the King was cheated of what should have escheated to him, that) he could not give him any maintenance, as in all cases the King doth, unless out of his own revenue of the crown; which was the occasion of this Lord's want. (His wife being very rich, would not give him the crumbs that fell from her table, &c.)"

Such is *Weldon's* account. Upon consulting and comparing the principal historians, it seems to me, that it is substantially true. This party, who had been *Essex's* great enemies, were, for that reason, received very coldly by *James* on his accession: discontent of course followed; and their high spirits might have dropped, in occasional and accidental meetings, some

general expressions of revenge; but that the deliberate conspiracy, which was pretended, ever existed, no candid person has seriously believed.

Lord Cobham died in January 1619. His wife was *Frances*, daughter of *Charles*, Earl of *Nottingham*, (widow of the Earl of *Kildare*.) He left no issue, so that *Sir William Brooke*, K. B. (son of his brother *George*, who was executed) being in 1610, restored in blood, (though not to the title of *Lord Cobham*) became his heir. This *Sir William* left only daughters, who were celebrated Beauties in the court of *Charles II.* of whom one became the wife of *Sir John Denham* the Poet, (see the memoirs of Count *Grammont*;) and another marrying *Sir William Boothby*, was ancestress of *Sir Brooke Boothby*, Bart. And thus cruelly ended the male line of the *Lords Cobham*! *Cobham-hall* and the large estates were no ungrateful prey to the Monarch, who soon granted them to his cousin *Lodowick Stuart*, Duke of *Lenox*, afterwards of *Richmond*, in which family they continued, till in 1672, it expired in a female, who married first *Lord Obrien*, and secondly *Sir Joseph Williamson*, Secretary of State, who, on *Cobham* being sold to pay the Duke's debts, repurchased it, and gave the greater part at his death to his wife, from whom it came to her daughter and heir, married to *Lord Cornbury*, whose heiress carried it to *Mr. Bligh*, who in 1721 was created *Lord Clifton* of *Ireland*, and in 1725 *Earl of Darnley*. He died in 1728; and it is now possessed by his grandson, the third Earl.

Cobham-Hall was magnificently rebuilt by *William Lord Cobham*, father of the last peer; (I think between 1580 and 1595.) He had previously entertained *Queen Elizabeth* here very sumptuously, in a progress,

* *Weldon* adds, that *Raleigh* procuring through the *Queen's* favor, certain Lords to be sent in commission to examine *Cobham*; he persisted that he had never accused *Sir Walter*; but that, it must have been a forgery of *Wade's*, to a blank paper, which he

had tricked him to put his name upon; yet that *Salisbury* reporting the event of the commission to the King, said equivocally, "Sir, "my Lord *Cobham* hath made good all that "he ever wrote."

in the first year of her reign. The wings of this new building now remain entirely in their original state; with large projecting windows, darkened by heavy stone mullions; and highly ornamented door-ways, decorated with that strange mixture of Gothic and Grecian ornaments, (with a large shield of the *Cobham* arms and quarterings at top,) of which the general effect is grandeur, though the parts are not conformable to true taste. The centre is the design of *Inigo Jones*, and, of course, of subsequent date. The draughtsman therefore of the print in *Hasted's* history has been grossly inaccurate, and Mr. Hasted himself, possibly led astray by it, has fallen into a strange mistake, (after mentioning the centre and two wings of the building,) in describing the latter to have been "*lately made uniform, new-cased with brick-work,*

and faşhed." A noble gallery, a numerous suit of apartments, and a variety of most truly superb and curious chimney-pieces, with other ancient decorations, revive the memory of *Queen Beſs's* glorious days. And the chaster splendor of Grecian architecture is ſeen in the work of *Inigo*; of which the old hall in particular, has been lately repaired, for a music-room, with ſuch exceſſive richneſs, and profuſion of gilding, by the varied genius of *James Wyatt*, as to appear to be unrivalled. Here are ſeveral fine portraits, particularly of the *Stuart* family; and many excellent paintings, collected by the preſent poſſeſſor.

The manſion ſtands low, in a park, nobly wooded, on the left of the road from *Rochester* to *Dartford*, and about five miles from the former town.

Sept. 16, 1793.

F. S.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

I Congratulate you on the ſucceſs of your new publication. Its typographical execution does credit to your preſs; and the various matter introduced in your firſt number is a reſpectable ſpecimen of the talents of your literary correſpondents—availing myſelf, however, of your advertisement, in which you requeſt hints for the improvement of your plan, I beg leave to ſuggeſt, that if the diſquiſitions of the politician, or the graver ſpeculations of the moralift, were occaſionally relieved by the ebullitions of wit, or the ſprightly effuſions of humour, you would certainly extend the circle to which your *Register* now affords entertainment. When a ſermon—A treatiſe on government—An expoſition of moral duties—or, A diſſertation upon gothic manſions, are advertised, the title imports the nature of the work; and each has a particular claſs of readers.—But when a *Miſcellany* is held forth to the public, readers of every deſcription ſit down to it as they would to an ordinary, and each, amidſt the variety of diſhes,

preſumes that he ſhall at leaſt find one to pleaſe his palate.

Theſe obſervations are only a neceſſary preliminary to what I have to offer.—The brighteſt effuſions of wit and humour are ſeldom begot by cool thinking—they are frequently elicited in the moments of conviviality—or originate from particular ſituations: every day, nay every hour produces them—but it is their fate very frequently to meet the eye or the ear of only a very partial part of the community, whoſe riſibility they excite and are then paſt by.—I propoſe, therefore, without trefpaſſing too much on your work, to make a monthly ſelection of ſuch of theſe fugitive ſcintillations as ſhall appear moſt worthy of being reſcued from oblivion, and hand them to you under the title of

ODDITIES.

In a debate ſome time ſince in the American Congreſs, on the ſubject of purchaſing watches in England, one of the Members ſaid, he ſhould not be

be surprized if all Europe laughed at them for sending 3000 miles—"to know what o'clock it was."

A Gentleman asked a Colonel of Militia, a few days ago, "How the besiegers at Valenciennes managed to destroy the men working in the *zig-gags*?" The reply from the *intelligent* Warrior was, "By having *crooked* Artillery, to be sure."

CARRIAGES.—A married gentleman has invented a new kind of carriage, where he and his wife sit *back to back*. He calls it "A **SOCIA-BLE**."

"Lucus—a non lucendo."

We are told that the *Bible Society* have lately presented a large number of bibles to the sailors. It may be added, upon former experiments, that though these bibles do not *convert* the sailors—the sailors will in a very few hours after they receive them, *convert* the bibles—into *Grog*.

The **LAPLANDERS** have odd notions.—They encourage the killing of *bears* in their country; and have framed this law, that a man who destroys one, shall be exempted from *cohabiting* with his *wife* a week—and so on *toties quoties*!

In the riots in 1780 several persons, in order to save their houses, wrote on their doors *No Popery*—GRIMALDI, the dancer, to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his "*No Religion*."

At the sale of a Clergyman's effects lately deceased in the west, his library was sold for 3l. and the liquors in his

cellar for 276l—"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

The affectation of a sentiment goes generally, in outward shew at least, beyond the reality. A Dutch Professor, M. *Paas*, at *Maestricht*, when the sturdy advocates for *Equality* were on the eve of entering the town, knocked off the heels of his shoes, "that his *toes* and *heels* might be perfectly on a *level*!"

The Empress of Russia declares, that it is not her wish to *dismember* Poland, as she would much rather have the *whole*.

ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN.

The Doctor, when he was last in England, walking up Ludgate-hill with his spectacles on, accidentally jostled a Porter very heavy laden. The fellow, irritated at what he supposed an insult, immediately turned round, and in the peevishness of resentment said "Damn your *spectacles*!" Thank you, my friend, (replied the Doctor) 'tis not the first time my spectacles have saved my eyes; for, I suppose, if I happened not to have 'em on—it would have been "Damn your *eyes*!"

A quaker in a late dispute concerning the propriety of titles said—"I had once the honour to be in company with an **EXCELLENCE** and an **HIGHNESS**. His **EXCELLENCE** was the most *ignorant* and *brutal* of his species, and his **HIGHNESS** measured just four feet eight inches *without* his shoes."

INSTANCE of COURAGE in two BOYS in AMERICA.

ABOUT the middle of October 1789, two brothers of the name of Johnson, one twelve, the other nine years old, were playing on the western bank of Short Creek, about twelve miles from Wheeling, skipping stones in the water.—At a distance they discovered two men, who

appeared to be settlers, being dressed with coats and hats; these men, to amuse and deceive the children (as the event showed) engaged in the same sport, advancing towards the children, till by degrees they got so near, that the children discovered them to be Indians, but it was then too late to make

make their escape; the Indians seized and carried them six miles into the woods, where they made a fire, and took up their lodging for the night: their rifles and tomahawks they rested against a tree, and then laid down, each Indian with a boy on his arm;—the children, as may be supposed, kept awake—the oldest began to move, and finding his Indian found asleep, by degrees disengaged himself, and went to the fire, which had then got low, and stirred it up; the Indian not waking he whispered to his brother, who likewise crept away, and both of them went to the fire. The oldest boy then observed to his brother, “I think we can kill these Indians, and get away from them;” the youngest agreed in the proposal of attempting it; the oldest then took one of the rifles, and placed the muzzle, which he rested on a small stick that he found for the purpose, close to the head of one of the Indians, and committing the execution of this part of the business to his brother, ordered him to pull the trigger at the moment he saw him strike the other Indian with one of the tomahawks. The oldest gave the signal; the youngest pulled the trigger—the rifle shot away the lower part of the Indian’s face, and left him senseless;

he then told his brother to lay on, for he had done for his, after which he snatched up the gun and ran; the boy with the tomahawk gave the stroke with the wrong end, the Indian started on his feet—the boy found the mistake, and turning the tomahawk in his hand, gave him another blow, which brought him to the ground; he repeated his strokes till he had dispatched him, and then made the best of his way after his brother. When the boys had found the path which they recollected to have travelled before, the oldest fixed his hat on a bush, as a directory to find the scene of action the next day. The tomahawked Indian was found near the place where the boys had left him: the other was not there; but was tracked by his blood, and although so weakened by his wounds that he could not raise his rifle to fire at his pursuers (two men) they suffered him to escape; but it is supposed he must have died of his wounds. These two Indians were sent out to reconnoitre the best place for an attack, which was to have been made by a body of warriors, waiting in the neighbourhood.—The gentleman who gives this account, saw and conversed with the two children in October last.

August, 1793.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

IN the letter, which professes to be the first of a series, on the French Revolution, published in your last month’s Miscellany, I observe that the author aims at giving a digested narrative of this most extraordinary and important event, interspersed with such reflections, as may suggest themselves from a recital of the facts. As these reflections will borrow their complexion from the opinions or prejudices of the author, it was highly necessary, in order for his readers to form a proper estimate of the justness of his praise or the propriety of his censure, to have stated fully what the old government of France was pre-

vious to the revolution. Your correspondent enters upon the great leading business of the revolution without doing this—and if we consider the government of France as simply wanting a reform, the subsequent measures which have been adopted in that country are monstrous, and ill proportioned to their object—but let us have a fair picture of the old despotism before our eyes—let us, whilst we are contemplating the inflexible front of the Convention, in opposition to their King, have in view that system of intolerant tyranny, flowing through innumerable corrupt channels, which had for so many centuries oppressed,

plan-

plundered, and sported with the miseries of the people. Mr. Burke once eloquently said—*‘There is a period in human forbearance, when the people will resent their wrongs—when the hoary head of inveterate abuse, can neither exact obedience, or command respect.’* This was uttered when Mr. Burke was a reformer, and did not see things exactly as he does at present. The royal smiles have since dissipated the mists which hung before his eyes, and he now thinks that the people have no wrongs to resent. The sentiment was certainly not applicable to the government it was applied to; * but it exactly fitted the old government of France. If, therefore, that HOARY HEADED MONSTER hath been treated

with little ceremony, and less respect, let the feelings of the people, wounded thro’ ten thousand pores, be urged in their justification—let us have all the evidence before us—we must know what they suffered before we can be sensible of what they felt; and we ought to know what they felt before we condemn their actions. Your correspondent ought to bring these matters fairly forward, and we shall then see whether any thing short of a complete and total revolution in the state could have rescued the people of France from the griping fangs of a despotic monarchy; from the insults of a nobility, proud, selfish and unprincipled; and from the persecution of a clergy, governed by the most sordid and vindictive appetites.

* England.

A LOVER OF FREEDOM.

PELEW ISLANDS.

CAPTAIN M’CLUER, whose extraordinary resolution of remaining at these islands was noticed some time ago in the public papers, had taken a previous trip thither in the armed snow Panther, accompanied by the Endeavour; the particulars of his reception will no doubt prove acceptable to our readers:

Two ships anchored in a very snug harbour, called Arrakapafang, where the King Abba Thulle desired the live stock might be landed; consisting of four young cows in calf, two young bulls, ten ewes, and a ram; seven the goats, and three rams, five sows with pig, and a boar; one pair of geese, three ducks and a drake; also a tame cock and two hens, to invite the old ones; and they let fly from aloft four pair of turtle-doves, and a pair of parrots.

A rich present of arms and European swords was made to Abba Thulle, who instantly distributed the arms among the principal Ruffacks, recommending them to be kept clean and fit for service.

Two days after the remaining pre-

sents, of grindstones, ironmongery, saws, shovels, when opened before the King and his people, excited such amazement, that they could not utter a word, but gave frequent HA’s of astonishment as the things were taken out of the boxes; the 400 kyseems sent from Bombay, greatly attracted their attention, being exactly the dimensions of the tools used by them; little hand-hatchets were only given to the favourites and head-men; the beads sent from Europe they did not like, as they were not transparent; they were fond of the china ware, particularly tureens.

Captain M’Cluer presented Abba Thulle with a horseman’s sword and target, and showed him the use of the latter, by telling one of his men to throw a spear at it with all his might, which, to their great astonishment, snapt short, and scarcely left a dent behind; he gave him likewise an embroidered cap of scarlet cloth, which he constantly wore.

On the following day one of the he-goats died, by eating some poisonous herb, but was not altogether lost, for

for the King ordered him to be skinned and roasted, and when about half done, he and his nobles made a delicious meal of it, at least they seemed to enjoy it, by frequently licking their chops and fingers during the repast.

The large plais or assembly houses, belonging to the King, are very astonishing fabrics, considering the tools and people who constructed them: since the loss of the Antelope they have built a new one, near 60 feet in length, and by accident they have nearly fallen in with the proportion of ship-building, the breadth of the house being about a third of the length; the floor of this is a perfect level; many of the planks are from three to four feet in breadth, and fitted so nicely that a pin cannot go between them; the windows exactly resemble the port-hole of a ship, six or eight opposite each other, and one of the same size at each end; the beams are laid about seven feet from the floor, very close, and curiously carved; the joinings of the beams upon the supporters are so closely fitted, that it may be taken for the same piece of wood; the roof is very high and has a great slope; the thatching ingeniously done with the cocoanut leaf; the inside is curiously carved in various figures or flowers, and the gable ends have the appearance of Gentoo temples, decorated with figures of men and women.

Every Ruffack or Chief has a square piece of stone causeway before his house, and a small detached place like a pigeon-house, where they keep store of yams for present use; this little place was at first taken for a house of worship, but it was found they have not any notion of a deity, though they have many superstitious prejudices.

The party left Coroora, where they had been on a visit in great state, and arrived at Artakappasang at sun-set, when the English Union was hoisted upon a point of the land, and the foundation stone laid of Fort Abercrombie, in honour of the Governor

of Bombay, and by Abba Thulle's permission possession of it was taken in name of the English.

The island is about four miles in circumference, and well watered by springs and rivulets; the soil rich, and fit to produce any thing by cultivation; it was resolved by Captain M'Cluer to leave the Endeavour there while he went in the Panther to Canton, in order to show the natives the use of the tools sent them by the Company, and to forward the cultivation of the grounds, which had been sown with rice and garden seeds. The master of the Endeavour, who had a ship's company of about 50 men, was directed to secure the provisions and stores left with him by a bamboo stockade work at Fort Abercrombie, but on no account to assist the natives in their wars.

Before the Panther sailed, Abba Thulle went on a fishing party, accompanied by Mr. White, his favourite, who is perfectly conversant in the language; they returned in the evening with a good cargo, and gave two-thirds to the English, who immediately salted it for store.

The next morning two Chiefs, from the island of Medez, were introduced to Captain M'Cluer, as friends of Abba Thulle; a large looking-glass in the cabin perfectly astonished them; they did what monkeys have been seen to do, put their hands to the back of the glass and feel it.—“These people,” said Abba Thulle, “whilst I was alone, and had not the English for my friends, did not associate with, or give me the least assistance in my wars against the Pellelews, but now they wish to be friends, and get what they can from me.”

The Captain observed, that while the English were his friends his Majesty had nobody to fear, and that even the Antigalls, his greatest enemies, would come and beg his friendship; this pleased him so much, that he made for answer, “that these islands no longer belonged to him, but to the English, and if they

" would assist him to conquer the
" Antigalls, they should have those
" islands too."

Shortly after two canoes arrived from Antigall, on an embassy of peace and alliance with Abba Thulle; bringing a large bead as a present of reconciliation, which was but coldly received, nor were the Ambassadors permitted to approach the English vessels.

Since Captain Wilson's time another Malay prow had been cast away upon the Pelew Island, the crew of which, showing a spirit of resistance, were mostly cut off by the natives, excepting a few who were saved by the people of Coroora, and by them conducted to Abba Thulle, who treated them with his accustomed humanity.

P O E T R Y,

O R I G I N A L A N D S E L E C T.

The PARTRIDGES, an ELEGY.

Written on the 31st of August.

ILL-fated birds for whom I raise the strain,
To tell my lively sorrow for your fates,
You little know, ere morn shall gild the plain,
What dear destruction all your race awaits.

While innocently basking in the ray
That throws the lengthen'd shadow o'er the lawn,

Unconscious you behold the parting ray,
Nor feel a fear to meet the morrow's dawn.

Could man like you thus wait the ills of life,
Nor ere anticipate misfortune's blow;
He'd shun a complicated load of strife,
Greater than real evils can bestow.

E'en now the sportsman, anxious for his fame,
Prepares the tube so fatal to your race;
He pants already for th' inglorious game,
And checks the ling'ring hours' tardy pace.

Raptur'd he'll hie him at the dawn of day,
With treach'rous caution tread your haunts around,

Exulting rout his poor defenceless prey,
Then bring the flutt'ring victims to the ground.

Yes, while he gives the meditated blow,
And sees around the struggling covey bleed,
His iron heart a barb'rous joy shall know,
And plume itself upon the bloody deed.

For shame, can men who boast a polish'd mind,
And feelings too, these savage pastimes court;

In such inhuman acts a pleasure find,
And call the cruel desolation—sport?

Thousands that graze the field must daily bleed—

Necessity compels—for man they die;
But no excuse Necessity can plead,
To kill those harmless tenants of the sky.

By heav'n privileg'd, they build the nest,
They take the common bounty Nature yields;

No property with vicious force molest,
But pick the refuge of the open fields;

Then why, if God this privilege has given,
Should we pervert great Nature's bounteous plan?

For happiness is sure the end of heaven,
As well to BIRD and INSECT, as to MAN.
Like us they move within their narrow sphere,
Each various passion of the mind confess;
And joy and sorrow, love, and hope and fear,
Alternate pain them, and alternate bless.

Yes, they can pine in grief, with rapture glow;
Their little hearts to each fine feeling true,
Like us conceive affection, and the blow
That kills the offspring, wounds the mother too.

Then bid your breasts for nobler pastimes burn;
Let not such cruelty your actions stain;
Humanity should teach mankind to spurn
The pleasures purchas'd by another's gain.
Canterbury, 1791. LAURA.

AUGUST,

A PASTORAL SKETCH,

By DR. PERFECT.

" Fair Plenty now begins her golden reign,
" The yellow fields thick-wave with ripen'd grain,

" Joyous the swains renew their sultry toils,
" And bear in triumph home the heaven's wealthy spoils."

STREWS Nature her blessings around,
The labours of harvest my theme;
Autumnus redundantly crown'd,
Pours Plenty's unlimited stream.
The summer in silver attir'd,
The Muse bids reluctant farewell,
Her beauties so nearly expir'd,
Laments from the shades of the dell.

Right chearful of heart the rude train,
From Industry's renelements pour,
Thick-people the gold-garnish'd plain,
Demanding of Ceres her store.

To Leo bright Phœbus inclin'd,
Plump Autumn is ripen'd to birth,
To splendid Aquarius consign'd,
Proceeds on her journey the Earth,

Ah me! hapless bird o'er thy head,
 Fate hovers destruction to send,
 In vain for your safety I shed
 The plaints that my feelings extend.
 Behold! on the windened champaign,
 Rich sheaves of the sun-ripen'd corn,
 Elate on the slow-moving wain,
 The ricks to replete and adorn.
 In ridges the barley reclin'd,
 Dazzles white to the fugitive eye,
 Each scene represents to the mind,
 A providence warm from the sky.
 How pleasing's the prospect around!
 How fair to the eye and the heart!
 Benevolence smiles at the sound,
 Her sentiments sweetly impart.
 She points to the sheaf-vested field,
 Presenting the portrait of woe,
 Gives Wealth, all Beneficence yields,
 That first of all joys—to bestow!
 Succeeds harvest-home, and good cheer
 The peasant rewards for his toil,
 How cordial his mirth and sincere,
 Whose industry ends with a smile.
 The heart that's inducive to give,
 Festivity's feast to the poor,
 Shall true satisfaction receive,
 And self-approbation ensure.
 Tho' Flora curtail'd is thy power!
 No more on thy carpet we tread,
 The common's *one rich-purple flow'r*,
 Survey'd from the seat of the shed.
 The swallow long-wing'd disappears.
 Nor skims o'er the plains of the ling,
 Emigrating her passage she steers,
 To climes re-enliven'd by spring.
 Digressive—shall critics excuse
 The Bard for a moment to stray?
 Shall critics? at peace be my Muse,
 Too mean for their mark is her lay.
 And now when with equi-poiz'd scales
 Fair Libra conducted the hour,
 From wings of ignif'rous gales,
 Sooth'd Labour's exertions of power.
 'Twas now when Amanda the fair,
 Sweet rose-bud of innocent truth,
 (Sole pride of an antique pair,
 Who labour'd and lov'd from their youth.)
 To Ceres a tribute preferr'd,
 Twin turtles just warm from their nest,
 A fillet of blue on each bird,
 Hung carelessly over its breast.
 From cottage deep-lapp'd in the close,
 When Silence on pillow of down,
 Bids rustic Contentment repose
 In comforts unknown to a crown.
 Amanda slow saunter'd along,
 With bosom divested of care,
 Beguiling her way with a song,
 Tho' *simple*, of *elegant* air.
 From realms of retirement, the hare
 Quick, conscious of jeopardy, springs,
 While Perdix, the voice of rude care,
 Avoids on vociferous wings.

Leander, the subtle and gay,
 From revels of harvest return'd,
 By chance cross'd the nymph on her way,
 Her errand ingeniously learn'd.
 Suffice that seductive of art,
 The present to Ceres denied,
 Obtain'd by the force of his dart,
 Cupid bore to his mother with pride.
 Avaunt the dark hints that expose,
 Forbid them compassionate Care,
 But now that she rivals the rose,
 With sorrow we cease to declare,
 Misguided Amanda how lost,
 Discretion permitted to sleep,
 O'er bosoms of beauty thy frost,
 Contempt will maliciously creep.
 Hence learn ye fair queens of desire,
 Let Virtue your beauty protect,
 From Modesty scorn to retire,
 She robes you with lasting respect.
 Tho' art with attractions combin'd,
 The whispers of Prudence approve,
 Lest you like Amanda shou'd find,
 That Autumn's the Winter of Love!

Extracts from the Works of Peter Pindar, Esq.

PROLOGUE TO THE

TEARS of ST. MARGARET.

"NOW night, the negro, reign'd—'t past
 one o'clock"
 The drowsy watchman bawl'd—from murky
 vaults
 The dough-fac'd spectres crowded forth—the
 eye,
 The sunk, the wearied eye of toil, was clos'd;
 Mute NATURE's busied voice, her brawl and
 hum;
 While horror, creeping on the world of gloom,
 Breath'd her dark spirit through the death-
 like hour—
 Now from her silver fringed east the MOON
 Peep'd on the VAST of shade—up-mounting
 slow,
 In solemn stillness, till her lab'ring orb,
 Freed from the caves of DARKNESS, gain'd
 its sphere,
 And mov'd in splendid solitude along.
 At this blank hour of awe, amid her fane,
 That caught a partial radiance on its walls,
 A radiance stealing on the shadowy tombs,
 Illuminating death—the pious MAID,
 Whose flesh did wonders in its days of bloom,
 And bones work'd marvels when she smil'd
 no more—
 The pensive MARGARETTA stalk'd, and
 paus'd
 And paus'd and stalk'd, and stalk'd and paus'd
 agen;
 Now nailing to the twilight floor her eye;
 Now gazing on the holy windows dim;
 Now motionless, and now with hurrying step
 Along the hollow-sounding aisle she pass'd;
 And leaning lorn at murder'd Raleigh's tomb;
 Of silence wak'd the pale and sacred sleep,
 With plaintive accent thus—

A TALE.

A TALE.

A Gentleman possess'd a fav'rite spaniel,
That never treated man or maid ill:
This dog, of which we cannot too much say,
Got from his godfather the name of TRAY.

After ten years of service just,
Tray like the race of mortals fought the dust—
That is to say, the spaniel died;
A coffin then was order'd to be made,
The dog was in the church-yard laid,
While o'er his pale remains the master cry'd:
Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end;
He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial,
And, weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial.

TRAY'S EPITAPH.

Here rests the relics of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know;
Fond of his ease and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
Perform' his function's well in ev'ry way—
Blush, christians, if you can, and copy TRAY.

SONG.

LET others boast a splendid name,
In Glory's thorny fields acquir'd
The loud, but empty, sound of fame
Was never by my soul desir'd.
All my ambition is restrain'd,
To Laura's smile, and that I have gain'd.

Let Wealth attract the Miser's soul,
And blunt each finer feeling there,
That dross shall ne'er my heart controul,
Which by increasing adds to care.
Possess'd of her whom I adore,
I'm rich enough and ask no more.

Does wine the drooping soul inspire,
And steep each stagg'ring sense in bliss—
The Drunkard's joys I don't desire,
Supremely blest'd in Laura's kiss;
Her lips more sacred nectar yield,
Than ever flow'd from Bacchus' fields.

LORENZO.

Canterbury, Sept. 9, 1793.

On a BOWL of PUNCH.

WHENE'ER a bowl of punch we make,
Four stinking opposites we take;
The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
Together mix'd most kindly meet;
And when they happily unite,
The bowl "is pregnant with delight."

In conversation thus we find,
That four men differently inclin'd;
With talents each distinct; and each
Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech;

With tempers too as much the same,
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;
Their parts, by properly sustaining,
May all prove highly entertaining.

On the WORD REPRESENTATIVE.

TO represent, is but to personate,
Which should be truly done at any rate;
Thus they who're fairly choos'd without a fee,
Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty;
But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,
He represents them best, who takes a bribe.

PICTURE

TAKEN UPON THE BENCH ON THE
CLIFF at MARGATE.

HOW sweet to sit and view this heavenly scene,
Whilst evening spreads her dewy mantle
wide;

Down sinks the Sun in majesty serene,
And dips his flaming orb amidst the tide.

His glowing beams yet light the western skies,
Till by degrees the vivid colours fade;
But see the Moon in silent splendor rise,
And with her tranquil light dispel the shade.

The distant cliffs illumine by her beams,
As up the blue ethereal vault she strays;
Whilst her pure silver light in trembling streams
O'er the smooth bosom of the ocean plays.

In this soft scene no noise invades the ear,
When sleep has silenc'd Fashion's giddy throng,
Save the retiring tide that murmurs near,
Or the faint cadence of the sea-boy's song.

Then Meditation! Wisdom's pensive maid,
Foe to the noise and bustle of the day,
Forfeats the deep recesses of the shade,
And o'er these sea-beat cliffs delights to stray.

Her sacred presence fills th' attentive soul,
That pensive here enjoys night's tranquil hour;
Each giddy passion owns her soft controul,
And yields its empire to her calmer power.

Celestial Vision! may I still delight
To love and venerate thy awful charms,
And 'midst the silent splendor of the night,
Steal from the crowd and court thee to my arms?

For what can Fashion, frantic maid! despoise
Of joy or happiness to equal thine!
She, giddy nymph, can only charm the sense
Of the gay troop that flutters round her shrine.

But in thy soft controul the active mind,
Celestial scenes spring forward to explore,
Recalls the transports Time has left behind,
Or feast on those which Fate has yet in store,

But if no joys appear in Fate's dark womb,
And the heart sinks beneath its weight of care,
Thy sacred presence thro' the impending gloom,
Teaches the lonely sufferer how to bear.

HOMO.

CURSORY

CURSORY REFLECTIONS.

IN the abuse which has so abundantly been poured out upon the the Allied Powers, the clamour being loud has long ceased to be distinct, and we are called upon to execrate conduct, the motives for which are not explained, and to decry principles which, if they gratify the ambition of a Prince, increase at the same time the consequence of his people. We are warned that such policy is perfidious, and that it originates in a desire to dissipate the fervour of the subject in foreign contests, which might otherwise be directed against the abuses of Government at home.

But the truth is, that man, from whatever cause, has a subtlety which will be exercised, and the stratagems of a Cabinet must not stagnate in inactivity. It is indeed a subject of regret, that time should have touched so few periods with the wing of peace, and that the moments when man desists from being the murderer of man should be merely seized to recruit fresh forces for destruction.

In the book of a *learned and eloquent politician*, it is given as the author's opinion, that "*interest is the only rational principle of governments,*" and that of course the *commercial spirit* is the only one becoming us to cherish. I doubt whether commerce be indeed the bond of peace among the nations—it is the source of wealth, the means

of luxury. To the thirst after commercial advantages Europe owes most of its disgraceful contests; and the war of *philosophy* against INTEREST and the PASSIONS leads to little but defeat.

If all Europe could put on the character of the modern Batavian, would the change be desirable? We should think not. If INTEREST is to be the only principle of governments, it will soon be the only principle of life. INTEGRITY will satisfy itself with *legal justice*, and FEELING demand the praise of virtue while it is *in-offensive*. Among nations so occupied by gain, the martial spirit, that which must be sustained by gentility, will be soon extinct, and our sordid traffickers surrender their habitations and their wealth to the irruptive hordes of sanguinary barbarians.

It should be therefore the great aim of modern Europe to keep alive the race of ancient gentility, for it is a *safer* aristocracy than that of genius. Since the policy of our seventh HENRY so grandly crushed the oppression of Baronies, left enough for *dignity* to the nobles, and raised the people to *respect*, it should be our aim to perpetuate this balance—since, if we level conditions, the power of genius will plunge us in perpetual contests of faction.

RETROSPECT of POLITICS.

THE public mind, during the preceding month, has discovered an uncommon agitation. The most important events have succeeded each other, with a rapidity unparalleled in any former wars—and alternate depression and exultation, has followed our successes and misfortunes—indeed our critical situation cannot fail to interest every friend to his country very seriously. We are engaged in a war from which we cannot now recede with honor, nor prosecute with any

very sanguine hopes of ultimate advantage. From the late proclamation of Lord Hood, it should seem that our government wholly disclaims conquest. By that proclamation, we appear to be the acting trustees of Louis XVII. and when a favourable turn of events shall place that Prince on the throne of France, a restitution of acquisition is to be made without defalcation. As so much had never been publicly avowed by government, nor any officer acting under it, previous to Lord Hood's

Hood's proclamation, it becomes naturally an interesting subject of speculation. It seems, however difficult to reconcile Lord Hood's mode of carrying on war with that of the Duke of York's—the object of the Duke of York's operations, whether he subdues towns for the Emperor of Germany or the King of Great Britain, are undoubtedly conquest; but why two different principles of action should be avowed in *Flanders* and in *Provence*, we do not pretend to determine. Ministers may think it necessary to vary means to secure the unity of their end; but whether too much is sacrificed to obtain that end, is for the British nation to decide.

Having spoken our opinion freely, and we trust impartially, as to the general tendency of the war, we shall now recur to particulars.

Lord Hood's achievement, whatever may be the public opinion as to its remote consequences, has an immediate and very important advantage resulting from it. His Lordship, by taking possession of Toulon, deprives the common enemy of its most consequential arsenal, and prevents a fail of the line from opposing their force to the navy of this country. It likewise gives Great Britain a full command of the Mediterranean—an object of much importance to our trade. His Lordship has no fears from any attack that may be made to recapture it.

The Duke of York's expedition against Dunkirk, appears to have been conceived and executed with too much impetuosity. If this is not the case, we fear (what we hope will not be confirmed) that a culpable neglect must lay somewhere on this side the water. The Duke certainly relied on a co-operation by sea, which was not afforded him at the time when it might have been of service; and to this may be attributed the failure of his expedition. His retreat from before Dunkirk became at last unavoidable, from the daily accumulating numbers of the French forces, which threatened his comparatively small army with destruction. The Duke, from the junc-

tion he has now formed with General Beaulieu, may probably yet be enabled to add Dunkirk to the list of his conquests in the present campaign—at any rate, he will be enabled to secure Ostend; and the French, as they could not keep possession of Menin, will hardly attempt any further incursions into the conquered territories.

The surrender of Quesnoy to General Clairfait is an object of great importance; as the possession of that garrison by the French, enabled them to annoy the Allies much in their operations.

Upon the Rhine, the Republican army has disputed the advancement of the Prussians in the most determined manner; every day has for some time past witnessed the most bloody and obstinate skirmishes, in which the victors have had but little to boast of. A decided advantage has, however, been at length obtained by the Duke of Brunswick; and we probably shall soon hear that Alsace is opened to his victorious arms.

Savoy, by the defeats of the French, is again restored to his Sardinian Majesty.

However the spirit of our countrymen may feel itself elevated at these successes upon the frontiers; we count but little upon them, as to the final reduction of France. We look for a much more speedy termination to the business from the internal divisions of that kingdom. The property of the merchant and the tradesman, which had speciously been declared under the guardianship of the law, the Convention, by a late decree, has now seized in the most barefaced and tyrannical manner—this, with its late unprecedented arbitrary measures, contributes to render it every day a greater object of popular odium, and must ultimately bring about is destruction.

On our internal situation, it is unnecessary for us to comment—our domestic comforts receive increase from an abundant harvest—public credit is in a great measure restored—and commerce is again rearing her head.

COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.

A Single grain of wheat, sown in a field belonging to Mr. Denne, of Shottenden, in the parish of Chilham, produced 32 stalks, containing 1418 full grains.

This week, Mr. Hills and another farmer at Rainham, were robbed of a considerable quantity of wheat while standing in their fields in shocks; the corn being thrashed out and the sheaves artfully replaced, prevented a discovery of the theft, till the time it was to have been carried.

Six frigates, constructed on new models, and on such extensive scale as to be the largest in the royal navy, ordered by government to be built by contract in the Thames; viz. the Apollo, of 38 guns, at Perry's yard, Blackwall; Artois, 38, at Wells's; Diana, 38, at Rantall's; Jason, 38, at Dudman's; Diamond, 38, at Barnard's; and Seahorse, 38, at Stalkart's, Rotherhithe.

The Terrible, a lugger of a peculiar construction, commanded by Captain Ecallow, carrying four short guns of a most enormous bore, mounted on swivels, so as to be elevated, lowered, or pointed almost in any direction, came into the Downs, forming part of the force designed to be employed in the attack of Dunkirk by sea, under the command of Admiral Macbride.

Monday 26. Account received of the army under the Duke of York, having on the 22d made an attack upon Dunkirk. The enemy was driven back, and the assailants took the ground they intended to occupy during the siege.

Tuesday 27. Advice of an attack on the 24th upon the out-posts of Dunkirk, between the canal of Furnes and the sea. The enemy again repulsed and sustained a considerable loss; Lieutenant-General Dalton, and Colonel Eld, were killed.

Wednesday, 28. Admiral Macbride, in the Quebec frigate, of 32 guns, Captain J. Rogers; with the Triton, of 28, Captain G. Murray; Vestal, of 28, Captain J. Macdougall, and about 40 sail of transports, &c. sailed from the Downs for Dunkirk.

Wednesday Sept 4. Near 400 sail of ships, most of them large burden, riding in the Downs.

Friday 6. His Majesty's ship Providence, after the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purpose of making discoveries, and collecting exotics from various parts of the world, was paid off at Woolwich. It was a scene highly gratifying to observe the cordial unanimity which prevailed among the officers; the decency of conduct, and the healthy and respectable appearance of the seamen, after so long and perilous a voyage; not one of whom but evinced that good order and discipline had been invariably observed. The high estimation in which Captain Bligh was deservedly held by the

whole crew, was conspicuous to all present. He was cheered on quitting the ship to attend the Commissioner; and at the dock-gates the men drew up, and repeated the parting acclamation.

Saturday 7. Intelligence brought to Dover by the Dolphin armed cutter, Lieutenant William Sharp, of the surrender of the port and town of Toulon, with all the men of war and ships in the harbour, to the British fleet under Lord Hood.

The Centurion, of 50 guns, and the Triton frigate, sailed from the Downs for Dunkirk.

Sunday 8. Admiral Macbride sails a second time, in the Quebec, with the Amphitrite, Sheerness, Vestal, and Orpheus frigates, for co-operating by sea at the siege of Dunkirk.

Monday 9. Account received this evening of a most desperate attack yesterday by the French under General Houchard, upon the posts of the English, Hanoverian, and Hessian troops before Dunkirk, under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York; in which the latter, from the vast superiority in number of the enemy, were obliged to retreat with the loss of more than 1,500 men, 32 pieces of heavy cannon, and greatest part of the stores provided for the siege. In the night of the 6th, his Royal Highness Prince Adolphus and the Field Marshal Freytag, were in possession of the enemy, but rescued again by General Walmoden.

Thursday 12. Advices received at Dover and Ramsgate, of a defeat of the French at Ypres, by the Austrian General Beaulieu, on the 9th.

Sunday 15. Intelligence arrived at Deal from Ostend, that the combined troops were still retreating towards Ostend, Bruges and Ghent. The 3d or Buff regiment of foot embarked this day at Greenwich, to join the army under the Duke of York.

Wednesday 18. Advices received at Dover from Ostend, that an engagement had taken place between the French and part of the combined army under General Beaulieu; in which the former were repulsed with great loss.

Sunday 22. The Volgas Volhaufe, a Swedish ship, from Stockholm to Dublin, with iron, struck on the Goodwin sand, and immediately went to pieces. The Captain, seven men and a boy were drowned; five of the crew floated upon part of the wreck, till Tuesday afternoon, when they were taken up, five leagues from the land, by one of the Deal boats, the crew of which pulled off their own clothes and wrapped round the poor Swedes, who were nearly perishing with cold and hunger, and safely landed them at Margate; one of them died with fatigue. A subscription was opened at Deal, to reward their courage and humanity.

PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Right Hon. and Reverend Dr. Samuel Horsley, Lord Bishop of St. David's to the bishopric

bishopric of Rochester, and deanery Westminster.

The Rev. James Morrice, to the rectory of Betsinger, in his own right of presentation.

The Rev. H. Honeywood, to the curacy of Wolborough, with the chapelry of Newton Abbots annexed, both in Devon, in the presentation of Lord Viscount Courtnay.

Mr. Christopher Mayhew, to be Surgeon to Ramsgate Harbour, in the room of Mr. Tyro Grigson, deceased.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 2. At Beckingham, the Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Auckland, of a daughter.

At Woolwich common, the Right Hon. Lady Emily Macleod, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES:

Lately, Mr. John Curling, of Gatewick, in Surry, to Miss Sarah Curling, daughter of Mr. D. Curling, of Chilton in Thanet.

At Folkestone, Mr. George Moyne, to Miss Elizabeth Eastwick.

19. At St. Peter's, Thanet, Mr Edwin Goodwyn, of Reading-street, to Miss Norwood, second daughter of Capt. Norwood, of Broadstairs.

A few days since, at Eastry, the Rev. N. Nisbett, of Ash, to Mrs. Reynolds, a widow lady.

At Dover, Mr. William King, baker, of Folkestone, to Miss Broad.

21. Mr. John Swain, of Saltwood, to Miss Maxted, daughter of Mr. Maxted, grocer of Hythe.

23. At St. Lawrence's, London, Mr. Norton, wholesale-linen draper and warehousman, Lawrence-lane, to Miss Harris, only daughter of Mr. George Harris, of Maidstone.

DEATHS.

Dr. Thomas, the late Bishop of Rochester, who deceased the 22d ult. has left by will, among other benefactions, 1000l. three per cents, to Christ Church, in the University of Oxford, and another 1000l. in the same funds, to Queen's College, in that University; the interest to be annually distributed in exhibitions to Under-Graduate Members of those Societies.

Mr. Valentine Austen, noticed last month, who was buried at Wye on August 28, in the 76th year of his age, had given very particular directions in his Will, with regard to his funeral, which were carefully attended to, and the singularities of it corrected in such a manner as to form a scene equally solemn and affecting. — Between twelve and one o'clock the procession sat out from his house, and went that way which leads through the High-street up to the church, the bells were carefully muffled, and rang a dumb peal. — The order of the procession was as follows: — Ten women who were

formerly his hop-tyers, strewing old hops. —

Two flags, lowered, and not unfurled. — A band of music, consisting of two French horns — two bassoons — two fifes — two houtboys — two violins — and a long drum. — After them the Minister, and next the body, born by eight men, and covered with a plain coarse pall; then followed his executors and other friends. — No person attended in mourning, nor were any hatbands or gloves given, but a handsome present of money in their stead. — The band played a solemn dirge all the way to the church gate, — in the church, between the psalms and lesson, the 104th psalm was played and sung; and from the church to the grave the dirge was repeated. The concourse of people was astonishingly great, and they behaved with order and attentive decency during the whole of the ceremony. — Mr. Austen was ever good to the poor in his life, and he remembered them in his death. He ordered to the poor hop-strewers half a guinea a piece; to the men who carried him, each a guinea — and he directed that there should be given to every poor man, resident in the parish, a quart of beer and a two-penny loaf; to every poor woman, a pint of beer and a two-penny loaf, and to every poor child half the quantity of bread and beer. — He also left Fifty Pounds to the Sunday school at Wye.

Aug. 26. At Faversham, Mrs. Lukyn, wife of Mr. — Lukyn, surgeon.

Sept. 9. At Chaddeſden near Derby, Sir Robert Mead Wilmot, bart.

13. At Baldwins near Dartford, of the gout in his stomach, in his 36th year, the Right Hon. Alexander Lord Saltoun.

At Loose-hill near Maidstone, Mr. Thomas Charlton, a wealthy farmer, of that place,

17. At Canterbury, Mrs. De La Stang, only surviving daughter of the late Capt. De Le Stang.

At Upton Court, Shepherdswell, in her 92d year, Mrs. Jager, late of Wincheap-street, Canterbury.

Lately, at Dover, aged 63, Mrs. Alice Birch, wife of Mr. Thomas Birch.

21. At Tenterden, in a fit, in his 67th year, Mr. William Button, formerly master of the Bull Inn, at Biddenden.

22. At Canterbury, in his 63d year, Thomas Piercy, esq. a captain in the royal navy; whose professional services in the late war must entitle his memory to the grateful regard of his country. In 1779 he commanded the Countess of Scarborough, of 20 guns, in company with the Serapis, of 44 guns, Capt. (now Sir Richard) Pearson, which fell in with the flying squadron under the famous Paul Jones, off Flamborough Head, consisting of the Bon Homme Richard, of 40 guns and 374 men, the Alliance of 40 guns and 300 men, the Pallas of 32 guns and 275 men, and the Vengeance of 12 guns and 70 men, all in the service of the American Congress, which had been recently fitted out in France, for the express purpose of committing depredations upon the British coast; which, notwithstanding their great inferiority they engaged, and after a very

hot and bloody engagement of three hours, both the English vessels were compelled to strike. Though this action did not terminate in complete victory to the British flag, it was the means of preserving the whole of a valuable fleet under its convoy. The merchants and owners were so fully convinced, that the preservation of their property was solely owing to the courage and perseverance of both the commanders, as not only to testify every mark of public approbation of their conduct, but they unanimously presented each with a rich service of plate, suitably inscribed, to perpetuate so signal a service to the trade of the kingdom. The subject of this article, who was as remarkable for his humanity as courage, has uniformly in the company of his friends, whenever these articles formed a part of the table equipage, which was very seldom, deplored in the most pathetic terms, that this reward of his services should have been earned at the expence of the lives of so many brave men: he always viewed it with its inscription, as a monument sacred to the invincible courage and memory of those hardy tars, who so valiantly sacrificed their lives in defence of their country.

24. At Deal, after a lingering illness, Mr. Read, draper and taylor.

25. At Folkestone, Mr. William Chapman Baker, one of the jurats and deputy mayor of that town; a man of strict integrity and goodness of heart, a firm friend to mankind, and a well-wisher to his country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Essay "*On the Charms of Nature*,"—"*Thoughts on different Subjects*,"—"*Review of the American Constitutions*," and other favors from our numerous and increasing friends, shall certainly receive every attention from the Editors, by as early an insertion as possible.

Heads of the Acts of Parliament, for regulating the Importation and Exportation of Corn, and the payment of Duty on foreign Corn imported, and of the Bounty on British Corn exported.

THE preamble to the act 31 Geo. III. cap. 30, recites and declares, that from the commencement of the regulations of this act all former acts or provisions relating to the importation of wheat, &c. be repealed.

And, for the encouragement of tillage within this realm, further enacts, that from Nov. 15, 1791, whenever middling British Wheat shall be under 44s. per Quarter, a bounty of 5s. per Quarter, shall be paid on the exportation thereof.

Whenever middling British wheat shall be at or above the price of 46s. per quarter, then the exportation is prohibited. Except in cases of war, &c. his Majesty in Council may allow certain quantities of corn to be exported to any part of the British dominions under certain restrictions.

When the price of British Wheat shall be under 50s. per quarter, the high duty of 24s.

3d.—if at or above 50s. but under 54s. the first low duty of 2s. 6d.—and if at or above 54s. the second low duty of 6d. per quarter is to be paid on the importation of all foreign wheat from any place not in the British dominions. But importation from Ireland, Quebec, or any of the British colonies, may take place when wheat is at the respective prices of 48s. and 52s. on paying the same duties. Wheat so imported may be landed and warehoused under certain regulations.

The maritime counties of England are to be divided into twelve districts, including the cities, &c. which are counties of themselves [see the annexed table]. The exportation of corn, &c. to be regulated in London and in Kent, Essex and Sussex, by the prices at the Corn-Exchange in Mark-Lane; the proprietors whereof are to appoint an Inspector of Corn Returns, to whom Factors are to make weekly returns. The Inspector to make weekly accounts of the average quantity, and price of each sort of Corn sold in London, and to transmit the average prices every Friday to the Receiver of Corn Returns, who is to transmit a certificate thereof to the Collectors of the Customs at London, and to the Collectors at the ports in Essex, Kent, and Sussex, as the guide for exportation. A copy of the average prices to be inserted in the London Gazette. All corn to be measured by the Winchester bushel.

By the act 33 Geo. III. cap. 65, it is further enacted, that from and after the 15th of June 1793, the Receiver of Corn Returns shall make up the weekly average prices of corn sold in each of the towns in England appointed by the above recited act of 31 Geo. III. and transmit the average prices in each district to the officers of the Customs at the several places, as the rule for exportation; and the exportation, with the bounty thereon, within that district, shall be regulated by such average prices.

And the said Receiver of Corn Returns is also to make up at certain periods the average prices of corn in each district for the last six weeks, and transmit the same to the several officers of the Customs, as the rule for importation; and the importation, with the duty thereon, within that district, shall be regulated in like manner by such average prices.

Doubts having arisen as to the manner in which the average prices of corn ought to be computed, the Receiver is required to make up at the end of every week, from the average prices returned to him in the week immediately preceding, the average price in each county; and at the end of every week, from the average of the county prices so ascertained, compute the general average price; and cause the same to be published in the London Gazette once in every week.

His Majesty in Council may prohibit the exportation of corn, or permit the importation, or taking from warehouses, foreign corn, for home consumption, in certain cases.

KENTISH REGISTER,

AVERAGE PRICES of WHEAT,

By the QUARTER of EIGHT WINCHESTER BUSHELS.

From August 24 to September 14.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Aug. 24.		Aug. 31.		Sept. 7.		Sept. 14.		s.	d.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		
Middlesex	47	6	46	6	46	11	46	0		
Surry	46	8	44	3	46	0	46	10		
Hertford	44	7	44	6	44	8	45	4		
Bedford	46	5	44	11	45	10	46	2		
Huntingdon	43	8	44	4	45	6	46	0		
Northampton	47	4	47	5	47	0	46	10		
Rutland	49	6	49	0	50	0	48	0		
Leicester	51	2	51	4	53	0	52	4		
Nottingham	55	10	56	4	52	10	55	10		
Derby	56	8	56	4	55	4	56	4		
Stafford	54	3	53	2	53	6	53	4		
Salop	53	1	54	2	52	6	52	10		
Hereford	50	4	49	7	47	6	49	4		
Worcester	50	7	50	4	49	6	50	6		
Warwick	52	0	51	4	52	6	53	0		
Wilts	45	0	44	6	44	8	42	10		
Berks	46	7	43	0	45	4	45	4		
Oxford	48	0	48	0	46	2	44	4		
Bucks	44	6	45	0	44	9	45	2		
Brecon	59	1	59	1	57	7	56	0		
Montgomery	58	1	55	4	53	6	54	2		
Radnor	56	2	55	10	53	11	53	7		

MARITIME COUNTIES.

Dist.		Essex	-	-	-	46	0	48	0	45	10	45	0
1	{	Kent	-	-	-	44	2	43	8	43	3	44	4
	{	Suffex	-	-	-	43	0	42	2	43	4	42	8
2	{	Suffolk	-	-	-	43	11	44	4	44	4	43	7
	{	Cambridge	-	-	-	41	8	40	9	41	5	43	11
3	-	Norfolk	-	-	-	43	3	42	1	42	8	42	4
4	{	Lincoln	-	-	-	47	2	49	9	47	11	47	7
	{	York	-	-	-	43	9	43	6	42	10	44	0
5	{	Durham	-	-	-	53	3	53	5	52	11	52	1
	{	Northumberland	-	-	-	45	4	45	10	45	5	45	2
6	{	Cumberland	-	-	-	51	7	51	11	51	4	51	6
	{	Westmoreland	-	-	-	56	2	55	9	54	7	55	1
7	{	Lancaster	-	-	-	53	7	52	1	53	0	52	10
	{	Chester	-	-	-	50	10	50	9	51	9	52	3
	{	Flint	-	-	-	54	4	46	0	54	4	49	8
8	{	Denbigh	-	-	-	55	2	56	1	54	1	52	11
	{	Anglesea	-	-	-	50	0	—	—	52	0	48	0
	{	Carnarvon	-	-	-	55	4	55	0	55	6	53	4
	{	Merioneth	-	-	-	59	2	58	8	58	4	55	11
	{	Cardigan	-	-	-	57	0	54	0	54	0	54	4
9	{	Pembroke	-	-	-	46	7	44	4	42	7	44	5
	{	Cardmarthen	-	-	-	56	0	56	0	53	5	51	10
	{	Glamorgan	-	-	-	58	3	58	11	55	3	54	5
	{	Gloucester	-	-	-	50	1	49	0	51	4	48	11
10	{	Somerset	-	-	-	50	5	50	4	50	1	49	8
	{	Monmouth	-	-	-	57	3	55	6	53	8	51	10
11	{	Devon	-	-	-	53	9	53	10	53	11	50	8
	{	Cornwall	-	-	-	52	2	53	3	53	5	53	2
12	{	Dorset	-	-	-	46	7	46	0	45	7	45	7
	{	Hants	-	-	-	45	7	45	4	43	7	43	4

AVERAGE of ENGLAND and WALES.

Per Quarter - - - 50 4 49 9 49 7 49 2 1

AVERAGE PRICES of WHEAT,

By which Exportation and Bounty are to be regulated.

Computed according to the Directions of the acts of 31st and 33d Geo. III. (Extracts from which are given this month.)

From August 24 to Sept. 14.

Dist.	24.		31.		7.		14.		21.		Dist.	24.		31.		7.		14.		s. d.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
1	44	7	43	11	44	0	43	9			7	52	2	51	7	52	5	52	7	
2	43	4	43	4	43	5	43	9			8	55	8	55	7	55	4	52	10	
3	43	4	42	1	42	8	42	4			9	54	10	53	11	51	9	51	7	
4	45	1	46	1	45	4	45	3			10	51	6	50	2	51	1	49	9	
5	49	4	49	3	49	2	48	7			11	53	0	53	6	53	3	51	11	
6	53	5	53	5	52	8	52	11			12	46	0	45	7	44	8	44	4	

RETURNS of WHEAT,

Sold at the Corn-Market, in Mark-Lane, London.

From Sept. 2 to 23.

Sept. 2.		Sept. 9.		Sept. 16.		Sept. 23.		Noof	Price
Noof	Price	Noof	Price	Noof	Price	Noof	Price		
Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.
75	52 0	18	53 0	64	50 0	26	50 0		
196	50 0	20	52 0	180	49 0	66	49 0		
70	49 0	160	51 0	486	48 0	375	48 6		
207	48 0	150	50 0	357	47 0	243	48 0		
173	47 6	53	49 0	210	46 6	160	47 6		
158	47 0	250	48 6	181	46 0	452	47 0		
54	46 6	297	48 0	200	45 0	667	46 6		
113	46 0	55	47 6	37	44 6	422	46 0		
627	45 0	251	47 0	350	44 0	520	45 6		
280	44 0	150	46 6	153	42 0	565	45 0		
130	43 6	477	46 0	8	41 0	50	44 6		
55	43 0	40	45 6	89	40 0	100	44 0		
128	42 0	273	45 0	12	38 0	80	43 6		
50	41 0	58	44 6			209	43 0		
130	40 0	126	44 0			126	42 0		
8	39 0	34	43 6			50	41 0		
		530	43 0			3	36 0		
		83	42 0						
		25	41 0						
		12	38 0						

PRICES of HOPS in SOUTHWARK.

Per Cwt.	Sept. 2.				Sept. 9.				Sept. 16.				Sept. 23.			
	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
BAGS.																
Kent	8	0	9	15	6	0	9	0	6	0	9	0	8	0	10	0
Suffex	8	0	9	0	5	0	6	0	5	0	8	0	7	10	9	0
Essex	8	0	10	0	6	0	10	0	6	0	10	0	8	0	10	0
POCKETS.																
Kent	9	9	12	12	7	0	12	0	7	0	11	0	7	0	11	0
Suffex	8	0	10	0	6	0	10	0	6	0	10	0	8	0	10	0
Farnham	12	0	16	0	7	0	14	0	7	0	14	0	10	0	20	0
Worcester	8	8	9	9	5	0	8	0	5	0	8	0	8	0	10	10
Essex																

AVERAGE PRICES of SUGAR,

From the Returns made at Grocer's Hall, August 28 to Sept. 18.

Per Cwt.	Aug. 28.			Sept. 4.			Sept. 11.			Sept. 18.		
	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.
Exclusive of the Duties	2	19	4	2	16	9	2	15	8½	2	15	6½

KENTISH REGISTER, PRICES of MEAT in SMITHFIELD MARKET.

	Sept. 2.				Sept. 9.				Sept. 16.				Sept. 23.							
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef, - per score -	6	6	7	6	6	0	7	0	6	0	7	0	7	0	7	6				
Mutton, per pound -	0	4	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	4	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	4	0	4	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	4	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	5		
Beef, - per stone*	2	6	3	2	2	8	3	2	2	4	3	0	2	4	3	2				
Mutton, per stone -	2	10	3	2	2	8	3	2	2	6	3	0	2	10	3	4				
Veal, - per stone -	3	0	4	4	3	0	4	0	3	0	4	0	3	4	4	6				
Lamb, - per stone -	3	0	3	8	3	0	3	8	2	8	3	4	3	0	3	8				
Pork, - per stone -	3	4	3	10	3	6	4	0	2	8	3	8	3	8	4	0				

* Of 8 pounds—By the carcase, to sink the offal.

HEAD of CATTLE, sold each Day.

Beasts, - about -	1,700	1,800	2,000	2,000
Sheep - - - -	12,000	13,000	12,000	8,000
Lambs - - - -	4,000	4,000	3,000	2,000

PRICES of TALLOW in LONDON.

Per Cwt.	Sept. 2.				Sept. 9.				Sept. 16.				Sept. 23.							
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Town Tallow - -	45	0	45	6	45	0	45	6	45	0	0	0	45	0	0	0				
Russia Candle Tallow	39	0	43	6	39	0	43	6	39	0	43	6	39	0	43	6				
Russia Soap Tallow -	38	0	39	0	38	0	0	0	39	0	0	0	39	0	0	0				
Stuff - - - -	26	0	36	0	26	0	36	0	26	0	37	0	27	0	37	0				
Graves - - - -	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0				
Dregs - - - -	7	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	7	0	0	0				

Average Price at Clare, St. James's and Whitechapel Markets.

		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Per Stone of 8lb.	-	2	8½	2	8	2	7	2	8	2	8

PRICES of HOPS in KENT.

	CANTERBURY.						MAIDSTONE.					
	Bags.			Pockets.			Bags.			Pockets.		
	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
Aug. 31 -	5	5	9	15	6	15	10	15	5	5	5	12
Sept. 7 -	7	0	8	8	7	7	9	0	5	0	8	0
---- 14 -	7	0	8	8	7	10	9	9	7	0	8	0
---- 21 -	7	7	9	9	7	10	10	0	7	0	10	0
											9	0
											11	0

The hop-planters have finished their picking, and some of them will this year scarcely find their growth sufficient even to pay that expence: two shillings and sixpence, and in one or two instances three shillings, per basket, of five bushels, has been paid at Canterbury for picking only;---a price never known before. The crop has universally fallen short of the estimated quantity; and the quality is as various as the produce per acre. One planter, on 46 acres, grew this year eight bags, which were sold on Monday the 23d instant at nine guineas per cwt. The same plantation last year grew 192 bags. The best grounds we have heard of in Kent, which in the whole do not exceed 40 acres, have grown upon an average about 5 cwt. per acre.-----At the beginning of the month, the hop-duty was betted at 27,000l. during the first week it fell to 25 and 26,000, at which it stood till after the picking commenced, then dropped to 24, 20, and 19,000, about which it seemed to stand in London towards the end of the month; but from every account we hear in this part of the kingdom, it will probably fall lower.

WEEKLY

London, September

LONDON, September										CANTERBURY, Aug.—Sept.										MAIDSTONE, Aug.—Sept.										DARTFORD, Aug.—Sept.									
		2.		9.		16.		23.		31.		7.		14.		21.		29.		5.		12.		19.		31.		7.		14.		21.							
		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.						
Per Quarter.																																							
Wheat	-	30	52	0	30	51	0	30	49	6	30	48	0	40	48	40	48	42	46	42	48	42	46	42	46	42	46	42	46	42	46	42	46						
Rye	-	26	36	0	27	35	0	27	35	0	27	34	0	28	30	28	34	10	34	32	34	30	36	32	37	21	22	22	27	20	26	20	27						
Barley	-	24	32	0	24	32	0	25	36	0	26	37	6	24	26	25	27	22	27	20	28	31	38	30	36	32	37	26	31	30	34	30	36						
Oats	-	17	26	6	18	27	6	18	28	0	17	27	0	33	35	34	35	31	36	34	36	36	36	37	34	37	34	36	34	36	37	34	36						
Beans	-	36	38	0	37	39	0	37	39	6	37	39	0	33	35	34	35	31	36	34	36	36	36	37	34	37	34	36	34	36	37	34	36						
Tick Beans	-	33	36	0	33	36	0	33	36	0	30	35	0	36	37	36	38	37	38	34	36	36	36	37	34	37	34	36	34	36	37	34	36						
Pears	-	34	45	0	34	46	0	36	48	0	36	48	0	38	40	38	40	38	40	31	36	42	38	32	30	32	34	36	38	42	48	40	46						
Hog Pears	-	32	36	0	32	37	0	33	38	0	32	37	0	32	33	32	33	33	34	36	38	42	48	40	46	40	46	40	46	40	46	40	46						
Tares	-	36	38	0	34	36	0	34	36	0	33	37	0	48	0	48	0	48	0	48	0	48	0	48	0	48	0	48	0	48	0	48	0						
Malt, Brown	-	43	45	0	43	45	0	44	46	0	49	0	49	0	49	0	49	0	49	0	49	0	49	0	49	0	49	0	49	0	49	0	49	0					
Amber	-	40	44	6	40	45	0	38	44	0	50	0	50	0	50	0	50	0	50	0	50	0	50	0	50	0	50	0	50	0	50	0	50	0					
Pale	-	37	40	0	37	40	0	37	40	0	40	0	0	37	40	0	37	40	0	37	40	0	37	40	0	37	40	0	37	40	0	37	40	0					
Per Sack.																																							
Flour, Fine	-	36	37	6	36	37	0	36	37	0	36	37	0	35	0	35	0	35	0	35	0	35	0	35	0	35	0	35	0	35	0	35	0	35	0				
Second	-	26	32	0	28	32	0	28	32	0	26	32	0	31	0	31	0	31	0	31	0	31	0	31	0	31	0	31	0	31	0	31	0	31	0				
Third	-	26	32	0	28	32	0	28	32	0	26	32	0	26	0	26	0	26	0	26	0	26	0	26	0	26	0	26	0	26	0	26	0	26	0				
Rough Meal																																							
Seeds.																																							
Clover	-	51	98	0	52	92	0	54	92	0	51	93	0	18	22	11	22	11	22	11	20	33	40	33	40	33	40	33	40	33	40	33	40						
Trefoil	-	21	26	0	23	26	0	23	26	0	22	27	0	29	36	27	30	34	35	32	36	17	19	22	24	17	22	17	22	22	25	35	25	35					
Cinquefoil	-	41	43	0	41	43	0	41	43	0	41	44	0	11	12	9	12	11	12	11	12	48	52	48	52	48	52	48	52	48	52	48	52						
Ryegrass	-																																						
Saintoin	-																																						
Turnip	-																																						
Canary	-																																						
Per Laff	-																																						
Rape	-	231.	291.	281.	291.	281.	291	271.	291.																														

ACCURATE PRICE OF STOCKS, AUGUST 27, TO SEPTEMBER 26, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

Days	BANK										INDIA				SOUTH SEA				Commerce Exch. Bills				Looy Tickets.	
	stock.	3 per cent. reluc.	3 per cent. confol.	4 per cent. confol.	5 per cent. ann.	Long ann.	Short ann.	stock	Scrip Bonds.	7s. p. ann.	stock	Old ann.	New ann.	New Navy Bills.	Ex- cheq. Bills.	3 per cent. Scrip.	1 st Clafs.	2 ^d Clafs.	3 ^d Clafs.	4 th Clafs.	English l. s. d.	Irish l. s. d.		
27	175½	77½	75½	93	107½	22½	10½	208	208½	7	—	—	—	9½	—	78½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
28	174	76½	75½	92½	107½	22½	10½	208	208½	7	—	—	—	9½	—	77½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
29	174½	—	75½	93	107½	22½	10½	208	208½	7	—	—	—	9½	—	77½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
30	175	—	75½	93½	107½	22½	10½	208	208½	7	—	—	—	9½	—	78½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
31	—	—	75½	93½	107½	22½	10½	208	208½	7	—	—	—	9½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
2	—	—	75½	93½	107½	22½	10½	208	208½	7	—	—	—	9½	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
3	174½	Aut	75½	93½	107½	22½	10½	208	208½	7	—	—	—	9½	—	77½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
4	—	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	206	206	10	—	—	—	9½	—	77½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
5	—	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
6	—	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	8	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
7	172	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	206	206	7	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
8	172½	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
9	173	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
10	173½	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
11	173½	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
12	171	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
13	172½	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
14	—	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
15	171½	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
16	171½	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
17	171	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
18	171	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
19	172	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
20	172	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
21	—	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
22	—	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
23	171½	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
24	171½	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
25	172	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		
26	171½	—	75½	92½	106½	22½	10½	205	205	9	—	—	—	9½	—	76½	—	—	—	—	—	—		

In this Table, the highest and lowest prices of the 3 per cent. consols. are given each day; in all the other funds the highest price only.

T H E

KENTISH REGISTER,

For OCTOBER, 1793.

SPECTEMUR AGENDO.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

THE MORALIST.

No. III.

“ Oh ! listen not to that enchantress, EASE,
“ With seeming smile ; her palatable cup
“ By *standing* grows *insipid* ; and beware
“ The *bottom*, for there's *poison* in the *lees*.”

ANON.

THE first and most dangerous enemy that mankind has to fear, is IDLENESS. It creeps upon us almost imperceptibly. It first becomes familiar under the appearance of *rest* or *ease*. But when sleep is not necessary or desirable, rest is best enjoyed by turning from labour to amusement. The labour of thinking and reasoning will produce fatigue, fatigue will beget indifference, and indifference will degenerate into idleness. From the labour of thinking, the student finds but little relief by remaining inactive ; what he requires is mental rest ; and this is best obtained by bodily exercise. The labouring man, on the other hand, is drooping beneath the burden of the

day. To him rest is a cessation from bodily labour ; but inaction, even to him, is no agreeable part of rest. Set his thoughts in motion and you give him instant relief, or procure him a pipe and tobacco, and you make him happy.

The custom of smoking was probably invented as a substitute for conversation. It serves to fill up the blanks and the chasms of life. Men who are ashamed to be idle, choose rather to smoke than to sit motionless. But as knowledge becomes more general, smoking becomes less necessary. For the pleasure of smoking is founded principally on habit. It arises neither from the act of smoking, nor from the flavour of the herb, that we ac-

custom

custom ourselves to smoke. It is use that makes it agreeable, and it is custom that prevents us from leaving it entirely off. I could illustrate these observations by facts, but I shall content myself at present with observing that an innocent amusement is never to be hastily condemned. The intellectual faculties of men are strengthened and improved by exercise; and the mode of employing them may always be made subservient to interest, to duty, and to pleasure. The weariness which arises from bodily labour is much less sensibly felt, and much sooner dispersed, by those who accustom themselves to enquire into the morality of their sentiments and their actions, than by those who pay no attention to so important a subject. And the pain which the student may experience from the severity of application is most happily and effectually removed by bodily exercises; and these exercises, if they have a tendency to promote the interest, or to add to the innocent amusement, of society or individuals, will be doubly grateful to generous and liberal minds. When the proper duties of life are neither negligently performed, nor imprudently omitted, there will be no small portion of time to spare for recreations of an instructive and wholesome nature. But when men can voluntarily suffer the least opportunity of improving their minds, or amending their conditions to escape them, they are evidently, at such moments, too idle to be useful to others, or agreeable to themselves; or, they are too ignorant to calculate the importance of time, and to estimate properly its value in the progress of life. For those who have acquired a taste for improvement will not be able to satisfy themselves by doing nothing. When knowledge and industry dwell together, they will reciprocally assist each other. Man is not calculated for a state of idleness. Prevent him from acquiring knowledge, and you expose him to the influence of his passions. To gratify them must then be his greatest happiness. If we neglect the cultiva-

tion of moral knowledge, we suffer ourselves to be surrounded by animals that may lift up their heel against us; because they have no prospect of happiness, but that which arises from the gratification of their own propensities.

It is a remark that has been frequently made by those who have had opportunities to form an accurate judgement on the subject, that ploughservants and labourers in husbandry are the most obstinate, and the least manageable of all men; and the reason is an obvious one; it is because they are the most ignorant, and consequently the least capable of being convinced by argument, or persuaded by importunity. Inflexible in their opinions, they may occasionally be led by interest; but they are seldom, if ever, to be influenced by duty. Talk to them of the consequences of disobedience and they will tell you, with the most cordial indifference, that they care for none of those things. They enjoy the privileges of men before they acquire the character of rational beings. They embrace idleness, and idleness, by degrees, introduces them to scenes of intemperance, and from thence to habitations of wretchedness. Strangers to the precepts of virtue, their conscience has no crimes to charge them with, because it had no duties to remind them of. They live like animals, and die like brutes. And is this a true description of a number of our own species? I wish I could answer—*it is not.*

Since then we cannot but perceive the natural consequences of ignorance, let us turn our attention to a consideration of the probable advantages of knowledge. But here it must be observed, that the value and importance of knowledge can never be properly appreciated by those who accustom themselves to regard men, in the lower ranks of life, as machines designed for the accommodation of those who are so fortunate as to move in a higher sphere.

One advantage arising from a direct and uniform pursuit of knowledge

ledge is, that it will operate as an antidote to idleness. For knowledge, in whatever way it may be acquired, cannot be obtained without the assistance of thought and reflection; without the exercise of the cognitive and active powers of the mind. In this pursuit an agreeable and useful employment may always be found for those hours which might otherwise be devoted to idleness, or to something worse than idleness. In idleness there is nothing pleasing—there is nothing profitable. The idle servant injures his master without benefiting himself or any one else. He exposes himself to temptations that might not otherwise have assailed him. To be idle is to be wicked. In the journey of life there is much to be done. The talents are already committed to us, and an improvement of them will be expected at our hands. Are we poor? It is our duty to be industrious. The virtuous servant is never displeased or surprized at the coming of his master. His work speaks for him. The duty he has undertaken to perform, it is his wish to execute. The eye of a generous employer darts pleasure into the heart of a diligent labourer. He regards his master's interest as his own. By the assistance of moral knowledge he is enabled to form a tolerable estimate of the pleasures and advantages that arise from a spirit of industry. These pleasures and these advantages he cannot be insensible to. They arise from the consciousness of having performed his duty with singleness of heart; with a view to his master's satisfaction and his own approbation. The art of being truly happy consists in being useful to the utmost of our power. Idleness is injustice. The idle man injures himself and his family; nay, he injures the whole community. He deprives the world of these advantages which it has a right to expect from his labours and improvements. His existence is not necessary because it is burthen some. He contributes not his portion of honey to the common stock; but is, on the contrary, always looking with

a wistful eye on the treasure that he has had no share in heaping up. He would willingly taste the sweets of prosperity without submitting to that degree of labour which is necessary to preserve him from adversity.

He that gives to the idle robs the industrious. For every thing that is distributed in order to support those who are idle, was originally produced by the labours of those who are diligent. This consideration one would suppose, would be almost sufficient to drive idleness out of the world. But, alas! men are taught, by experience, to expect support from others, when they are no longer disposed to exert their own powers in order to support themselves. I mean not to say that the world is too liberal. I only wish to see its liberality employed in the cause of industry and virtue. The idle and the profligate would then have nothing to expect from the misplaced tenderness of the humane and benevolent. He that is not ashamed to be idle is dead to every sentiment of generosity—to every feeling of humanity—and, to every principle of virtue. But the cheerfulness that is discernable on the brow of successful industry, is a subject worthy the contemplation of every rational being. The independence that is acquired by diligence is of the most salutary and efficacious kind. Bribery and corruption will vanish before it. Servility of behaviour, and baseness of compliance, will go forth abashed from its presence. The manly firmness of an honest and industrious man will spurn at every attempt that is made to influence his conduct, by means that are incompatible with civility of manners, and liberality of sentiment.

He that by a diligent hand can procure a competency for himself and his family, is never poor. *Rich* and *poor* are comparative terms. Among the industrious, the temperate and the frugal, those only are poor whose earnings are not equal to their necessary expences. These are the people to whose interest the world should

be attached; these are the people to whom the arm of assistance should be stretched out, and the hand of benevolence opened. Thus might the liberality of the age be regulated by the perfection of wisdom; and the lethargy of the indolent be dispersed by the exertions of the virtuous. To the poor, the language of benevolence should run in a strain somewhat like this—*We are able and willing to grant you assistance; but, by the moral rectitude of your conduct, you must first convince us that you are not unworthy of it.* For the grand object of true benevolence should be, to awaken mankind to a sense of their own importance—to animate them with a spirit of industry—to set before them, in the most lively colours, the dangers of indolence—the tendency it has to weaken the intellectual powers—to enervate the bodily system—to destroy the efficacy of virtuous principles—to erase from the tablet of the memory every good resolution that had been formed—to render the mind as miserable as the body will be wretched—and, ultimately, to defeat the purposes and intentions of all benevolent institutions and contributions.

Indolence finds no resources from within. Powers that have not been accustomed to be called forth and exerted in the way of duty, and in the cause of virtuous industry, will not readily be obedient to the call of necessity. To the diligent, hope holds forth a prospect of success; but from the presence of the idle, she recedes with precipitation. And without hope, what is life!!! For what should a man wish to live, if he hopes not to live for some good purpose? Are the rich to be admired if they are useless? Are they to be respected if they are indolent? Are the poor to be fed if they will not work? or, are they to be pitied if they will not be careful to provide for themselves? Is idleness less prejudicial because it is cloathed with affluence? Is it innocent to be idle because fortune has been favourable? Those who have the power to do good and will not, differ but little

from those who ought to work and will not. Industry is a general duty. It is an universal blessing. Were men to stand still the globe which they inhabit must be considered as a mere blank, in the system of the universe. No licence has yet been granted for idleness. Nature bestows no favours on the idle. Art patronizes them not. Genius regards them as enemies. Money, titles, and talents, exempt them not from criminality. Those who possess the greatest share of these ought to labour more abundantly for the public good, because they can labour more successfully. Their interest is more efficacious, their influence is more extensive, their time is more at their own disposal, and their abilities are more unconfined.

Is there then no uncultivated soil in which the rich, the powerful, and the learned, may cast the seeds of virtue, and the poor, the friendless, and the ignorant, may reap the fruits of so laudable a labour? Is there no waste lands which the rich may not be the happy means of raising to some degree of perfection, and make industry and virtue go hand in hand in the business? Is there no object to which the hope of the poor may be principally directed but that of *self-approbation*? It is not to the interest of virtue that it should be left solely to its *own reward*. Let it be connected with some prospects of certain temporal advantages. The poor are always with us, and whensoever we will, we may do them good. But let the good we do them be, if possible, solid and permanent, not temporary and superficial; let it be directed for the purpose of making mankind wiser and better. Let us not survey the dwellings of wretchedness, without endeavouring to turn from them those waters of bitterness with which they are surrounded. Let us contrive some means to banish that spirit of indifference which hovers over the present, and drive away that spectre of despair which deprives men of the energy of exertion, and gives to futurity the certainty of woe. Let us call to mind the ways and the means that

that lie before us. Let us recollect that many among the poorer class of mankind are influenced by a spirit of despondency. The road before them is not accommodated as it should be, with objects to stimulate them to industry. The prospect is dull and dreary. Thorns and briers are on the right hand and on the left. Hope treads with leaden feet the paths of labour, and yields to poverty only when it meets with despair. Could men be assured that industry would be protected and rewarded, they would be much less likely to contract a supineness of spirit that is obnoxious to exertion, and a disposition to intemperance that is inimical to domestic prosperity. Let us ask ourselves when we shall be most easily induced to give way to idleness, dissipation, or drunkenness (after having been properly trained up in the way that we should go?) And the answer will be—When we find all our exertions insufficient to protect us from want. Cases of this kind ought never to happen; but when they do happen, a speedy and effectual remedy ought to be applied. For the happiness and peace of a nation consists not in the abundance of its poor, but in the prosperity of all ranks and descriptions of its inhabitants. A liberal minded man feels no greater happiness than that which arises from improving and contemplating the felicity of others. Tell him that you have increased the happiness, or lessened the misery of a fellow creature, and you present him with a feast more grateful to his feelings than the most costly dainties to his palate. The supreme delight of a rational being arises from a consciousness of having given protection or assistance to others. And there is not a person living whose situation is so wretched, but he may, in some instances or other, find opportunities to exercise his benevolent affections: it is only to be lamented that he should ever be destitute of an inclination to embrace those opportunities when they arise. We can, all of us, at any time, check the progress of envy—

stem, in some degree, the powerful torrent of malice—and, refuse our passport to the slander of fools. And if, on the one hand, our poverty renders our advice insignificant in the estimation of our superiors, the charitable tendency of our dispositions may, on the other hand, render our conduct highly salutary to our neighbours and acquaintance in particular, and to the world in general. If we have neither money nor food to spare, our actual services may be as valuable as either the one or the other. No excuse can be pleaded for not doing good of some kind. It sometimes happens that a very large portion of money and food are necessary to satisfy those whose assistance is absolutely necessary for the preservation of others; when such assistance is the voluntary and free gift of a fellow creature, its value is increased in proportion to the difficulty and inconvenience that accompanies it. And he that performs a good action for another has a claim on the gratitude of the public, and should his situation require it, it would be an act of injustice to withhold it.

Among the various descriptions of mankind it is always our duty properly to discriminate characters. In the discharge of this duty nothing is of greater importance than to distinguish indolence from indisposition. This is not always to be effected with ease. For idleness, among the poor, must exist by artifice. Its influence is too well known to obtain credit for its votaries. Would you put a stop to reformation of manners?—would you invert the order of nature?—would you involve men in misery and disgrace?—would you check the progress of improvement?—would you annihilate trade and commerce?—would you give to the spirit of industry its mortal wound?—would you overturn every system of government?—would you introduce domestic discord, and national confusion?—would you cease to be social beings?—you have nothing to do but to encourage idleness, and all these evils, and many more, will hasten to prevent you from being
any

any longer a great, a prosperous and happy people.

Would we improve the situation of the poor? Let us not omit to impress on their minds the resources that are to be derived from œconomy and moderation. Those who contract their expences will lessen their wants; and those who redouble their industry will enlarge their income. Much of the want that abounds in the world, arises originally from a thoughtlessness of mind, and irregularity of conduct. Teach men to trace every event to its proper cause, and they will soon perceive the necessity of thinking and acting for themselves: they will then carry their attention beyond the wants and necessities of the present moment. They will learn to extend their views; simply to supply their present wants; and prudentially make up some savings, if possible, for futurity. But as those who struggle with want have an enemy to contend with that is armed at all points, it is their wisdom to keep on the defensive. They must be taught to retire into themselves, and to rely on the goodness of their cause—on the efficacy of their exertion—and, on the advantages of perseverance. Goodness may deserve success; but it is fortitude that must command it. This virtue will summon all the powers, both of the mind and body to its assistance. And these, by being brought forth into action, will be strengthened and improved. Then will the advantages, to be derived from the proper application of moral knowledge, be more clearly unfolded to our view. Reduced to practice, this science will no longer be considered merely as a subject of proper declamation, but as an object of public utility.

As the interest of the poor, detached from that of the rich, can neither be solid nor lasting; so the interest of the rich, if separated from that of the poor, will be equally unproductive of the general good. The harmony of the world must arise from the operation of general principles common to all. And these general

principles must be either natural or acquired. That they are not natural is evident to every one, who has studied the history of mankind with any degree of attention. If then, they are acquired, the beneficial tendency of them will be more or less perceptible in proportion as they have been more or less diligently and forcibly impressed on the mind. Relieve men from the restraints of law, and we shall soon be able to form a proper judgment of their respect to principle. Public respect to principle was never at a lower ebb than it is at this moment in France. The education of the common people in that unhappy country, must have been miserably neglected, or they would not so nearly have resembled men in a state of nature as they have done. To qualify man for society is a necessary, a laborious, and an interesting undertaking; but leave him to himself, and he is, like all the rest of his species, who have degenerated from their original perfection, savage in his manners, cruel in his disposition, resolute in his undertakings, obstinate in his opinions, capricious in his attachments, and sanguinary in the pursuit of his objects. To him nothing is wrong that is agreeable to his inclinations. He has no standard by which to regulate his actions. He can neither rely on himself, nor can any one rely on him. In his perfect state he is the best of all animals. But, prevent him from obtaining knowledge, or, give him knowledge, and omit to exercise him in the application of it, and, if you place him beyond the reach of the law, you will find him, as Aristotle hath justly observed, the very worst of all animals. How greatly then doth it concern us to remove him as far as we possibly can from that state in which he is likely to be most hurtful and most mischievous! In which he is capable of doing the most essential harm, with the least probability of doing any real good! Let us then establish seminaries for the cultivation of morality, and for the encouragement of rectitude

rectitude of conduct ; and, in so useful and noble a cause, if we are not wanting in our own exertions and attentions, we may rest assured of success ; for every attempt that is made to maintain good works, to render mankind more perfect, to add to reason knowledge, and

to knowledge virtue, must be as pleasing and acceptable to God, as it will be interesting and beneficial to man.

SEMPER IDEM.

Sept. 24, 1793.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

On the CHARMS of NATURE.

September 13.

THERE are times when minds of fancy and sensibility wish to forget the world and its intercourses ; when the coarser speculations of politics ; when the studied amusements of Arts appear insipid, dry, or disgusting to them. Often as I have wandered in the solitude of the country ; as my senses have been touched with the beauty, the harmony, and the fragrance of every sight, and sound, and smell, I have felt

— “ *A sacred and home-felt delight,*
“ *A sober certainty of waking blis,*”*

that has seemed in truth to “ lap me in Elysium.” This is a mood which the history of wars, the vices of governments, the records of human follies, and human operations, would soon put to flight ; a mood, which calls for congenial subjects of contemplation : and such as that social spirit, which makes us double all our pleasures by communicating them, frequently induces the man of genius to furnish. I know too well how exposed these descriptions are to the ridicule of the dull and the hard-hearted, to whom they are as incomprehensible, as an unknown language. All the cant terms of contempt, by which affected elevation of sentiment, or tenderness of feeling, are expressed, are ever ready on their lips—and thus with the random raillery of a

* *Comus.*

parrot, they console their own stupidity, and are puffed up with their own supposed wit. Yet when images of delight are pressing on the fancy of those who have been in the habit of attending to the operations of their own minds, they feel such a temptation to delineate the picture that fascinates them, and to fix the passing visions of the brain, that prudence cannot always restrain them from incurring these perils. But how often has genius been nipped in the bud, by too great a sensibility of these withering blights ! For my part, I cannot behold, without emotion, the sinking sun behind the crimson clouds of the west ; I cannot behold, without emotion, the dewy rays of his rise, upon the harvest-field, and yellow stubbles ! Images how simple, how common, how often repeated ; yet how much beyond nauseating by repetition !—The serene splendor of a September morning ; the cheerfulness of the peasants abroad in the fields ; the loaded waggon moving among the shocks of corn ; the golden tint that just begins to touch the leaves of the trees ; form a scene, which expands the heart, and exalts the imagination, Sweet Thomson, of whom every fresh and frequent perusal, gives me encreasing delight, speaks so sublimely of the temper which these sights produce, that however known, I must introduce the passage:

“ He

"He comes, he comes! in every breeze the power

Of philosophic MELANCHOLY comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with every virtuous pang, declare!
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim Earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingle with the vulgar dream,
Croud fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high; devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment;
The love of nature unconfin'd, and chief
Of human race; the large ambitious wish
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering
worth,

Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the social offspring of the heart."

After such a passage as this, I cannot venture to add any thing of my own. And perhaps your pages may be too well-filled to allow room for more on a subject, so little congenial to the general taste. Should however this crude essay, finished without the time and opportunity, which I promised myself when I begun, be acceptable, you shall hear more from me in future.

IL PENSEROSO.

ENGLISH ANECDOTES.

— garrit aniles
Exre fabellas.

DR. MIDDLETON.

THIS learned and nervous writer left behind him in MS. a treatise against the use of prayer. He had not been long dead before Lord Bolingbroke waited upon the widow for a perusal of it. A learned and ingenious physician, no less the *Father of Physic* in this country, on account of his knowledge in that profession, than of his age, convinced in his own mind of the evil tendency of the MS. bought it of the widow, and destroyed it; his high sense of religion, and his piety in this instance, endeavouring to prevent the diseases and contagion of the mind, as his skill and philanthropy had often counteracted those of the body.

JOSIAH TUCKER, D. D.

Many people have supposed, said this acute and excellent politician, that trade is not compatible with religion. It is, adds he, quite the reverse; for whilst religion purifies the mind, trade keeps it employed. Bishop Warburton's Bon Mot respecting the

Dean, has, like most Bon Mots, more of point than of truth in it. The Dean's Sermons, in one volume octavo, are excellent from the quantity of thinking and of observation that they contain. The Dean too has written very ably upon several controversial points of Divinity.

The Dean had once the honour of beholding himself burnt in effigy before his own garden at Bristol, for some pamphlet which he had written, and which did not happen to please the mob of that city; not long afterwards, however, he had the honour to be carried through the streets in his carriage, drawn by men instead of horses. This excellent man might have cried out, with Horace—

Virtus repulsæ nescia fordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

Virtue serene nor ebbs nor flows,
Nor, when repuls'd, one pang bestows,
Secure in her own state;
Nor as the rabble smile or frown,
Assumes or lays aside the crown,
But leaves the whole to fate.

When Pope Alexander the Sixth was entering triumphantly some little town in Romagna, after the defeat of his

his competitor, to the Popedom, he observed the mob very busy in pulling down the statue of the unsuccessful candidate, and putting it upon a gibbet, he turning to his son, Cæsar Borgia, said very coolly, *Vides, mi fili, quantum distat inter statuam & patibulum*: Only see, my son, how small the distance is from a statue to a gallows. An excellent motto to the Dean's picture would be—

—Fatis aperit Cassandra futuris,
Ora (Dei jussu) non unquam credita
Teucris. VIRG.

In the present crude and unprincipled notions of Government that have appeared, and prevail at present, it would be surely very well worth while to reprint some of this excellent citizen's essays upon that very abstruse subject; but which, however unluckily for us, every cobbler and tinker thinks that he can settle.

Sublime Fortitude and Piety, exemplified in the Duke of Marlborough.

ON the morning of the battle of Blenheim he rose at four o'clock; he went into his coach with his chaplain Dr. Hare; they drew up the windows, and went to prayer; he then received the sacrament of the Lord's supper upon his knees. As soon as this act of worship was finished, he came out of his coach, mounted his horse, drew his sword, and said, "This day I conquer or die." As soon as the victory was gained, he tore a leaf out of his memorandum book, and wrote

with his pencil to his Ducheſs—
"This day we have pushed thirty squadrons of French horse into the Danube, I have taken thirty thousand prisoners, and have got Marshall Tallard, the Commander in Chief of the French army, safe in my coach." With this scrap of paper and another to the Queen, a courier rode off in full speed. After the campaign was over, the Duke told Dr. Burnet, one day at dinner, that he never saw more of God in his life, than he did that day.

Curious Anecdote of Cromwell.

THERE are several circumstances given relating to Oliver, which have been supposed prognostications of his future greatness; they have a tradition at Huntingdon, that when king Charles the First (then Duke of York) in his journey from Scotland to London, 1604, called in his way at Hinchinbroke-house, the seat of Sir Oliver Cromwell; that knight, to divert the young prince, sent for his nephew Oliver, that he, with his own sons, might play with his royal highness; but they had not been long together before Charles and Oliver disagreed, and as the former was then as weakly as the other was strong, it was no wonder that the royal visitant was worsted; and Oliver, even at this age, so little regarded dignity, that he made the royal blood flow in copious streams from the prince's nose: this was looked upon by some as a bad presage for that king when the civil wars commenced.

An affecting ACCOUNT of the SUFFERINGS of M. ST. MEARD,

From the 22d of August to the 4th of September 1792, on the 2d and 3d of which Month was perpetrated the dreadful Massacre of the Prisoners at Paris.

THE pamphlet from which this account is extracted, is entitled, 'My Agony of Thirty-eight hours; or, a Relation of what occurred to
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me, what I saw, and what I heard, during my Detention in the Prison of the Abbey St. Germain; from the 22d of August to the 4th September;
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by Jourgniac St. Meard, heretofore Captain-commandant of the King's Regiment of Infantry.—M. St. Meard's first chapter contains what passed during the fourteen hours that he was before the municipal committee of inspection. This committee had caused M. St. Meard to be arrested on the 22d of August. He was brought to the town-house at nine o'clock in the morning of that day, and remained there until eleven at night. Two persons, apparently members, ordered him to be conducted into the hall, and while one of them, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep, the other, after, telling him 'that they were all equal,' and desiring him to be seated, commenced his examination. It appeared, from the interrogatories, that he was suspected of having served with the emigrants on the frontiers, and also of having conducted a newspaper, entitled *Le Journal de la Cour & de la Ville*.

The second chapter relates to what passed during ten days that M. St. Meard was confined in the prison of the Abbey. Three soldiers, on his examination being closed, carried him to this prison; and soon after his arrival he was introduced into a large hall, which had formerly served as a chapel, and where he beheld nineteen persons lying upon beds composed of mats. The one assigned to him, had been occupied by M. Dangremont, whose head had been cut off two days before. That very afternoon, when they were about to sit down to table, M. Chantereine, colonel of the king's body guards, stabbed himself three different times with a knife, after having exclaimed, 'We are all destined to be massacred—My God, I am about to fly to thee!' He died in ten minutes afterward.—On the 23d, M. St. Meard employed himself in composing a memorial, in which he unmasked the turpitude of his denunciators; (accusers) he afterward found means to send copies of it to the minister of justice, the committee of inspection, the section in which he had resided, and to all those who might

interest themselves in his behalf.—About five o'clock, M. Durosoi, editor of the *Gazette de Paris*, was brought in. He embraced M. St. Meard, and then presented him with the following note, which he had just received from a lady greatly attached to him. 'My friend you must prepare yourself for death; you are condemned, and to-morrow—my heart is ready to burst; but you know what I promised you. Adieu!'—While he read this billet, the eyes of Durosoi were full of tears; and when he had concluded, that unfortunate gentleman cried out, 'Alas! she will suffer infinitely more than myself.' Next day his head was cut off at the guillotine. On the 25th, the commissaries of the prison permitted an evening paper to be introduced, and on this occasion, M. St. Meard read a paragraph, which, to his inexpressible sorrow, accused him of being the editor of an aristocratic journal. At midnight, a municipal officer entered and inscribed their names, and time of confinement, upon a register. On the 28th and 29th, a number of carriages arrived with more prisoners. On the 30th, at eleven o'clock at night, a person of about eighty years of age, who proved to be M. Cazoite, author of the poems of 'Olivier, le Diable amoureux, &c.' was introduced into their apartment. The ridiculous gaiety of this old man, and the mode of his address, which was after the eastern manner, helped to divert the prisoners, whom he attempted to persuade, by means of the history of Cain and Abel, that those in confinement were infinitely more happy, than they who enjoyed their liberty. He appeared to be exceedingly vexed that they did not seem to believe him; and, notwithstanding this, actually endeavoured to demonstrate to them, that their present situation was merely an emanation of the apocalypse.—On the 1st of September, three prisoners were liberated, who were much more astonished at their arrest, than at their deliverance from the Abbey, as they were the most zealous patriots in their respective sections.

The

The third chapter contains what M. St. Meard calls, 'The Commencement of my Agony of Thirty-eight Hours.'—On Sunday, the 2d of September, the jailor served up their dinner before the usual time; and this circumstance, together with his frightened air and haggard eyes, seemed to preface some sinister event. About two o'clock he returned again: the prisoners surrounded him, and asked a thousand questions, but he remained deaf to all their entreaties, and, after having carefully collected the knives which they had lately made use of, and ordered the nurse of a wounded officer to retire, he himself took his leave of them. In half an hour more, the frightful noise made by the people in the street was considerably augmented by the drums, by the firing of three pieces of cannon, and by the alarm bell, which rang in every quarter of the capital. The fears of the prisoners were greatly increased by the cries of the populace, who surrounded several coaches filled with persons intended for the Abbey, and exclaimed, that all the bishops and other ecclesiastics that had been penned up there, were massacred. Toward four o'clock, the piercing cries of a man, who was hacked in pieces by the cuts of a sabre, attracted the inhabitants of this dreary mansion toward the window, from which they perceived somebody lying dead on the pavement; a few minutes after, another was killed in the same manner, and several more in succession.

'It is impossible,' says M. St. Meard, 'to express the horror of that deep and gloomy silence which reigned during these executions, and which was only interrupted by the cries of those who were sacrificed, and by the blows of the sabre which fell upon their heads! The moment that they were murdered, a low and hollow murmur took place, reinforced by the sound of "vive la nation!" which was a thousand times more frightful to us than the former silence. In the interval between one massacre and another, we heard it uttered under our

windows—"Not one must escape; they must all be killed, more especially those in the chapel, where there are none but conspirators!"—It was of us that they spoke, and I believe that it will be entirely useless to observe, that we more than once envied the happiness of those, who were shut up in the most gloomy dungeons.'

At five o'clock, the name of M. Cazotte, who had been removed to another apartment, was called out. The moment that this venerable old man had left the prison, his daughter, a young woman of about nineteen years of age, precipitated herself upon the neck of her father, and the people, affected with this instance of filial affection, demanded and obtained his pardon.—At ten o'clock on Monday morning, the abbé l'Enfant, confessor to the king, and the abbé de Chapt-Raïgnac appeared in the gallery of the chapel, now converted into a prison, and, after announcing to their companions that their last moment was fast approaching, invited them to assemble round them, in order to receive their benediction. On this, they instantly fell on their knees, by a kind of instantaneous impulse, and complied with the request of these two venerable old men, who were massacred in half an hour after.—The prisoners then selected some of their companions, to repair to a turret which overlooked the street, in order to inform them of the manner in which the victims were put to death. These on their return related, that such as held their hands up suffered greater torments than those who presented themselves bodily to the executioner: this hint they all determined to profit by. Two things contributed greatly to comfort M. St. Meard, the first was a dream, during which he fancied that he was tried and absolved by the people; the second, a conversation with one of the national guards, whose favour he had acquired, by addressing him in his own provincial dialect.—At two o'clock in the afternoon, the prisoners received some water from the jailor, for the first time in twenty-

six hours, an omission on his part, which a federate would have avenged with his blood, but for the interposition of the sufferers.—After the death of a young officer, who appears to have endured great torture, on account of the bluntness of the executioner's sword, the people, who had hitherto been greatly agitated, became calm, and several voices cried out mercy ! mercy ! This circumstance seemed to infuse a glimmering of hope into the minds of those confined in the chapel. At ten o'clock, they were marshalled two and two, and conducted toward the tribunal where they were to be re-examined ; such indeed was M. St. Meard's good fortune, that by the kindness of the sentinel, before-mentioned, he was permitted to be present at two trials, a circumstance which contributed not a little to his advantage. After an agony of thirty-seven hours, infinitely more horrible than death, a wicket was opened, his name called out, and three men having seized him, he was dragged forward in order to receive his sentence.

The fourth chapter of this affecting account is entitled, ' The last Crisis of my Agony ;' which he thus relates : ' By means of the light of two torches, I perceived the terrible tribunal, which was about to pronounce either life or death upon me. The president, dressed in a grey coat, and having a sword by his side, was leaning against a table covered with papers, pens, ink, pipes, and bottles. This table was surrounded by ten persons, either sitting or standing, two of them were in waist-coats and aprons ; others slept upon the benches. Two men whose shirts were stained with blood, and whose hands were armed with sabres, guarded the door, while an old turnkey kept his hand upon the bolt. The moment that I was brought before this bloody and expeditious court, in presence of which the best protection was to be entirely destitute of any, and where all the resources of the imagination were of no effect, provided they were not founded upon truth, two of my guards took hold of my arms, while

the third seized me by the collar of my coat.'

The president having demanded his name and profession, and handed his commitment and accusation to the assistant judges, one of them intimated to the prisoner, that the least prevarication would ruin him. Having refused all the charges adduced against him, and proved that he was neither an emigrant, nor the editor of one of the aristocratic journals, one of the judges, or rather jurymen, addressed him thus :

' You say, sir, that you are neither this, nor that : what are you then ?

' Why, to tell you my mind frankly, I have been a royalist.

' Here a general murmur took place, which was miraculously appeased by one of the judges, who appeared to interest himself in my behalf, and who spoke word for word as follow :

" It is not in order to judge opinions, that we sit here ; it is to judge the actions that result from them."

' Scarcely had these precious words been uttered, when I exclaimed, " yes, gentlemen, I have been an open royalist, but I was never paid for being so. I have been a royalist, because I thought that a monarchical form of government was most congenial to my country ; because I loved the king freely, and on his own account."

' The murmur that now took place was more flattering than the former ; in short, the president, after having taken off his hat, addressed the tribunal as follows : " I do not see any cause of suspicion against this gentleman ; I therefore grant him his liberty. Is it your opinion ?" [all the judges] " yes ! yes ! it is but just !"

Scarce had the verdict of not guilty been pronounced, when every person in the apartment rose up and embraced the late prisoner. The president then sent a deputation to the people, to instruct them that St. Meard was acquitted.

The moment that it returned, M. St. Meard was desired to be covered, and to follow them. As soon as they entered

entered the street, one of them cried out, hats off! citizens, this is a person for whom your judges demand aid and assistance. On this, he was surrounded by a number of torches, and embraced by all who surrounded him, the spectators at the same time exclaiming 'vive la nation!' He was then escorted to his own house, by three persons appointed for the purpose; one was a mason, the second a journeyman wigmaker, the third a federate; and notwithstanding their situations seemed to be far from affluent, on being offered a pocket book full of assignats, they rejected it with disdain, exclaiming, 'we do not follow this trade for money! your friend there (pointing to a gentleman who had exerted himself for his preservation) has promised us a glass of brandy; we will drink it, and then return to our post.'

It is impossible to read this narrative, without remarking, that it bears evidence of a fact, hitherto unexampled perhaps in history; that of a frantic populace paying an implicit obedience to the sentence of a tribunal created and protected by themselves. Every thing indeed seems to prove, that men, who amid the delirium of excess were ever ready to interpose their clemency, in behalf of those pointed out to them as proper objects of mercy, could never have been urged to such outrageous violence, had not their passions been worked up to vengeance, by the arts of a few blood-thirsty and unrelenting miscreants.

MR. PITT, THE LATE LORD CHATHAM.

THE speech delivered by Mr. Pitt, shortly after he obtained a seat in the House of Commons, in answer to Sir Robert Walpole, the then Minister, is the most severe and energetic specimen of extemporaneous eloquence that the annals of oratory can furnish. The readers of the *Kentish Register* will, it is presumed, not think a page ill employed, when it presents them with this choice morsel. It is extracted from the *Life of the Earl of Chatham*, lately published in two volumes 4to.

On the 10th of March, 1740, Sir Charles Wager brought in a bill for the speedier manning the royal navy. Mr. Pitt spoke against the bill in very severe terms, which produced an answer from *Mr. Walpole*, who in the course of it said,

"Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and unexperienced; and perhaps the Hon. Gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory, by conversing more with those of his own age, than

with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments:" And made use of some expressions, such as vehemence of gesture, theatrical emotion, &c. applying them to Mr. Pitt's manner of speaking. As soon as Mr. Walpole sat down, Mr. Pitt got up and replied.

"The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the Honourable Gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate, or deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

"Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have past away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided.

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The wretch that, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obduracy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults.

" Much more is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

" But youth is not my only crime, I have been accused of acting a theatrical part—a theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

" In the first sense the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition, yet to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint nor very solicitously copy his diction, or his mein, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall by charging me with theatrical behaviour imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain, nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves; I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

" But with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that

if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder. And if the Honourable Gentleman——"

[Here he was called to order by Mr. Winnington, who reprehended him in very illiberal terms, and was proceeding in the same strain when Mr. Pitt in turn called Mr. Winnington to order] and said,

" If this be to preserve order, there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongue; for what calumny can be more atrocious, or what reproach more severe, than that of speaking with regard to any thing but truth. Order may sometimes be broken by passion, or inadvertency, but will hardly be re-established by monitors like this, who cannot govern his own passion, whilst he is restraining the impetuosity of others.

" Happy would it be for mankind if every one knew his own province; we should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge; nor would this gentleman assume the right of dictating to others what he has not learned himself.

" That I may return in some degree the favour which he intends me, I will advise him never hereafter to exert himself on the subject of order, but whenever he finds himself inclined to speak on such occasions, to remember how he has now succeeded, and condemn in silence what his censures will never perform."

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

AGRICULTURAL REMARKS.

IT may be reasonably expected, that we have in England plants which are not only well adapted to the climate, but, if improved by culture, might yield very useful crops, and being natives might remain green all the winter, and thereby prove very beneficial to ewes and lambs in the spring.—Such plants may be easily distinguished in sheep pastures, by their being ate by the sheep, so that they cannot grow to ripen their seed. Thus it was, that the great Linnæus discovered, that the fescue was very agreeable to sheep, and thence called it *sheep fescue*. This plant may be easily cultivated by gathering the seed in summer, and sowing it in spring. Such a plant is Burnet, which is not only a native, but preserves its verdure all the winter, and grows while the winter is mild. As this plant has hitherto been much neglected, I shall, I hope, be excused in quoting two gentlemen as evidences of its merit, as they are of such character as well deserve to be credited.

The first I shall mention was the Rev. Mr. Lamb, a most worthy Clergyman, who lived near Stratford, in Essex. He took up the culture of burnet, when it was first proposed by Mr. Rocque, of Waltham-Green, as a proper food for sheep. He found that it will thrive in the dryer situations, but will not, as may be expected, yield so plentiful a crop as on a richer soil. It is usually sown in broad cast; but the crop, when sown in this manner, is very uncertain; for, if sown too thick, the plants will starve one another, and, if sown too thin, the natural grass will rise in such plenty, that it will, for the same reason, chafe the burnet to such a degree, that they will never grow so large as when they are transplanted at due distances. If they are thus kept

free from weeds, they will soon grow so bushy as to stubble grass or other weeds; and, if some appear, they may be pulled up by hand. It is therefore much more advisable to sow the seed in a nursery, and transplant them in the month of August. In the month of October they may be fed by young lambs. After the winter they will bear being fed by sheep or cattle. The ground may be harrowed in spring, to loosen the surface of it, that it may the better admit the warmth and rain, and as it has a tap root, the harrows cannot hurt the plants. In the spring Mr. Lamb turned in his ewes, lambs, and calves. He expected that the young plants would scour them, but there was not the least appearance of it, and they throve exceedingly. Cows fed on it gave more, and thought better, milk than on any other pasture. The cream and butter were better than from the milk of cows fed on the richest meadows; in very dry weather the burnet flourished, and grew away as if it had a shower every week. It yielded three loads of hay, and thirty bushels of seed, on the acre; though this hay was stalky, the cattle eat readily after it was thrashed. Judge then, concludes he, the value of a plant which brings three loads of hay, and three bushels of seed, at two cuttings.

Christopher Baldwin, esq. of Clapham, in Surry, planted four acres of land with young plants of burnet; and, notwithstanding the uncommon drought of the summer, it grew well, and the verdure of the plant was really beautiful. As burnet tastes of cucumbers, I was afraid, says he, it might give a disagreeable taste to the milk, but it did not. It gave him great pleasure, that in a few days the quantity of milk was much increased, and the flavours of the cream and butter

butter were better than he had ever tasted from the richest pastures. The cows and horses having fed down the field, it was hard and harrowed, nor did he find that the burnet was in the least hurt by the harrows. The cows had not been more than six days before they gave double the usual quantity of milk. It having been said that sheep would not eat it, he sent to two of his neighbouring farmers for their flocks of sheep. They followed the sheep into the field, who, having all fed greedily on it, were sent home. In the autumn, Mr. Baldwin and a neighbouring gentleman purchased some Welsh sheep for their own use. Mr. Baldwin turned his sheep into the burnet field, where they continued very quietly and thrived well. His neighbour turned his sheep into a turnip field with some good grass. The Welsh sheep made nothing of overleaping his hedges, and were every morning to be collected in the adjacent fields. Whereupon he desired that his neighbour's sheep might be turned into his field, to try whether they would rest there: from their entering into it, they remained quietly in it; and though the gate was left open, none of either parcel attempted their escape. Mr. Baldwin, not having occasion for so much mutton in his own family, sold some of his sheep to a butcher in Clapham. The mutton of these sheep was so well relished by those who purchased it, that they offered the butcher an advanced price, if he could procure them some more of the same kind.

The following circumstance has led me to propose a course of managing the burnet different from what these gentlemen have mentioned. Having had, some years ago, an occasion of visiting General Elliot, lately created Lord Heathfield, in the month of July, on a very drouthy summer, at his seat in Suffex, I was surprised to find the lawn round his house of a beautiful green colour, when almost every blade of grass as I went from London was burnt up. The wonder ceased when I was informed that a

flock of sheep were every morning admitted to feed on the lawn till noon, when they were driven off into another field. As soon as the sheep were gone, a boy with a basket and broom, gathered up all the sheeps dung; and then the lawn was fit to receive company.

This effect suggested to me a hint of dividing the field of burnet into two parts. One part to be fed down by the sheep during the summer; while the other half was permitted to stand for hay, and to be fed after the hay was carried off. Next summer I would feed the latter half, thereby to enrich the ground, and the other half bear a crop of hay, and to feed during the autumn. By this method the ground will be kept in good heart. When the burnet is cut for hay, the roots of the stems on which the seed ripened remain, and might hurt the noses of the sheep when feeding on it. As the burnet shoots from the root, these stems are of no farther use, and may therefore be bruised by a roller.

On the North-West corner of Clapham Common, wild camomile grows in plenty among the grass. I observed, in passing that way, that the grass was ate very close by the sheep, being, I suppose, induced thereto by the camomile. On the same account, sheep may be very fond of millefoil, as I heard observed by the late Lord Elibank.

Let me here mention another circumstance, to be carefully observed in all sheep-pastures, as tending greatly to their health, and especially in preventing the rot, so pernicious to sheep in rainy seasons. Their pastures should be kept free from stagnant water, by making proper drains to carry it off. Springs frequently rise near the surface, especially in the declivities of rising grounds or of hills, and, pouring forth but little water, do not at all times break the surface. Yet the moisture gives birth to a coarse grass, which, by degrees, gives birth to a kind of quagmire. All rising of water should be kept clear. Such springs are frequently lined with

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some mineral or acid, which renders them disagreeable to sheep and cattle. Such should, if possible, be carried off in hollow drains, or kept clear in their channels. If it happens that the sides of eminences are kept damp by water lodging under the surface of the earth, the channels for keeping them dry may be carried diagonally to the declivity.

I wish here to recommend the more frequent culture of another plant, the use of which, if sufficiently attended to, would be a sufficient recommendation. It has been long a custom in Brittany to raise parsnips in their fields as food for cattle. They reckon a crop of it of equal value with a crop of wheat, for they afford an excellent and wholesome food to cattle during the winter, and may be used to great advantage to fatten them. Their

hogs have scarce any other food during that season. The cows fed on parsnips give more and better milk than with any other winter food, and that milk will yield excellent butter; cattle eat them raw at first, but, if they begin not to relish them, they should be cut into pieces, and boiled as directed for potatoes. They will then eat them greedily. They require a deep mellow soil, that their roots may pierce deep. The seed may be sown in February, as it does not spring soon, in rows eight inches asunder, and the plants six inches, which distances will afford them room to grow to a large size; and kept free from weeds, and the earth be sometimes loosened between them with a hoe.

Your's, &c.

AGRICOLA.

REVIEW of the AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS.

MR. THOMAS PAINE and others, discontented with the English constitution, have insidiously misrepresented the form of government adopted by America. But the truth is, there is none of his wild Rights of Man in any of the United States. Property, and not adu'tage only, being the qualification for voting, or for governing; a man of no fortune, however great may be his talents, cannot there have the privilege of being an elector, much less of being one of the elected. All that America has done by separating from this country, was in throwing off our supremacy, while they have wisely retained the spirit of our constitution, in every one of the United States. Some of them have made no alteration whatever in their government, since their dominion under the mother country; others have done it but very trivially, and, in all, they have regarded our Constitution as the model of perfec-

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tion, and have consequently made very slight deviations from it.

In their Assemblies they follow the rules of our House of Commons; and for the administration of justice, they have courts similar to our King's Bench Court, the Common Pleas, Chancery, &c. even to our Sheriffs torn.

Great Britain established in all her colonies popular governments, by instituting assemblies in each to be elected by the people.

Of these governments there were three kinds: a charter government, a proprietary government, and a royal government.

CHARTER GOVERNMENTS.

Of this kind were the governments of Connecticut and Rhode Island. The powers of legislation were vested in a governor, council, and assembly, all chosen by the people; and they have made no alteration in either of those governments, since the revolution!

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PROPRIETARY GOVERNMENTS.

Such were the governments of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and originally of New Jersey and Carolina. In these governments, the Proprietor was Governor, and the Assembly chosen by the people.

ROYAL GOVERNMENTS.

Of these there were Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, New-York, New-Jersey, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia. In those governments, the Governor and Council were appointed by the Crown, and the Assembly by the people.

From this sketch of the old American constitutions, it evidently appears, that in the Royal Governments, the people chose their Assembly, or House of Commons; that in the Proprietary Governments their power was as great, if not greater; and that in the Chartered Governments, *the people had all the power*; and it will likewise appear in the course of this review, that all their present constitutions are founded, nay borrowed from the old chartered governments granted to them by the different Sovereigns of Great Britain.

No nation but Britain, ever established colonies with such an ample portion of freedom, and almost totally independent of the mother country. By their CONSTITUTIONS granted by the BRITISH SOVEREIGNS, they had all the privileges of BRITONS without contributing their share to that load of debt, which had been incurred for PRESERVING THE LIBERTIES OF BOTH.

If AMERICA, in her INFANCY, breathed but a want, or even a wish, the purse of generous ENGLAND was ever ready and open. Were colleges to be founded for the instruction of her youth—were necessaries required for her agriculture, or clothing for her sons—had any misfortunes whatever befallen her—subscriptions were set on foot—sums granted by Parliament, collections made at the churches, and the three kingdoms were raised into a ferment of pity for poor America!

It was thus, that the fostering hand of liberal Britain administered to her necessities, and afforded her every supply to clear her bosom of its immense woods, and to protect her from the Indians; and lay that foundation of her present wealth, and future greatness;—while our Sovereigns by their CHARTERS, that allowed her a popular representation, ESTABLISHED her FREEDOM on the most solid basis.

Had America, when she cut the slender hair that bound her to the gentle yoke of BRITAIN, tore up, at the same time, all the constitutions that she blessed her with, and adopted the insane LIBERTY and EQUALITY of the French, MURDER, RAPINE, and DESOLATION only, would have ensued. She would have sunk back into a more wild state of nature than the Aborigines; and have exhibited, at this day, nothing but an immense wilderness of savages on the continent, and Buccaneers on the ocean.

But America had more sagacity. If she possessed not gratitude for the immense favours received at the hands of Britain, so as to give freely some remunerations for her existence, for her support, and for her protection, she had certainly the prudence not to throw away those benefits, for which her avarice would not permit her to pay! Amongst these were, HER CONSTITUTIONS.

The Revolution made very little alteration in them, as the preachers of anarchy in Europe, would make the ignorant believe. To set all clearly right in this point, is the INTENTION of these LETTERS. It will be seen in the course of them, that the present CONSTITUTIONS of AMERICA, are much the same, as when they were British colonies; from which may be gathered this important truth and this salutary lesson, that the BRITISH CONSTITUTION is the best practicable system of government that can be framed for the happiness of such an imperfect being, as vain, erring, rational MAN!

Let us then give BACON great credit for this philosophic remark, to
check

check the sanguinary *Constitution-makers* of the present day, that our government is not framed so much by the wisdom of men, as the peculiar providence of God.

"It is not to be conceived (says he) that the wisest of our ancestors saw the idea of this government; nor was it any where in precedent, but in him that determined the same from eternity; for as no nation can shew more variety and inconstancy in the government than this: so reason cannot

move imagination, that these wheels by divers, if not contrary motions, could ever conspire into this temperature of policy, were there not some *primum mobile*, that hath ever kept one constant motion in all; and, therefore, more than probable it is, that the utmost perfection of this nether world's best government consists in the upholding of a due proportion of several interests, compounded into temperature."

[To be continued.]

Biographical Sketch of the Life and Character of

DR. WILLIAM HARVEY,

A Native of Kent; the eminent Physician, who discovered the Circulation of the Blood.

THIS great man was born in the town of Folkestone, in 1578, being the eldest of seven sons of Thomas Harvey, gent. of that place. He received the first part of his education at the grammar-school in Canterbury, whence he removed to Gonvill and Caius college, Cambridge, where he pursued the study of physic five years; then for his further improvement, he travelled through France and Germany, to Padua, at that time the most famous seminary for physicians in Europe, where, in 1602, he was created doctor of physic and chirurgery. On his return to England, he took the degree of M. D. at Cambridge, into which he was afterwards incorporated at Oxford. He was physician both to King James and King Charles I. and faithfully adhered to the royal cause during the troubles. In 1645 he was elected warden of Merton college, and in 1654 president of the college of physicians in London; but his age and weakness were then so great that he declined the latter honour, and recommended the college to choose Dr. Pringle.

Soon after his first admission into

the college of physicians, he was appointed lecturer of anatomy and chirurgery; and in these lectures he opened his discovery relating to the circulation of the blood; which, after a variety of experiments, he communicated to the world in his *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis*. In 1651 he published his *Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium*, a very curious work; but it would have been more so, had not his papers been destroyed during the civil wars. He built a public hall, a library, and a museum, in Warwick-lane, for the use of the society; and in 1656, as he had no children, he settled his paternal estate in Kent upon the college. This year he was present at the first feast, instituted by himself, to be continued annually, together with a commemoration speech in Latin, to be spoken on the 18th of October, in honour of the benefactors to the college; he having appointed a handsome stipend for the orator, and also for the keeper of the library and museum, which are still called by his name.

He died in 1657, aged 80, and was buried in the vault of his family at the church of Hemsted in

Essex,

Essex, where there is a monument, with his bust in marble, erected to his memory.

Mr. Hasted, in his account of Dr. Harvey, gives this note. "The following circumstantial account of the death of this eminent man, I believe, is little known beyond his family, but is related on the authority of a clergyman of this county, who was assured of the fact of it by the late Eliab Harvey, esq. barrister-at-law, a descendant of the doctor's younger brother, of that name. Dr. Harvey was ever afraid of becoming blind: early one morning, for he always rose early, his housekeeper coming into his chamber to call him, opened the window shutters, told him the hour, and asked if he would not rise. Upon which he asked if she had opened the shutters? she replied, yes—then shut them again—she did so—then open them again—but still the effect was the same to him, for he had awaked stone blind. Upon which he told her to fetch him a bottle, (which she herself had observed to stand on a shelf in his chamber for a long

time,) out of which he drank a large draught, and it being a strong poison, which it is supposed he had long before prepared and set there for this purpose, he expired within three hours after."

This great physician had the happiness, in his life-time, to find the clamours of ignorance, envy, and prejudice, against his doctrine, totally silenced, and to see it universally established. It has by length of time been more and more confirmed, and every man now sees and knows it from his own experience. It appears to be of the utmost importance in medicine; as it is perhaps impossible to define health and sickness better, than that the one is a free, and the other an obstructed, perspiration.

Dr. Harvey (continue his biographers) was not only an excellent physician, but an excellent man; his modesty, candour, and piety, were equal to his knowledge; the farther he penetrated into the wonders of nature, the more he was inclined to venerate the author of it!

* Mr. H. has been much blamed for inserting this on insufficient authority: and it has not obtained belief.—O.—

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

INGENUITY of a COOK-MAID—A REAL FACT.

GENTLEMEN,

I Find your Register admits of miscellaneous articles, especially of those which have some reference to the county of Kent. The subject I wish to introduce may be perhaps insignificant to many, but as you have many palates to please, variety may be acceptable. If you think the following not unworthy of insertion, please to insert it. I can assure you it is founded on fact.

Mrs. Betty, cookmaid to ——— not many miles from Dartford, received a letter from a person at a little distance with proposals of marriage.

Betty, incapable of reading or writing, had asked a fellow servant to inform her of the contents of the letter: she did so—but unluckily for poor Betty, she did not prove so faithful a confidant as she ought, by exposing the purport of the letter to her friends and acquaintance. Betty had seen the man and liked him; unwilling to remain single, and as unwilling through modesty to convey her acquiescence through the hands of a third person; she, after much cogitation, desired her fellow servant to direct a blank letter to the suitor; when she was in possession

session of the cover, she, unknown to her secretary, inclosed a MATCH in it, and had it transmitted to her admirer. The man, readily comprehended her meaning, re visited, and soon led the complying damsel to the altar.

As I have favoured you with the story, I hope you will indulge me to comment upon it. I have often told this anecdote to my friends, as a proof that a natural sagacity will often assist us in rubbing through difficulties, which an acquired scientific knowledge, *when mis-applied*, will not enable us to do: as a testimony of this remark, I must subjoin that I have heard of a poor love-sick swain, who

could not carry his point, notwithstanding he addressed his Dulcinea in the following strain: "Have pity upon me, my angel—you, who have reduced me by your refusal from the zenith of happiness to the nadir of misery—me, who have loved you from the oriental rising of the sun to the occidental setting of the same, &c. &c."

I will not take up your time in desiring you to insert more of this rhapsodical epistle, but leave it to your readers to draw a proper conclusion from it.

I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.

Y.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

SIRS,

October 12, 1793.

IN answer to the attack of your democratic correspondent, who signs himself *A Lover of Freedom*, (p. 65, 66) I shall only transcribe a passage from Mr. *Burke*, whom he affects to despise as under the influence of royalty; a state trick, by which revolutionists ever attempt to depreciate the opinions of those who differ from them. "The government in France," says that profound writer, "though usually, and I think justly, reputed the best of the unqualified or ill-qualified monarchies, was still full of abuses. These abuses accumulated in a length of time, as they must accumulate in every monarchy not under the constant inspection of a popular representative. I am no stranger to the faults and defects of the subverted government of France; and I think I am not inclined by nature or policy to make a panegyric upon any thing, which is a just and natural object of censure. But the question is not now of the vices of that government, but of its existence. Is it then true that the French government was such as to be inca-

pable, or undeserving of reform; so that it was of absolute necessity the whole fabric should be at once pulled down, and the area cleared for the erection of a theoretic experimental edifice in its place? All France was of a different opinion in the beginning of the year 1789. The instructions to the representatives to the *States-General*, from every district in that kingdom, were filled with projects for the reformation of that government, without the remotest suggestion of a design to destroy it. Had such a design been even then insinuated, I believe there would have been but one voice, and that voice for rejecting it with scorn and horror. Men have been sometimes led by degrees, and sometimes hurried into things, the whole of which, if they could have seen together, they never would have permitted the most remote reproach. When these instructions were given, there was no question but that abuses existed, and that they demanded a reform, nor is there now. In the interval between the instructions

" and

“ and the revolution, things changed
 “ their shape; and in consequence of
 “ that change, the true question at
 “ present is: *Whether those, who*
 “ *would have reformed, or those, who*
 “ *have destroyed, are in the right?*”

THE AUTHOR of the LETTERS
 on the FRENCH REVOLUTION.

LETTER III.

On the French Revolution.

THE Parliament of Paris, grown every day bolder from concession, were little satisfied with the recall of the Duke of Orleans, and the other members; while the principle of the authority on which the King had acted remained in force. On the 4th of January, 1788, they passed several resolutions, violently declaring and enlarging the principles laid down in their former remonstrances; and on the 17th they were sent for to Versailles, and there received from the King a spirited and resolute answer to their remonstrance, which however produced but little effect; while they continued by reiterated resolutions, and new forms of language, to seduce the inflamed minds of the people with their thread-bare arguments. Thus stood matters at this awful period: the fire of rebellion spread wider, and mounted higher every day: and France, and indeed all Europe, looked with solicitude to the event of the contest. At this moment a circumstance occurred which threw the whole kingdom into a ferment. The President of the Parliament of Thoulouse having, towards the end of March, refused with the rest of the Court, to register the late tax of the two twentieths, notice was sent to the King, who immediately ordered a *lettre de cachet* to be issued against him, which was dispatched to the Count de Perigord, Governor-General of the Province of Languedoc, with orders for him immediately to serve it on the President. In consequence of which M. de Catalan was arrested, and sent prisoner to

* Burke's Reflections, p. 187, 188, 189.

Loudres, an old castle at the foot of the Pyrennean mountains. This was probably the step, which more immediately excited the Parliament to the fresh remonstrance, which took place on the 11th of April, wherein they pretended to trace the foundation of the King's prerogative, and the manner in which his predecessors had been restrained when attempting to infringe on the privileges of the subject. They, in particular, declare the royal conduct, on the 19th of November, a direct infringement of the Constitution, and an attempt to establish despotism. The King, in an answer equally spirited, on April 17th, says: ‘ I have read your remonstrances, and it is my purpose to answer with that spirit of decision, that you may not doubt of my intentions, nor suffer yourselves to act in opposition to them. It was very needless indeed to speak to me of the law, of the nature of enregistering, or the liberty of giving, your suffrages. When I hold my Parliament, it is to hear a discussion of the law, and to obtain the necessary information to guide my judgment upon the business of enregistering. Such was my conduct the 19th of last November. I then paid a due attention to all your opinions; nor is it necessary to assume them, but when I assist at your deliberations. The plurality of voices does nothing more than inform me of the result of your opinions. When I am present, I judge for myself. If the plurality of voices in my courts should forcibly direct my will, the monarchy would be no more than an aristocracy of magistrates, as contrary to the rights and interests of the nation, as those of the sovereign power. That would be indeed a strange constitution of government, which would reduce the will of the King to submit to that of his ministers, and subject the sovereign power to as many different determinations as there have been deliberations in the various courts of justice in the kingdom. It becomes me to gua-

‘ rantee

' rantee the nation from such a mis-
 ' fortune. Every thing was perfectly
 ' according to law in the sittings of
 ' the 19th of November last. The
 ' deliberations were complete because
 ' all your opinions were heard,
 ' your voices were not collected be-
 ' cause I was present, the plurality of
 ' votes need not be known when it is
 ' without power. There was an arret,
 ' because when I held my Parliament,
 ' either on a matter of administration
 ' or legislation, there may be an
 ' arret, but such only as I command
 ' to be pronounced. I therefore re-
 ' prove you for your arrets, and
 ' prohibit you from a repetition of
 ' them. To destroy an error, which
 ' I am inclined to attribute to a
 ' moment of surprize or illusion, is
 ' to purify and not to alter your re-
 ' gisters. For how many salutary
 ' laws, which daily form the rules of
 ' your judgment is France indebted
 ' to the authority of her kings! who
 ' have not only ordered them to be
 ' registered without any attention to
 ' the plurality of voices, but in op-
 ' position to it, and in defiance of re-
 ' sisting parliaments. These princi-
 ' ples ought to rule your conduct;
 ' and I shall not suffer the least devia-
 ' tions from them.'

In this answer it cannot be denied
 that there is much of the spirit of de-
 spotic power. But great allowance is
 to be made for the continual provoca-
 tions the king had received; and the
 little good that concessions had hitherto
 produced: and it must be remembered,
 that the parliament had in their re-
 monstrance, by distorted precedents
 and fallacious arguments, attempted
 to found upon ancient usages, a power,
 which they clearly usurped but lately;
 and that if they chose to put the rights
 they claimed upon such an issue, the
 King, whose benevolence would have
 granted any thing that might conduce
 to the happiness of his people, was un-
 doubtedly right, and asserted nothing
 that the ancient form of the constitu-
 tion did not warrant. Whereas the
 veto on his edicts which they assumed,
 put into their hands an inordinate

power, in direct overturn of his so-
vereignty.

Both parties had now therefore
 stated in most definite terms their sup-
 posed rights, which were so diametri-
 cally opposite, as left little hope of an
 amicable settlement of the contest.
 All public business was now at a stand;
 when a rumour spread, that the King's
 printing offices at Versailles had for
 some time been completely guarded
 by centinels at every avenue; and up-
 wards of an hundred additional hands
 employed. Suspensions instantly occu-
 pied the mind of the nation; a gene-
 ral alarm and agitation took place;
 and M. d'Espremenil, an active and
 eminent member of parliament, is
 said to have discovered the secret,
 which was a project for a new system
 of government, and to have obtained
 a copy of the new code, as far as
 printed. This discovery caused the
 immediate meeting of parliament on
 the 3d of May, when they entered
 into a resolution expressive of their
 suspicions; and of their determina-
 tion to withstand what they call the
 arbitrary and destructive intentions of
 innovation. This conduct however
 drew down the resentment of the
 Court: on the night of the 4th and
 5th the King issued his orders to
 arrest M. d'Espremenil, and M. Mon-
 sambert, another active member; but
 before the orders could be put into
 execution, they had both escaped;
 yet returned on the same evening to
 the palais; and the next morning at-
 tended in their places at the parlia-
 ment, which was convened on this
 account. In this assembly a fresh and
 violent remonstrance was framed
 against the proceeding, which was
 ordered to be presented to the king
 by a deputation of their body. But
 on this deputation announcing them-
 selves to his Majesty, he refused to
 receive them, and immediately or-
 dered a regiment of guards to surround
 the palais, and to suffer no person to
 depart. M. Degout, commander of
 a regiment, shortly after entered the
 chamber, where the Parliament was
 sitting, and in the King's name de-
 manded

manded the two magistrates whom he had ordered to be arrested, but who had escaped, to be delivered up to him. A silence ensued for some time, and no one would point them out; when the President of the Parliament said, with the acclamations of the whole court, that every person present was a d'Espremenil, and a Monsambert, and that the Court coincided with their opinion. On this M. Degout returned to his Majesty to receive fresh instructions; and the Parliament remained locked up, and surrounded by the guards for twenty hours, before any answer was returned; so infirm and indecisive was the ministerial conduct. On M. Degout's return, he summoned the assembly, and desired them to point out M. d'Espremenil, and Monsambert, on pain of being guilty of high treason. These members then requested the permission of the court to deliver themselves up. The former was then conducted to the state prison of St. Marguerite, in one of the islands near Toulon; and Monsambert to the *Pierre Encise*.

But the Parliament, knowing the strength of the faction without doors, by whom they were supported, felt themselves little intimidated by these things: on the 7th they drew up a new address to be presented to his Majesty at the assembly of the *Bed of Justice* the next day: the principal grievance, not before insisted on, was the investing the seat of justice with an armed force, and the arrest of their two members,

On the 8th, therefore, on the King's entering the court, the President delivered him the remonstrance; which opens with asserting that the parliament is confirmed, by every proceeding of the entire innovation, which is aimed at in the system of monarchy; which afterwards asserts that the efforts that have been made to conceal truth from the king's knowledge but too plainly indicate the changes in the constitution, which the enemies of magistracy have endeavoured to effect since 1771; and adds, 'that the

' French nation, sire, will never adopt
' the despotic measures which you
' are advised to, and whose effects
' alarm the most faithful of your magistrates.'

On opening the Bed of Justice in the assembly of *Notables*, his Majesty, preparatory to the introduction of his reforms, made the following answer:

' It is now twelve months past, that
' my Parliament of Paris has continued to commit the greatest excesses.
' Its members have not only endeavoured to place themselves on a level
' with my authority, but they have even dared to assert, that no act had
' force, if not enregistered. They
' have declared that they were not
' obliged to do it, although the nation suffered by their refusal. The
' provincial Parliaments have followed
' their example in their pretensions,
' and undertakings; the consequence
' has been that the most necessary
' laws have not been executed; that
' all the most useful operations of government have been stopped, and
' that public credit is diminished;
' that justice has been suspended;
' and in short that national tranquillity
' has been overthrown. The suppression of these excesses is what I
' owe to my subjects; to myself, and
' to my successors. I might have punished them, but I rather chose to
' prevent their effects. I have been
' obliged to punish a few of the magistrates; but though it was indispensable, I have done it with reluctance. I will not then annihilate
' my parliament; but I will bring
' them back to their duty, and the
' limits of their institution. I mean
' to avail myself of converting this
' momentary tempest to a salutary
' epocha for my people; to begin the
' reformation of judicial proceedings
' by the tribunals, on which they are
' to be founded; to procure justice
' to be rendered in a more expeditious,
' and less expensive manner, to entrust
' the nation with the exercise of its
' lawful rights, which ought always
' to be conciliated to mine. I will,

' more-

‘ moreover, establish in every part
 ‘ of my kingdom, that unity of system,
 ‘ without which a great state is always
 ‘ weakened by the number and extent
 ‘ of its territories. The order I mean
 ‘ to maintain is not new; there was
 ‘ but one parliament when PHILIP
 ‘ THE FAIR fixed it at Paris. A
 ‘ large state should have but ONE
 ‘ KING, ONE LAW, and ONE
 ‘ POWER TO ENREGISTER
 ‘ ACTS. Tribunals with a limited
 ‘ power shall superintend the majority
 ‘ of law-suits; the parliaments, those
 ‘ of more important consequences. A
 ‘ single court of judicature for the
 ‘ deposit of all the common law of
 ‘ the kingdom; and which shall be
 ‘ charged with the enregisterment.
 ‘ In short, a general assembly of the
 ‘ states, to assemble not only once,
 ‘ but every time the state of affairs
 ‘ shall require it. Such is the restora-
 ‘ tion, which my love for my people
 ‘ has prepared, and consecrated this
 ‘ day for their happiness, which is
 ‘ my only desire. My keeper of the
 ‘ seals will deliver you my intention
 ‘ more at length.’

M. Lamoignon, keeper of the seals, now made a speech, preliminary to the introduction of the new code, which was so voluminous, as to fill a quarto volume of more than 400 pages. The first ordinance announced his Majesty’s orders for the better administration of justice; the second for the suppression of those inferior courts, whose undefined powers caused perpetual perplexity and litigations; the functions of these were now to be discharged by superior tribunals: the third contained an excellent reform in the course of criminal justice: the fourth, announced the king’s determination to reduce the number of members of the parliament of Paris, from 120, to 67; an ordinance, which affected this body so deeply, as never to be forgiven: it was, however, founded on the celebrated act of Louis XI. of Oct. 21, 1497, which is very explicit: the fifth, of all others the most odious to the parliament, and which of course excited the highest opposition and

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alarm, was the establishment of the COUR PLENIERE, a supreme assembly, or tribunal, to be composed of Princes of the blood; peers of the realm; great officers of the crown; the clergy; marshal of France, and other qualified persons; governors of provinces; knights of the different orders; a deputation of one from each parliament; members of council; and two members from the chambers of accounts, and supply: to be called together, when the state of affairs should require it: the sixth, his Majesty’s pleasure that the parliament should be prorogued, till he had settled the mode of their future proceedings.

The parliament heard these proposals with profound silence, and the king on his departure broke up the court. But the next day (the 9th) that body met, and as early as seven o’clock in the morning entered their protest, asserting that their acceptance of them would be contrary to their duty, their oath, and their fidelity. But these schemes had also to contend with an unexpected opposition; several peers also sent a letter to the king protesting against them: the same day, however, the king convened the parliament a second time, and made the following speech,

‘ Gentlemen,

‘ I made you yesterday acquainted
 ‘ with my will, and I now call you to-
 ‘ gether again to confirm it. I shall
 ‘ continue to persist in the execution
 ‘ of a plan, which has for its object
 ‘ the general tranquility of the king-
 ‘ dom, and the welfare of my people;
 ‘ I rely on your zeal and fidelity for
 ‘ the good of my service, when I
 ‘ shall have fixed on proper persons
 ‘ to compose my supreme assembly.
 ‘ I shall call you together before the
 ‘ ordinary time of your sitting, if the
 ‘ good of the service, and the necessity
 ‘ of the state require it.’

The same evening at 8 o’clock the parliament again met at Versailles, and delivered in the following memorial:

‘ The members of the court persist
 ‘ in all their resolutions, particularly

P

‘ in

‘ in that of the 3d of May: they
 ‘ further protest, and again declare,
 ‘ that they will not assist at any deli-
 ‘ berations in the supreme assembly
 ‘ which his Majesty is about to insti-
 ‘ tute. That it is not in their power
 ‘ to deliver this protest to the person,
 ‘ whose former province it was to re-
 ‘ ceive it, and fearing that it will not
 ‘ be presented to his Majesty, they
 ‘ have charged one of their members
 ‘ to carry it to a notary, in order that
 ‘ it may be formally deposited; and
 ‘ they have given him orders to print
 ‘ off as many copies as may be neces-
 ‘ sary to make it publicly known
 ‘ and authentic.’

The spirit of this remonstrance is such, as to leave no doubt of the temper of those, who made it; and the care of publication shews on whom they relied for support. But while they were thus employed, at Versailles, their place of meeting at Paris, was carried by a *Coup de Main*. For the governor of that city properly attended, proceeded to the Palais Royal, where entering the different chambers and opening the presses and bureaus, he took possession of all the papers and archives of every kind appertaining to the parliament; and this business being finished, after locking and clapping the King’s seal upon the doors, he carried away the keys. All the other parliaments in the kingdom were about the same time suspended from their functions, and forbidden under the severest penalties from re-assembling, from holding any private meetings, or from issuing any resolutions or opinions whatever upon public affairs.

The *Chatelet*, a court next in authority and rank in the parliament, were so little terrified by this, that (on the 16th) after a sitting of 36 hours, they issued an *arret* protesting against this conduct, as an infringement on the constitution; and positively refusing to act according to the King’s commands. Nor was this all the opposition the unfortunate monarch met with: not only the people, but the nobility and clergy, took part

against him: on the 5th of June a Duke, three other Peers, and two Archbishops, went to the palace at Versailles, and delivered into his own hands a paper, signed by 47 peers and bishops, for themselves, and the nation, entitled the humble and dutiful address of the subscribers, in which they speak of the grief, with which the alarming state of public affairs obliges them to approach his Majesty in the line of their duty: they say, ‘ Whatever be our sorrow for the occasion, duty presses us forward, justice requires, and zeal for the constitutional law of the land impels us to remonstrate at your throne. From these motives, it is our duty to protest against the dissolution of the national parliament; the edicts of the 26th of April regarding the *Cour pleniére*, and all succeeding edicts that have passed in consequence; and every other act contrary to the laws founded on justice, wisdom, and moderation, &c.’

It was reported, that on the evening after the King had received the above, a council was held, and *Lettres de Cachet* absolutely signed and issued against the subscribers; but that at midnight *Monsieur* the King’s next brother, and the favourite of the people, went to the royal bedchamber, and prevailed on the King to have them recalled.

But no moderation on the King’s part could appease the rising flame: too many were interested in disturbances; too many were seduced to believe in the *rights* of licentiousness, to let the gathering tempest subside. A libel of the grossest and most incendiary tendency was detected at a private printing house; but not before several copies had been spread abroad. After a series of the most seditious paragraphs that language can express, it concludes, “ May Heaven, and a repenting Sovereign, avert the horrors of a civil war! But if our entreaties prove in vain, shall we be tamely driven on to desperation? No: let us make a last appeal to the all-powerful God of Battles!

Oh!

Oh! may the names of all those, who will not sacrifice even life, to break the chains these tyrants are forging for us, and our posterity, be branded with the blackest infamy! pursued by public detestation, even beyond the grave! May they be marked by cursing and bitterness, for everlasting ages!

"To your tents, O Israel!"

The provincial parliaments now became even more refractory than that of the capital. At *Rennes* in Brittany, the people had recourse to arms, and some blood was shed. At *Grenoble* in *Dauphiné*, (the parliament of that place having presented to the King at *Versailles* a violent remonstrance, dated June 9th) the populace, on the 16th, broke out into such a ferment, that on the military being called upon, a dreadful carnage is reported to have happened. The people poured down from the mountains to the assistance of the citizens, scaled the walls of the town, besieged the D. de *Tonnere* in his palace, broke through his inner apartments, destroyed his fine cabinet of medals, and let him with difficulty escape with his life; so that, by the

interference of the first President, the troops were glad to retire. At the same time something similar happened at *Tholouse*; and the Count de *Perigord*, Governor of *Languedoc*, after putting to the test the fidelity of his troops, who refused to fire on the insurgents, was obliged to make a precipitate retreat.

The benevolent and pitiable monarch thus saw his endeavours blasted, and that his struggles to soothe his people only gave them fresh opportunities to insult him, and try their own strength. He now found himself necessitated to give up his favourite scheme of the *Cour Plénier*; and on the 5th of July, an arret of the council of state at *Versailles* was published, concerning the assembling of the STATES GENERAL; and on the 8th of August following, another arret fixing the time of meeting to be on the 1st of May, 1789. As this great epoch of the Revolution will necessarily lead me into some very long and interesting details, I must reserve them for a future communication.

O. Y.

October 16, 1793,

[To be continued.]

P O E T R Y,

O R I G I N A L A N D S E L E C T.

MARIA ANTOINETTE'S

LAMENTATION at the CONCIERGERIE.

Translated from the

FRENCH OF THE MARQ. DE RIVAROL.

THOU great Divinity, who hear'st the cries
Distress sends forth! to thee I lift my eyes—
A widow'd Mother in the bloom of life,
And hapless victim of rebellious strife!
Chaos of Horror—Mis'ry's dark abyss!
O! frightful contrast to my former bliss!
Time's iron pencil Sorrow's lines doth trace
Upon that front which own'd a Crown's
embrace.

Restore my Children—O! inhuman Race!
To sooth my sorrows in this dismal place:
Their youthful innocence would Grief be-
guile,

And cause e'en harsh Captivity to smile!
Do not to them your cruelty direct;
Ah! let their innocence their lives protect!
In vain pleads Innocence to 'scape the tomb;
Their high descent precipitates their doom.

O! turn, ye French! nor disregard my pains;
Frenchmen should hear when Misery com-
plains:

Your Ancestors were always dear to Fame,
And Mercy found a refuge in their name;
Your fallen Honour flourish'd in their Crest,
And stamp'd its image in a Frenchman's
breast.

If of these Virtues you one spark retain,
 Let not a Mother ask this boon in vain.
 All will I pardon, all will I forgive,
 Give me but them! Revenge shall cease to live.
 Alas! that vengeance is no more caref'd;
 Distress has chas'd that passion from my
 breast:

All worldly passions now my soul forbears,
 Fill'd by religious and maternal cares.
 Permit me, then, to see my Daughter's face,
 And lose my sorrows in a fond embrace!
 And thou, dear Heir of an uncertain throne!
 By Furies drove from thy paternal home!
 The poorest wretch is happier by far
 Than thou, for whom all Europe wages war.
 A Friend or Mother even they can claim,
 While thou art left to weep their loss in vain.
 No one is near, my presence to supply,
 While I thus mourn in stern captivity.
 In this drear prison do I mourn my lot,
 Unsuccour'd, friendless, by the world forgot!
 What boots to me that CÆSAR's blood I own?
 A Dungeon hides the splendor of a Throne.
 How soon exchang'd the pleasures of a Court,
 Where Beauty, Elegance, and Wit resort,
 For Dungeons, Chains, and an inhuman
 Guard,

Who to my sighs and tears pay no regard!
 Come solitary friend—sweet, gentle Sleep!
 And close these eyes that only ope to weep!
 No longer let me view these frightful things;
 Waft me to slumber on thy downy wings!
 Ye Gods! what fleeting Spectre mocks my
 sight,
 And fills this place with visionary light?
 From Heaven it comes!—What music do I
 hear?
 Louis's sweet voice strikes on my ravish'd ear:
 It is my Husband gilds this horrid gloom—
 Leav'st thou for me, dear Spouse! thy silent
 tomb?
 Wilt thou partake with me my num'rous woes,
 And guard thy *Antoinette* from all her Foes?
 In vain I strive to clasp his much-lov'd shade;
 In vain I call my Husband to my aid:
 That Husband's lock'd in Death's regardless
 sleep,
 And leaves me in captivity to weep!

AUTUMN.

After the manner of DOCTOR JOHNSON.

BEHOLD, my fair, the fading year,
 By Autumn's with'ring hand impress;
 Those glowing tints no more appear,
 Which late the smiling landscape dress.
 Here see that foliage strew the ground,
 Which on the groves was wont to play;
 No trace of former beauty's found,
 But all seems hast'ning to decay.
 Thus o'er that cheek of crimson glow,
 Shall Time's relentless dews invade;
 Those auburn locks grow white with snow,
 And ev'ry charm your boast shall fade,

The sweet expression of that face,
 The lustre of that lovely eye;
 Each, nameless, soft, enchanting grace,
 Beneath his potent frown must die.
 Ah, thoughtful then the change explore,
 Which you, sweet maid, must shortly prove,
 Each giddy vain pursuit give o'er,
 And bless your future life with love.
 Within these anxious arms compress,
 No cares shall haunt, no ills annoy;
 Life's fleeting spring shall leave us blest,
 And summer glide on wings of joy.
 Then when our wint'ry days appear,
 And quench'd is every warm desire,
 Remembrance still shall hold thee dear,
 And tenderest gratitude inspire.
 And when our flush of life is o'er,
 And Death's subduing wound is given;
 Our spirits from this scene shall soar,
 To live, and love again in heaven.
 OCT. 25, HOMO.

STANZAS.

*Supposed to be written near a tree over the
 grave of*

COLONEL BOSVILLE.

AH! pensive trav'ler, if thy tear
 E'er fell on Valour's early grave,
 Arrest thy wand'ring steps, and here
 Lament the loss that waits the brave!
 Here let the Moralist descry
 The proudest boast that man can claim—
 The glorious privilege, to die
 Exulting in his Country's fame!
 Here bind the laurel steep'd in tears—
 Tears that in early youth he died;
 Blest with each charm that most endears—
 His Kindred's hope—his Nation's pride!
 Nor shall the pensive Muse forbear
 To mingle faintest names with thine;
 Thy gallant Comrades oft shall share
 The frequent sigh—the mournful line!
 Oh hallow'd turf! lone silent spot,
 Adorn'd with many a gem sublime!
 E'en when the Muse shall be forgot,
 Thy fame shall brave the blasts of Time!
 And thou, rude bark, preserve his name,
 Carv'd by a just recording hand!
 And proudly conscious of that fame,
 Thy guardian branches wide expand.
 Keep from this sod the pattering rain,
 The wint'ry wind, and drifted snow;
 And when blithe Summer paints the plain,
 Here let the sweetest flow'rets blow.
 No trophied column, twin'd with bays,
 No gilded tablet bears his name;
 A SOLDIER boasts superior praise—
 A GRATEFUL COUNTRY guards his fame!
 LAURA MARIA.
 ODE

O D E.

In imitation of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

*Addressed to the Right Hon. C. J. Fox, in
consequence of a late Subscription.*

GREAT Charles! the wonder of thy time,
How shall a muse in doggerel rhyme,
Attempt thy envied praise?

Let Sheridan's unrivall'd verse,
The splendor of thy deeds rehearse,
In whig-transporting lays.

O! for his pointed brilliant wit,
With nice dexterity to hit,
Thy conduct to a hair;
That vulgar souls may be refin'd,
And all with one consent and mind
To Adam's shop repair.

There as the large subscriptions pour
From Bedford and from Portland's store,
To sanctify thy fame;
Spite of all public fair pretence,
Laugh in thy sleeve that men of sense
Should prove such easy game.

What are the paltry sums bestow'd,
By government elate and proud,
Of gallant Rodney's glory?
The thousands lavish'd by thy friends,
To serve their doughty champion's ends,
Shall tell another story.

And trust me, Charles, it was but right
For you to hook, if they would bite;
Such gudgeons are inviting:
Then as you touch the tempting cash,
At hazard make a noble dash;
The sport will be delighting.

Fortune the strumpet, may your heap
Double, or smash you at a sweep;
But fortune now defy,
Since Bedford's purse you can command,
The first milch cow in all the land,
You ne'er can milk him dry.

Your cubs shall look another thing,
Maintain'd by Pelham, Coke, and Byng,
Where they shall roll in clover;
For thee, then Prince of Blue and Buff,
Lambton and Grey will have enough,
When this subscription's over.

Let Pitt continue to be thought,
To me it matters not a groat,
Grand practiser in juggling;
Tho' he can tickle up the stocks,
Pitt's but a nincompoop to Fox,
You're only for humbugging.

Puzzle no more your fertile pate,
For ways and means the helm of state
Yet once again to steer;
Flush as you are of money now,
Why to the sons of Mammon bow?
What can you hope or fear?

The utmost that a King can grant,
And these (thank heaven) you do not want,

Is title, pension, feather;
Let these vociferate and bawl,
Dubb'd independent of them all,
Nor care a fig for either.

Exhibit at St. Stephen's still,
The house you may depend will fill,
When novelty's the lure;
And never did this world, I swear,
Behold a fight so new and rare,
As Fox's sinecure.

Such management, address and art,
En Maître hast then play'd thy part,
How capital a letter!

The Serjeant and his brother Whigs,
With Erskine's pompous flourygigs,
Could not have penn'd a better.

But what I from my soul enjoy,
The matter-stroke of strokes, my boy,
Unmatchable in story;

Is that each free and open blade,
Who has his hundred guineas paid,
I care not Whig or Tory.

Considers it a debt that's due
For services perform'd by you,
And feels as bold as Hector;
That when he's cramm'd into his grave,
His heirs may know how much he gave
To England's fam'd protector.

But one manœuvre more remains,
Well worth thy Generalship and Pains,
A Coup de Main 'twill be;
And here if thou canst make thy way.
The greatest tricker of his day,
Wilkes is a fool to thee.

Then quickly to the senate hie,
Call forth thy eloquence, and try
Of Holland thou descendant;
If Englishmen are quite so young
As to believe in Fox's tongue,
A pauper independent.

The CAPTIVE KING.

By DR. WOLCOT.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

DEAD is the dream of life that calmed
care,
And dimm'd the beam of hope that charm'd
despair!
Yet let my soul be firm,—pass one short hour,
And LOUIS scorns the arm of ruffian pow'r!

S O N G.

Adieu, thou partner of my woes,
Where spectred Silence reigns around;
And nought awakes the dread repose,
But moans that deep with horror found.
No more these walls my grief shall hear,
And to a captive King reply;
Where morning rose upon his tear,
And night descended on the sigh.

Forbear

Forbear, my love, these drops to shed,
 And joy to think my woes shall cease;
 Lo! when the Vale of Death I tread,
 I wander from the storm to Peace!
 Ye too, my idol Babes, farewell!
 Like me, whose tender forms may bleed;
 The gloomy crimes of Murder swell,
 While Nature shudders at the deed.
 Yet know, we only fall to rise,
 And start to glory from the dust;
 To claim alliance with the skies,
 The sacred refuge from th' unjust!
 My spirit, lo! for your's shall wait:
 Together we shall seek that shore,
 Where Sorrow dies, and ruthless Fate
 Can give the parting pang no more!

CHORUS.

Go, injur'd King, with Seraphs shine,
 Behold, a brighter crown is thine!
 And see appear with glad'ned eyes,
 A host to hail thee 'midst the skies!

The 2d and 3d stanzas are omitted in the performance.

*The following elegant lines are by Peter Pindar;
 the Latin version by Lord D—— T——*

YARICO TO INKLE.

WHEN Night spreads her shadows around,
 I will watch with delight on thy rest;
 I will soften thy bed on the ground,
 And thy cheek shall be lodg'd on my breast.
 LOVE heeds not the storm nor the rain,
 ON ME let their fury descend,
 This bosom shall never complain,
 While it shelters the life of a friend.
 O! tell me, what tears thee away?
 To a FAIR ONE, ah! would'st thou depart?
 Alas! to thy YARICO say,
 What Maiden will love like this heart?

Though resolved not my sorrows to bear,
 Though resolv'd from a mourner to fly,
 The Ocean shall bear thee a tear,
 And the winds shall convey thee a sigh.

THE LATIN VERSION.

YARICO AD INKLUM.

CUM periturus honos, et gloria picta diei
 Cedit, et umbrosa nocte sepulta perit,
 Molle tibi fulcrum, placidæ sim cura quietis;
 Pectora sint vestris sæpe morata genis:
 Temnit amor diræ minitantiæ damna procellæ,
 Me tempestatum terreat atra cohors?
 Non hoc dicatur pectus fuisse querelam,
 Incolumem dum te ducere, detur honos.
 Quo fugis inconstans, aliam quærisne puellam?
 Quo, major nostro, DIC UBI crescit amor?
 Sis mihi fidus amans, alienas excute flammæ,
 Vita tibi sponsam fanciat ipsa fidem.
 Si fors infelix, si te de Tigride natum
 Non poterint animæ vota ciere meæ;
 Oceanus lacrymas, et questus sponte lugubres
 Ah tibi crudeli lenior auxa feret.

The BRITON'S WISH.

O England, oh, my native isle,
 Encircled by thy guardian sea,
 May peace within thy borders smile;
 And build her halcyon nest with thee!
 Mother of heroes, nurse of arts,
 For thee I make my filial prayer—
 May courage fill thy soldiers hearts,
 And chastity adorn the fair!
 Firm and united mayst thou stand
 Against a world in arms, alone
 Secure from every foreign hand,
 Thou ne'er canst fall but by thine own.

RETROSPECT of POLITICS.

IT was with some degree of anxiety that we waited the event of the formidable preparations, which were going on upon the frontiers, at the beginning of the present month; both the French and the Allies, it was evident, meditated an important blow—to either, the object was of the most momentous consequence, and in a great measure decisive of the event of the war. The Allies had certainly

not got sufficient footing to take up their winter quarters upon the French territory; and the French were determined to prevent, if possible, their obtaining it; on the other hand, could the latter have beat back the Allies, and obliged them to take refuge in their own fortified towns, the Republican legions would have again covered the Netherlands and menaced Germany; and another campaign might

might have been spent in driving them back again into their own kingdom. It was towards the conclusion of the month, before the splendid victory obtained by General Wurmser, at Weissembourgh, reached England. By carrying these celebrated lines, the Austrian and Prussian armies, on the Rhine, will probably find themselves secure in Alsace during the winter. To give our readers a complete idea of the splendor of this achievement, we subjoin a representation of these far famed fortifications; and when contemplated, any panegyric upon the courage of the brave troops who could subdue them will be superfluous. It would give us pleasure, could we announce equal successes in the quarter where our own troops, under the Duke of York, are engaged. The Prince de Cobourg is avowedly one of the best Generals in Europe—and yet with as fine an army as ever entered the field, he could not maintain his position before Maubeuge—this circumstance surely oversets the old hypothesis, that discipline can prevail against numbers. It was not the discipline of the French that he gave way to, it was to 200,000 men, the greater part collected in the space of a few days, and forced into the field without having learned the manual exercise.

The report so generally circulated, of an engagement on the 20th, in which the Prince de Cobourg is said to have killed and taken 15,000 of the French, not being fully confirmed at the moment this account is writing, we cannot calculate on its effects. It appears, however certain, that every nerve is straining to oppose the operations of the English and Austrians on the northern frontier, and in a country so prolific and populous as France, where on the defeat of one army, another can be whistled together in the twinkling of an eye; the best planned scheme of operations may be counteracted, and the troops, whose courage, discipline, and contempt of danger, are the admiration of Europe, may yet be swept off by disease, or sink beneath the pressure of fatigue.

In the south of France, we find the city of Lyons, after a siege of several weeks, compelled to surrender to the Republican troops, and to throw themselves at the mercy of those, in whose justice they could place no reliance—the Convention has acted consistently with its character, it has passed a decree to destroy a city which has dared to deny its infallibility, and oppose its tyrannical measures.

The late decree of the Convention, to land an army in England, can be considered seriously but in one point of view, viz. the practicability of it—we can on this point only state the general opinion of those who may be supposed well informed on the subject. And that is, “Whilst the English fleet command the channel, any serious attempt to invade England with a view of conquest, must be the inevitable destruction of those concerned in it.”

On the death of the unfortunate Queen of France, our readers must excuse us if we depart from the rigidity of political scrutiny, to express more particularly our own feelings; and we trust they are on this point strictly in unison with those of the public at large—we think the execution of this unfortunate woman a murder of the deepest, blackest complexion. It was an act justified by no positive crime, nor urged by any political necessity—she was sacrificed to the insatuated fury of a misled populace, who had not even the base motive of revenge to extenuate their conduct; for she had never done her persecutors wrong. The charge, which accuses the Queen of prostitution with her own son, is at once an outrage upon the feelings and an insult to common sense—it is a charge exquisitely cruel, and glaringly absurd—what epithet is bad enough for those men, who could force an innocent child of eight years old, to utter such calumnies against his mother? It was upon no other ground than the deposition of the Dauphin, that the Queen was accused of incest, and this deposition evidently extorted by terror,

The

The Queen, perhaps, at no one period of her life ever possessed much stability. Inheriting from nature more than a common share of beauty, and lifted by fortune to empire, it is no wonder that the incessant voice of adulation had stifled those rigid sentiments of moral rectitude in her heart, which are generally best maintained where there is the least temptation. That she was volatile, gay, inconstant, and fond of power, cannot be disputed—but “*this was the sum and substance of her offending,*” and surely did not merit so cruel a fate. But it is well known that her execution was determined on before her trial—and the mock forms of a trial were only

adopted for the purpose, if possible, of calumniating and vilifying her memory, and not with any view of affording her justice.

The transition of this woman from the plenitude of human grandeur, to the last stage of human degradation—from beholding the same people who, only a few years since had surrounded her throne with a zeal little short of adoration, insulting her with reproaches, whilst deserted and friendless, she was dragged like the vilest criminal to the place of execution, is a melancholy instance of the vicissitude of fortune, and the instability of popular favor. But

"The ways of heaven are dark and intricate."

In order to give our readers some idea of the importance of the action between the French and General Wurmser, we here insert a sketch of

THE LINES OF WEISSEMBOURG.

Lauterbourg. | The French Camp. | Weiffembourg.

A A A A A A A A A A A A A A

A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A

[illegible]

Bastions.

W W W W W W W W W W

Ditch doubly pallisaded

The River Lauter.

Double Abbatis.

These Lines extend between *Weissembourg* and *Lauterbourg*, to the distance of two long German leagues.

Before them is an *abbatis*; and if an Enemy gets through it, he finds himself exposed to the case shot of the French.

Then follows the River *Lauter*, which has overflown, and is full of large iron hooks, to render it impassable. Beyond the River is a ditch with double pallisades, four fathoms broad and three fathoms deep; to which are joined, at the alternate distance of 800 yards, bastions two by two, from *Lauterbourg* as far as *Weissembourg*. Behind these Lines are stationed 45,000 men, and 170 pieces of cannon, partly sixteen pounders, partly twenty-four pounders, which menace and can destroy every attack.

The Lines of *Weissembourg* have been formerly of consequence in the continental wars, and have before

been the scene of very important military exploits.

Marshal Villars forced these lines in 1705. In 1744, Prince Charles of Lorraine, General of the Troops of the Queen of Hungary, took them. They were afterwards re-taken by the Marshal de Coigny; but he being unable to defend them, abandoned them to the Austrians, who filled them up, and destroyed the works of *Lauterbourg*. These with the Lines, were lately repaired by the French, and fortified in such a manner as to be considered as impregnable.

The magnitude of the operation of storming these lines may be imagined from their wonderful strength. The important service, however, of storming and taking them, has been happily performed by the bravery and conduct of the Austrians under General Wurmsfer—an achievement by much the most brilliant of the campaign.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

O D D I T I E S.

ORATOR HENLEY.

"I Never" said a person who knew little about the Doctor, "saw Orator Henley but once, and that was at the Grecian Coffee-house, where a gentleman, he was acquainted with, coming in and seating himself in the same box, the following dialogue passed between them:"

HEN. "Pray what is become of your old friend *Dick Smith*? I have not seen him for several years."

GEN. "I really do not know: the last time I heard of him he was at CEYLON, or some of our settlements in the West Indies."

HEN. "[*With some surprise.*] At Ceylon, or some of our settlements in the West Indies! My good Sir, in one sentence, there are two mistakes. Ceylon is not one of our

settlements; it belongs to the Dutch, and it is situated, not in the *West* but in the *East* Indies."

GEN. [*With some heat.*] "That I deny!"

HEN. "More shame for you! I engage to bring a boy of eight years of age, who will confute you."

GEN. [*In a cooler tone of voice.*] "Well—be it where it will, I thank God I know very little about these sorts of things."

HEN. "What! you thank God for your ignorance, do you?"

GEN. [*In a violent rage.*] "I do Sir—what then?"

HEN. "Sir, you have a great deal to be thankful for."

One of the new premiums, offered by the very useful society in the *Adelphi*, is for a method of securing empty casks; to which some troublesome

joke,

joker is said to have replied, that, as far as he understands the subject, their *emptiness* is their best security!

RURAL CRITICISM.—A Clergyman, who lately preached a sermon at a village in Kent, observed in the course of it, that the vain creatures of this world too often saw things through *false optics*.—A farmer invited him to dinner, and after a glass or two had gone round, declared, that he had never heard a discourse which gave him greater pleasure. There was only one error throughout, (said the honest fellow) what your Reverence termed *hop sticks*, we call *hop-POLES*.

At present one of the common toasts in Philadelphia is, "May a horse's night cap be the reward of every one who wishes to involve the United States in a war."

Doctor Franklyn being in England in 1775, was asked by a Nobleman, what would satisfy the Americans, answered, that it might be comprized in a few *Re's* which he immediately wrote on a piece of paper, thus,

Re {
-call your forces,
-store Castle William,
-pair the damages done to Boston,
-peal your unconstitutional Acts,
-nounce your pretensions to taxation,
-fund the duties you have extorted; after this,
-quire and
-ceive payment for the destroyed tea with the voluntary grants of the Colonies, and then
-joice in a happy
-conciliation.

Captain Christie, an Irish Officer, who served with considerable credit in America, had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in one of the battles there. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate soldier, who was near him, and was also much wounded, made a terrible howling, when he exclaimed, "D—n your eyes, what do you make such a noise

for, do you think nobody is *killed* but yourself."

The following calculation has been made of the state of the Married Couples in England.—It is to be hoped it is not quite correct:

Wives eloped from their husbands	-	1348
Husbands run away from their wives	-	2361
Married pairs in a state of separation from each other	-	4120
Married pairs living in a state of open war, under the same roof	-	191023
Married pairs living in a state of inward hatred for each other, though under the same roof	-	162320
Married pairs in a state of coldness and indifference for each other	-	10532
Married pairs reputed happy to the esteem of the world	-	1102
Married pairs comparatively happy	-	135
Married pairs absolutely and entirely happy	-	NINE.

Lord Bacon used to say, that to deal harshly with a man for drinking a *toast*, was the sure way of making that man be often *toasted*.

A country gentleman declared the other day, that as he had the honour of being acquainted with Lord Thurlow, he should certainly ask his opinion, how far it was *seditions* to drink *French wines*?

Life has with justice been resembled to a stage coach; the Peer, the Place-man, the Pensioner, the Bishop, and the round-bellied Rector, are snug inside passengers; the poor curate, the humble artisan, and the distressed peasant, pelted by the pitiless storms of adversity, are glad to get an occasional lift on the box. Happy (says the wise man), is he whose journey is the shortest; but whether short or long, if we have the protecting hand of him who holds the reins, our last stage will, we need not fear, end in a late set down.

The Dutch Admiralty have now *seriously* begun their preparation for war. A 74 gun ship and a frigate will be ready by December next, or January at farthest!

TO CORRESPONDENTS—The Topography—Life of Lambert—Poem of the Flowers—Anecdotes from Maidstone, and several other favours, shall appear next month.

COUNTY

COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

Monday, September 23.

A Few days since the following melancholy catastrophe occurred at St. Omers. In consequence of the arrival of two Commissioners from Paris, to put all the English they might find there under arrest, amongst the number was the Hon. Francis Roper, uncle to the present Lord Teynham; they confined him in an upper room, at the height of sixty feet; after being there a few days, and receiving every insult that could be offered him, he was found in the garden of Mr. Mackintosh, with both his wrists and his jaw broken, his skull fractured and his body most shockingly bruised. He languished some hours in this painful situation, and then expired. The sentinel that found him, said he attempted to make his escape; but the people of St. Omers suspect that he was plundered by the sentinel, who committed this horrid act to prevent a discovery, as he went off guard before being relieved. Mrs. Roper with her family escaped by way of Brabant, almost starved, and fortunately with her children reached Margate.

Friday 26. About one in the morning, a fire broke out at Cowdray house, near Midhurst in Sussex, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Montague, which in a short time destroyed that ancient and noble structure, with all the capital paintings, valuable furniture, &c. a collection which no traveller of taste ever neglected to view, or returned from ungratified. Many of the paintings, by Holbein, were reckoned amongst the finest in England. His Lordship was in Italy when this irreparable loss happened.

Some labourers, who were at work in a chalkpit belonging to Mr. Hope, of Lenham, having undermined a considerable way, the bank or surface fell in, and killed two children, the one a girl of 14, the other a boy of 12 years of age, brother and sister; they were mangled in a most shocking manner, their heads being almost severed from their bodies. Another brother was dug out very much bruised. The men being at work farther under, the earth fell over and left them unhurt.

Saturday 28. At a weekly board of the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, it appeared that since its first institution on the 26th of April, that 57 patients have been admitted, and 23 discharged; of whom 15 have been cured, 7 have received benefit, 1 no relief, 4 have died, and 20 remain on the books.

Wednesday, Oct. 2. The Leward Islands fleet, of 100 sail, arrived in the Downs, under convoy, after a passage of 10 weeks.

Sunday 6. The blacksmiths and other workmen, busily employed in the dock yard at Chatham, in getting ready gunboats, and

other necessities for an expedition against France.

Tuesday 8. Her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia, their Majesties 6th daughter, being in a very ill state of health, arrives at Tunbridge Wells, together with the ladies Cathcart, Charlotte Bruce, &c. as attendants on the royal visitor. A salute from eighteen pieces of cannon was fired on their alighting from the carriage.

Part of the crew of the Stag revenue cutter coming on shore near Rye, the boat was upset by a sudden gust of wind; by which William Oake and John Hollands, were unfortunately drowned; the rest saved themselves by swimming.

List of the Battering Squadron,

Under the command of Admiral Macbride, stationed at Sheerness, and in the Downs, to act as circumstances may require.

Redoubt, Captain Alexander Frazer,

Twenty 68-pounders, 200 men.

Amphitrite, Captain R. R. Bowyer,

Twenty 24 and 6-pounders, 125 men.

Albion, Captain R. Hitchens,

Twenty 24 and 6-pounders, 125 men.

Friendship, Captain J. Hewitt,

Fourteen 6-pounders, 100 men.

Prince Edward, Captain W. Cathew;

Sixteen 18 and 6 pounders, 100 men,

Minerva, Lieutenant Gilbert,

Ten 6-pounders, 60 men.

Union, Lieutenant Dacres,

Twelve 6-pounders, 60 men.

Queen, Lieutenant Festing,

Ten 6-pounders, 50 men.

Monday, 21. A French gentleman landed at Dover, from an Hamburg vessel in the roads, which left Havre de Grace on the 19th, who brought the melancholy intelligence of the execution of Maria Antoinette, the late unfortunate Queen of France, at Paris, on Wednesday the 16th instant.

PRESENTATIONS, &c.

The Rev. Charles Philpot, to the rectory of Ripple.

Mr. John Boys, of Beshanger, appointed Surveyor of the county of Kent, under the new Board of Agriculture.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 21. At his house on Bromley common, the lady of George Norman, esq. the present high-sheriff of Kent, of a son and heir.

Oct.

Oct. 5. At Southend near Eltham, the Right Hon. Lady Susan Drummond, of a son.

12. At Combes near Maidstone, the lady of Lewis Cagge, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Lately at Smeeth, Mr. Edward Boys, grazier, of Ashford, to Miss Hobbs of Smeeth.

Oct. 1. At Folkstone, Mr. Richard Boxer, to Miss Sarah Cloak.

At Upper Deal, Mr. Pilcher, miller, of Crable near Dover, to Miss Ann Iggulden, daughter of Mr. James Iggulden, one of the jurats of Deal.

5. At Dover, Mr. George Davis, of Bermondsey, to Miss Netherfole.

6. At All Saints, Canterbury, Mr. James Ronalds, jun. gunmaker, to Miss Catharine Bletchynden, of Billington priory.

7. At Strood, David Day, esq. of Frindsbury, to Mrs. Willis, a relict of the late Capt. Willis, of Strood.

At Cranbrook, Mr. Dunnidge, of London, to Miss Larkin; also Mr. Mutter, to Miss H. Larkin; both daughters of Mr. Christopher Larkin, farmer, of Cranbrook.

At Margate, Mr. Henry Strannack, to Miss Goodwin, of Chisle.

At Northiam in Suffex, Mr. ——— Jones, butcher, of Lydd, to Mrs. Dorrington.

8. At Chatham, Mr. John Ackworth, an eminent taylor and draper, to Miss Dafforne.

9. At Beckingham, George Grote, esq. of Threadneedle-street, London, banker, to Miss Peckwell, of Sloane street, Chelsea.

10. At Upper Deal, Mr. Athenden, of London, a commander in the West India trade, to Miss Butler, of Deal.

At Cranbrook, Mr. James Wilmshurst, carpenter of London, to Miss Butler, daughter of Mr. D. Butler, carpenter, of Cranbrook.

At St. James's, Clerkenwell, London, Mr. Couchman, grazier, of Cranbrook, to Miss Jackson, of Tenterden.

At Sandwich, Mr. D. Clarebut, of the Flower-de-luce Inn, to Mrs. Carter, relict of Mr. J. Carter, of the royal navy.

14. At Tunbridge, Richard Allnutt, esq. of South Park, to Miss Frances Woodgate, youngest daughter of William Woodgate, esq. of Summerhill.

At Elham, Mr. William Whitehead, to Miss Elizabeth Spratt.

15. At Elham, Mr. James Goldfinch, to Miss Elgar.

16. At Lyminge, Mr. Richard Hambrook, to Miss Swaine.

21. At Dover, Mr. William Hedgecock, shipwright, to Miss Martha Willis, daughter of Mr. William Willis, mariner.

22. At Gillingham, William Hume, esq. to Miss Tonken, daughter of the late T. Tonken, esq. a captain in the royal navy.

At Thanington, Mr. Daniel Sankey, of

Cockering farm, to Miss H. B. Gurney, third daughter of Mr. John Gurney, of Canterbury.

At Goodnestone, Mr. ——— Court, to Miss Goodban.

Lately, Captain Richard Outridge, of Deptford; to Miss Ann Butcher, of Botolph-lane, Thames-street, London.

23. At Hythe, Mr. Paine, paper maker, of Chartham, to Miss Tritton, only daughter of Mr. Henry Tritton, one of the jurats of Hythe.

26. At Preston, Mr. William Shepherd, of Faversham, to Miss Monham, of Great Warley-place, Essex.

DEATHS.

Sept. 29. Mr. John Denne, youngest son of Mr. Henry Denne, gent. of Littlebourn-court.

At Chatham, Master Best, son of George Best, esq. brewer.

At Rochester, aged 72, Mrs. Ousnam, relict of the late Mr. William Ousnam, purser in the royal navy.

At Rochester, aged 79, universally lamented, Mr. John Southenden, almost 40 years master house-carpenter, of Chatham dock-yard.

At Margate, Mr. John Griffin, colourman, of Ludgate-hill, London.

At Maidstone, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Palmer, wife of Mr. ——— Palmer, cabinet-maker.

30. At Maidstone, Mr. John Hutton, horse-dealer.

31. At Deal, Mr. Nicholas Piddock.

At Maidstone, aged 53, much lamented, Mr. William Waller, carpenter.

At her house in London, in her 94th year, Mrs. Lee Farrant, of Nursted, sister of the late Godfrey Lee Farrant, esq. of Bromley.

Oct. 1. After a lingering illness, at Deal, Ralph Chambers, many years a respectable butcher there, who had retired.

2. At Canterbury, Mr. Nathaniel Price, cork-cutter.

In Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, London, lady Henley, the wife of William Henley, esq. of Gore-court near Maidstone.

5. At Tenterden, Mr. Wraight, watch-maker and silversmith.

At Strood, much esteemed and regretted, Mr. Henry Bender, schoolmaster.

6. At Canterbury, Mrs. Crane, wife of Mr. H. Crane, formerly commander of an East-India packet.

At Appledore, in her 23d year, Mrs. Paine, wife of Mr. William Paine, shoemaker.

7. At his seat at Hillsborough, in the county of Down, in Ireland, the Right Hon. Wills Hill, Marquis of Downshire, Earl and Viscount Hillsborough, and Baron Killwarlin, in the kingdom of Ireland; Earl of Hillsborough, Viscount Fairford, Lord and Baron of Harwich, in England. A member of the privy

privy council in both kingdoms, an elder brother of the Trinity-house, a governor of the Charter-house, joint register of the court of chancery and governor of the county of Down, in Ireland, L.L.D. and F.R.S. His lordship, who was the second viscount, was born at Fairford in the county of Gloucester, on May 30, 1718. He took his seat in the Irish house of peers, on Nov. 12, 1743; was sworn a member of his Majesty's privy council in Ireland in Aug. 1746, and of the privy council in England in June 1754; advanced to the rank of Earl in Oct. 1757, and to that of Marquis in Ireland in 1789; was created an English baron in 1756, and an English viscount and Earl 1772. He was married, first in 1748, to Lady Margareta Fitzgerald, only and surviving daughter of Robert the late earl of Kildare, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. Her ladyship died in 1776. His lordship afterwards married the baroness Strawell, relict of the Right Hon. Henry Bilson Legge, but had no issue. Marcus, the first son by the lady Fitzgerald, died young; Arthur, his second and successor, knight of the shire in the present parliament for the county of Down, was born Feb. 23, 1753: his other children were Mary-Anne, who died young; Lady Mary-Amelia, marchioness of Salisbury; and lady Charlotte, countess of Talbot. One of the residences of his lordship in this kingdom, was at Hill-park, alias Valons, near Westerham in this county, which seat came to him by alienation from William Macgwire, esq.—Moyes Hill, the ancestor of the Irish branch of the Hill family, came to this country under the Earl of Essex, in 1573, who was sent there to subdue what was called O'Neill's rebellion; he was appointed by Lord Mountjoy (Lord Essex's successor,) Governor of Oldersfleet Castle, near Larne. About the year 1598, he saved his life by hiding in a cave in the Magee, when pursued by the McDonnells, who had slain Sir John Chichester; he afterwards served under Lord Chichester, who was Lord Deputy, and in the year 1603, was appointed Provost Marshal of the troops at Carrickfergus, with the fee of six shillings per day. He represented the county of Antrim in the Parliament of 1613; during this period he had acquired great property in the counties of Down and Antrim, but we are not informed how. After his decease, his son Arthur commanded a regiment under Charles the first; he afterwards served under the parliament, and in the year 1652, was, under their jurisdiction, appointed a Commissioner of the Revenue for the precinct of Belfast. In 1654, he transacted several species of business for the parliament—in Ulster, in particular, he had 2000 pair of brogues made for their forces, in Belfast and Carrickfergus, at twelve days notice—For these and similar services, Oliver Cromwell, on the 1st July 1657, granted him about 3000 acres of land in the territory of Kilwarlin, in the county of Down, which with some

other lands of which he was seized in the said place, were erected into the manors of Hillborough and Grewe—after the restoration, he obtained in 1661 a pardon for all crimes, &c. committed by him during the rebellion—a full confirmation of Cromwell's grant, with the addition of the erecting Hillborough into a corporation, making him and his heirs for ever, Governors of the fort erected there.—His son William, in 1671, passed patents for the lands of Lyftullycurrivan, Toughblane, and others, in Lower Iveagh, which his father had obtained of Rory Bryan Magennis, previous to the rebellion of 41.—In 1676, he with others joined in farming the revenue of Ireland at a large rent, which becoming in arrear, his estates were seized, and the rents paid into the Exchequer until 1686. He died in 1693—Michael Hill, esq. succeeded his father, but died in his 27th year; he left issue two sons, Trevor and Arthur, the former of whom was created Viscount Hillborough, and the latter Viscount Dungannon. Trevor, who was created Viscount Hillborough in 1717, was father to the late Marquis, and to the late Lady Moira, who died in 1742. The four last were successively Governors of the county of Down.

At Harbledown, Mrs. Sankey, wife of Mr. Mr. Samuel Sankey.

8. At Chatham, of a consumption, Mrs. Landen, wife of Mr. Thomas Landen.

9. At Folkestone, Mr. William Leggett, officer of the customs at that port.

11. At Windsor, Miss L. Trevannion, youngest daughter of John Trevannion, esq. one of the representatives in Parliament for Dover.

At Woolwich, aged 51, after a few days illness of a fever, Mr. John Moulden, master sailmaker of the dock-yard there.

12. At Maidstone, after a lingering illness, Mr. William Coleman, master of the dog and bear inn, and one of the common-council of that corporation.

At Tunbridge, Mr. William Walker; he was found drowned in the river there.

In the Medway at Tunbridge, Joseph Jessis and Edward Wood, bargemen; they were asleep in the cabin when the barge sunk, in about 14 feet water.

13. At Canterbury Mrs. Fowle, wife of Mr. Thomas Fowle, hair-dresser.

16. At Canterbury, in her 37th year, suddenly in a fit, Mrs. Deey, wife of Mr. — Deey, staymaker.

17. At Canterbury, Mr. John Castle, master of the caravan from that city to Dover.

At Deal, much regretted, Mrs. Hollams, wife of Mr. John Hollams.

At Town Malling, Mr. William Baker, attorney at law—friendly and honest in his profession, and ever happy to remove the barbed arrow of misfortune from the breast it had wounded, he left this transitory state respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

AVERT.

KENTISH REGISTER,

AVERAGE PRICES of WHEAT,

By the QUARTER of EIGHT WINCHESTER BUSHELS.

From September 21 to October 19.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Sept. 21.	Sept. 28.	Oct. 5.	Oct. 12.	Oct. 19.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Middlesex	45 10	45 8	46 3	46 2	45 0
Surrey	47 4	47 8	46 6	46 8	46 4
Hertford	45 4	45 5	45 3	45 1	44 6
Bedford	45 10	46 2	45 7	45 5	45 11
Huntingdon	44 8	45 3	44 1	43 3	43 1
Northampton	46 2	46 2	46 0	46 2	46 4
Rutland	48 6	47 6	49 0	49 0	48 6
Leicester	52 6	53 10	54 4	52 2	53 2
Nottingham	53 2	53 7	53 3	50 6	50 3
Derby	55 8	55 8	55 1	54 11	55 1
Stafford	53 2	52 5	52 5	52 10	52 7
Salop	52 0	51 11	51 10	51 4	50 10
Hereford	47 5	47 8	47 9	48 7	49 1
Worcester	49 10	50 5	51 3	49 4	49 9
Warwick	52 8	51 7	51 7	48 3	49 10
Wilts	42 2	41 9	42 2	41 2	42 0
Berks	46 10	46 7	43 3	43 7	43 2
Oxford	44 4	44 6	44 4	44 4	44 2
Bucks	45 2	46 3	46 0	45 0	44 8
Brecon	54 5	56 0	56 0	49 8	49 8
Montgomery	53 11	47 10	48 8	51 3	47 6
Radnor	52 6	50 0	48 11	48 11	47 11

MARITIME COUNTIES.

Dist.		Sept. 21.	Sept. 28.	Oct. 5.	Oct. 12.	Oct. 19.
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
1	Essex	44 10	45 8	45 0	44 4	42 10
	Kent	46 1	48 8	44 4	45 5	43 3
	Suffex	42 2	42 0	41 8	41 9	41 8
2	Suffolk	43 9	45 0	44 7	44 7	43 7
	Cambridge	40 7	42 0	40 9	40 8	40 0
3	Norfolk	42 9	43 7	43 3	42 10	42 2
4	Lincoln	46 10	45 2	45 5	44 2	43 10
	York	43 9	43 6	44 5	43 11	42 9
5	Durham	47 10	46 7	45 6	44 0	42 2
6	Northumberland	44 10	44 0	43 6	42 1	41 4
	Cumberland	51 6	49 7	49 4	49 9	49 1
7	Westmoreland	53 9	53 8	52 8	51 8	51 8
	Lancaster	50 8	49 2	49 2	48 2	49 1
	Chester	50 8	49 3	49 8	52 6	49 7
	Flint	50 10	53 4	54 4	48 7	47 1
8	Denbigh	55 3	54 1	53 5	52 0	52 5
	Anglesea	45 0	45 0	44 0	44 0	44 0
	Cardigan	52 8	47 0	46 0	44 0	44 4
	Merioneth	56 5	52 0	54 2	53 7	55 9
9	Pembroke	50 0	50 0	49 8	47 0	47 0
	Cardigan	44 1	43 4	44 4	42 7	43 4
	Cartharthen	48 9	48 4	47 5	48 6	49 1
	Glamorgan	53 5	49 10	50 7	48 8	47 7
10	Gloucester	49 0	47 5	48 11	48 8	48 9
	Somerset	48 8	48 6	47 9	47 10	49 9
11	Monmouth	52 3	52 8	55 7	52 6	51 6
	Devon	49 2	47 5	47 6	46 9	46 7
12	Cornwall	49 7	48 2	48 7	48 3	49 0
	Dorset	42 8	42 10	43 6	42 4	43 2
	Hants	42 10	42 4	41 5	41 2	41 2

AVERAGE of ENGLAND and WALES.

Per Quarter - - - 48 5 | 47 10 | 47 9 | 47 0 | 46 9 |

FOR OCTOBER, 1793.

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AVERAGE PRICES of WHEAT,

By which Exportation and Bounty are to be regulated.

Computed according to the Directions of the acts of 31st and 33d Geo. III. (Extracts from which we given last month.)

From Sept. 21 to Oct. 19.

Dist.	21.		28.		5.		12.		19.		Dist.	21.		28.		5.		12.		19.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.		s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
1	44	2	45	1	44	8	44	3	43	10	7	50	8	49	2	49	4	49	11	49	5
2	42	10	44	2	43	6	43	7	42	8	8	53	5	50	10	51	0	49	10	49	7
3	43	9	42	7	43	3	42	10	42	2	9	49	6	47	10	48	3	46	11	46	10
4	45	4	44	4	44	6	43	6	42	10	10	49	8	49	0	50	0	49	3	49	10
5	46	4	45	3	44	6	43	0	41	9	11	49	4	47	10	48	0	47	6	47	7
6	52	5	50	11	50	5	50	4	49	11	12	42	9	42	7	42	3	41	8	41	11

RETURNS of WHEAT,

Sold at the Corn-Market, in Mark-Lane, London.

From Sept. 30 to Oct. 28.

Sept. 30.		Oct. 7.		Oct. 14.		Oct. 21.		Oct. 28.	
No of	Price	No of	Price	No of	Price	No of	Price	No of	Price
Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.
46	49 0	67	47 0	130	46 6	13	47 6	50	49 6
210	48 0	526	46 6	370	46 0	921	47 0	220	49 0
82	47 0	566	46 0	165	45 6	737	46 6	350	48 6
411	46 6	852	45 6	551	45 0	463	46 0	495	48 0
451	46 0	512	45 0	123	44 6	331	45 6	535	47 6
243	45 6	814	44 6	629	44 0	151	45 0	150	47 3
582	45 0	730	44 0	18	43 6	150	44 6	390	47 0
30	44 6	74	43 6	243	43 0	193	44 0	205	46 6
609	44 0	163	43 0	43	42 0	14	43 0	543	46 0
190	43 0	21	42 6	49	41 0	5	42 6	47	44 6
58	42 0	70	42 0	16	40 6	45	41 6	10	44 0
210	41 0	18	41 0	40	40 0	416	40 0	40	43 0
12	39 0	200	40 0	27	39 0			13	42 6
		30	38 0					10	42 0

PRICES of HOPS in SOUTHWARK.

Per Cwt.	BAGS.	Sept. 25.		Oct. 5.		Oct. 12.		Oct. 19.		Oct. 26.	
		l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
Kent	-	8	0	8	0	8	0	9	0	9	0
Suffex	-	8	0	8	0	8	0	9	0	8	0
Essex	-	10	0	10	0	10	0	9	0	8	0
Per Cwt.	POCKETS.	Sept. 25.		Oct. 5.		Oct. 12.		Oct. 19.		Oct. 26.	
		l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
Kent	-	10	0	10	0	10	0	10	0	10	0
Suffex	-	9	0	9	0	9	0	9	0	9	0
Farnham	-	15	0	15	0	16	0	12	0	15	0
Worcester	-	9	0	9	0	9	0	8	0	8	0
Essex	-										

AVERAGE PRICES of SUGAR,

From the Returns made at Grocer's Hall, Sept. 25 to Oct. 23.

Per Cwt.	Sept. 25.		Oct. 2.		Oct. 9.		Oct. 16.		Oct. 23.	
	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
Exclusive of the Duties	2	12	2	11	2	11	2	12	2	10

PRICES of MEAT in SMITHFIELD MARKET.

	Sept. 30.				Oct. 7.				Oct. 14.				Oct. 23.				Oct. 28.			
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef, - per score -	7	0	7	6	6	8	7	6	6	8	7	6	6	8	7	6	6	8	7	6
Mutton, per pound -	0	4	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	5	0	4	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	5	0	4	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	5	0	4	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	5
Beef, - per stone*	2	4	3	2	2	4	3	0	2	4	3	0	2	4	3	0	2	4	3	0
Mutton, per stone -	2	10	3	4	2	8	3	2	2	8	3	2	2	8	3	4	2	8	3	4
Veal, - per stone -	3	4	4	6	3	0	4	0	3	0	4	0	3	4	4	6	3	4	4	4
Lamb, - per stone -	3	8	4	0	3	0	3	6	3	0	3	6	3	0	3	6	2	8	3	4
Pork, - per stone -	3	0	3	8	2	0	3	4	2	8	3	6	3	0	3	8	3	0	3	8

* Of 8 pounds—By the carcase, to sink the offal.

HEAD of CATTLE, sold each Day.

Beasts, - about -	2,000	2,000	2,500	2,300	1,800
Sheep - - - -	7,000	12,000	10,000	13,000	12,000
Lambs - - - -	2,000	1,000	500	550	500

PRICES of TALLOW in LONDON.

	Sept. 10.				Oct. 7.				Oct. 14.				Oct. 21.				Oct. 28.			
Per Cwt.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Town Tallow - -	45	0	0	0	45	0	0	0	45	6	0	0	45	6	0	0	45	6	0	0
Russia Candle Tallow	39	0	43	6	39	0	43	6	39	0	43	0	39	0	43	0	39	0	43	0
Russia Soap Tallow -	39	0	0	0	39	0	0	0	39	0	0	0	39	0	0	0	39	0	0	0
Stuff - - - -	26	0	37	0	25	0	35	0	25	0	35	0	25	0	35	0	25	0	35	0
Graves - - - -	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0
Good Dregs - - -	7	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	7	0	0	0

Average Price at Clare, St. James's and Whitechapel Markets.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Per Stone of 8lb. -	2	8	2	8	2	8	2	$8\frac{1}{2}$	2	8

PRICES of HOPS in KENT.

	CANTERBURY.								MAIDSTONE.							
	Bags.				Pockets.				Bags.				Pockets.			
	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
Sept. 28 -	9	0	9	9	10	0	10	10	7	10	10	0	9	9	11	0
Oct. 5 -	9	5	10	5	10	10	12	12	9	0	10	0	11	0	12	0
---- 12 -	9	10	10	10	11	0	12	12	9	9	10	10	11	11	12	12
---- 19 -	9	9	10	0	10	10	12	0	9	0	10	0	11	0	12	0
---- 26 -	9	0	10	0	10	10	12	0	8	0	9	0	9	0	10	0

The hop-markets at the beginning of the present month were brisk, and prices upon the advance, and the planters had hopes of a still farther increase. The growth in Kent upon the whole did not exceed one hundred weight per acre; at Farnham their produce was hardly ever known so small; and accounts from Worcester and other country plantations, fully confirm the general shortness of crop. At Weyhill fair, Kentish hops fetched from 11 to 13 guineas; a few Farnhams that were perfectly fine and bright yielded the enormous prices of 20 to 22 guineas, those of inferior qualities from 15 to 19, and Crondal and Alton growths from 14 to 18; and the sale quick even at those prices. The demands, however, for the last fortnight have been but few, and the markets consequently declined in price. In London the duty is still laid at upwards of 20,000l.

WEEKLY PRICES OF CORN, &c. SEPTEMBER 26 TO OCTOBER 28.

	LONDON, September—October										CATTERBURY, Sept.—Oct.										MAIDSTONE, Sept.—Oct.										DARTFORD, Sept.—Oct.									
Per Quarter.	30.	7.	14.	21.	28.	28.	5.	12.	19.	26.	26.	3.	10.	17.	24.	28.	5.	12.	19.	2.																				
Wheat -	30 47	6 10	45 0	46 0	46 0	40 47	40 47	40 47	40 46	39 48	42 46	44 49	44 49	44 49	42 48	46 50	44 48	42 46	42 46	42 46																				
Rye -	27 33	0 27	33 0	26 28	0 26	34 36	34 35	33 33	33 30	36 34	34 38	34 36	34 36	34 36	33 35	37 29	36 30	34 32	34 32	34 32																				
Barley -	26 37	0 22	30 0	24 35	0 22	32 36	33 36	33 33	33 30	36 34	32 37	34 36	33 34	33 34	31 29	27 26	23 21	23 21	23 21	23 21																				
Oats -	7 20	0 18	26 0	18 25	0 19	19 26	20 27	22 27	22 27	20 27	22 27	22 26	22 26	22 26	20 26	21 23	21 23	21 23	21 23	21 23																				
Beans -	7 39	0 34	39 0	34 39	0 36	31 37	30 37	31 37	30 36	38 40	34 36	39 42	39 42	39 42	30 34	30 35	30 35	30 35	30 35	30 35																				
Tick Beans -	30 35	0 31	36 0	32 37	0 36	38 40	38 40	37 38	38 40	38 40	40 42	42 44	42 44	42 44	36 37	32 36	32 36	32 36	32 36	32 36																				
Pears -	8 50	0 38	44 0	40 48	0 46	40 42	40 42	38 40	40 40	40 44	40 44	42 43	42 43	42 43	36 36	32 36	32 36	32 36	32 36	32 36																				
Hog Pears -	32 37	0 31	37 0	33 37	0 36	33 34	32 34	33 34	33 33	35 34	36 38	36 40	36 40	36 40	34 36	30 34	30 34	30 34	30 34	30 34																				
Tares -	34 36	0 34	36 0	34 36	0 30	48 0	48 0	48 0	48 0	50 0	40 42	42 44	42 44	42 44	46 48																									
Malt, Brown.	44 46	0 44	46 0	44 45	0 44	48 0	48 0	48 0	48 0	50 0	42 45	45 47	45 47	45 47	48 50																									
Malt, Amber.	44 46	0 44	46 0	44 45	0 44	48 0	48 0	48 0	48 0	50 0	42 45	45 47	45 47	45 47	48 50																									
Malt, Pale.	38 44	0 38	44 0	41 44	0 40	50 0	50 0	50 0	50 0	52 0																														
Flour, First.	37 40	0 37	40 0	37 40	0 37	37 0	37 0	37 0	37 0	37 0	36 38	36 38	36 38	36 38	36 38	38 40	38 40	38 40	38 40	38 40																				
Flour, Second.	35 37	0 36	37 0	36 37	0 36	35 0	35 0	35 0	35 0	35 0	34 36	34 36	34 36	34 36	34 36	36 38	36 38	36 38	36 38	36 38																				
Flour, Third.	28 32	0 28	32 0	26 32	0 26	31 0	31 0	31 0	31 0	31 0	29 31				29 31																									
Rough Meal.						26 0	26 0	26 0	26 0	26 0																														
Seeds.																																								
Claver -	52 92	0 52	92 0	52 92	0 52	50 60																																		
Trefoil -	23 26	0 23	26 0	23 26	0 23	11 20	11 20	11 21	11 21	11 21	32 30	32 30	32 30	32 32	38 17																									
Cinquefoil -						17 22	20 24	20 24	20 24	20 24																														
Ryegrass -	41 43	0 41	43 0	41 43	0 41	11 12	11 12	11 12	11 12	11 12																														
Sanctoin -																																								
Turnip -																																								
Canary -																																								
Per Last.	291. 311. 311. 321. 321. 341. 321. 341. 311. 321.																																							

ACCURATE PRICE OF STOCKS, SEPTEMBER 27 TO OCTOBER 27, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

Days	BANK										INDIA				SOUTA SEA				Commerce Exch. Bills				Lottery Tickets			
	Stock.	3 per cent. reduc.	3 per cent. consol.	4 per cent. consol.	5 per cent. ann.	Long ann.	Short ann.	Stock	Strip	Bonds.	Stock	Old ann.	New ann.	Navy Bills.	Exch. Bills.	3 per cent. Strip	1st Clafs.	2d Clafs.	3d Clafs.	4th Clafs.	English	Irish.				
27	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	9	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	14 dif.	14	4	6	5	11	0
28	171 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
29	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
30	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	12	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
1	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	12	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
2	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	14	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
3	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	20	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
4	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	22	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
5	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
6	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
7	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
8	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
9	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
10	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
11	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
12	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
13	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
14	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
15	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
16	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
17	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
18	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
19	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
20	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
21	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
22	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
23	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
24	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
25	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
26	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0
27	172 1/2	—	74 1/4	—	106 1/2	—	—	205 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2 dif.	—	76 1/2	—	—	—	—	14	4	6	5	11	0

In this Table, the highest and lowest prices of the 3 per cent. consols. are given each day; in all the other funds the highest price only.

T H E

KENTISH REGISTER,

For NOVEMBER, 1793.

SPECTEMUR AGENDO.

THOUGHTS on DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

MANY men are reputed wise for saying but little in company, when the real cause of their silence is their ignorance; and this false estimation of the world induces them to believe they are really those characters they are only mistaken for, and they assume their consequence accordingly; whence every fallacy of mirth, and every species of wit and humour are discouraged by them, as marks of a trivial mind. But let them think as they will, even noise and nonsense are more tolerable to a man of real good sense, than such a stupid affectation of wisdom. Genius may err, but dulness is ever uniform and the same.

Every self-sufficient blockhead thinks himself qualified, and is ever ready to give advice, especially of the œcomical kind, always inferring that it is very practicable and very easy for the advised to follow it, without considering his situation and character, and that it is often impossible, from the very nature of that situation (of which

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the adviser is ten to one totally ignorant) to adapt his conduct or expences to that contracted system which the sagacious and frugal preceptor has adopted, and which his line of life, as well as his own inclination, may perhaps easily admit.

I have often been on a visit where lively children, who have entertained me very agreeably with their playful tricks and innocent vivacity, have been silenced, that I might attend to the more solemn, though less supportable, insignificance of their father and mother.

Long story-tellers, for the most part, impose a severe tax on the ears of their companions, which may often as well be nailed to the pillory for the time, as attend the subject of the discourse, which is generally nothing more than a detail of their own petty concerns.

Prudence, though deemed a virtue by the prudent, is only the handmaid of the virtues; and when she appears to the greatest advantage, is no more

S

than

than the maid in the clothes of her mistress; yet in the commerce of the world she is the best guide, and will often effect what no virtue can.

Sportsmen should seriously consider (if they are capable of any consideration at all) that when they waste whole hours in conversation expatiating on the merits of a hunter or setting dog, they are tacitly confessing the inferiority of their own: as the subject of the preacher is of far higher importance than the preacher himself, and poets, historians, and biographers are less regarded than the heroes they celebrate.

Curiosity, unless under the controul of natural good sense, is a very pernicious thing, and renders the unfor-

tunate possessor often impertinent, often ridiculous, and sometimes unhappy—impertinent, because it will for ever prompt him to enquire into the affairs of others, where he has no right—ridiculous, because he will be always inquisitive about trifles—and unhappy, because his perseverance may discover what will destroy his peace.

Religious disputes are, of all others, managed with the least good breeding or moderation; and the cause seems to be this, that any subject, the less it is understood by every one, the more every one thinks he understands it the best.

Tonbridge, Aug. 31, 1793.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

BE pleased to accept a short memoir of *Lambard* for the present month.

Yours, &c.

M. A.

WILLIAM LAMBARD, ESQ. author of the *Perambulation of Kent*, 1576, was the son of John Lambard, esq. draper and alderman, and formerly one of the sheriffs of London, by Julian his wife, who resided at Westcombe, in the parish of Greenwich, in this county, and was succeeded in that estate by the subject of this memoir.

The profession for which he was designed, was the law; and, being admitted at Lincoln's Inn, he made considerable progress in that study. While he resided there, Dr. Lawrence Nowell (afterward Dean of Lichfield) happened at that time to occupy the chambers of one of his brethren, a counsellor of distinction. Dr. Nowell was eminent no less as a judicious antiquary, than as a profound scholar: and under his tuition *Lambard* acquired, in addition to his other attainments, the knowledge of valuable antiquity, and of the Saxon lan-

guage. Of the Hon. Society, in which he had entered, *Lambard* became a bencher. He was also Master in Chancery, Keeper of the Rolls and Records, and belonging to the Alienation office. And of this county he was Justice of the Peace.

The fame of *Lambard* lives in his many learned works. Of these, the *Archæionomia*, or Collection of Saxon Laws, was published in 1568. His tutor, Dr. Nowell, is said to have made this collection, but going abroad in 1567, left it to *Lambard* to translate and publish, which he accordingly performed the following year. In 1576 his *Perambulation of Kent* was first published, containing the description, history, and customs of that shire, collected and written for the most part in the yeere 1570, and now increased by the addition of some things which the author himself hath observed since that time. This was the first printed account of Kent. It was not only highly applauded (says Bishop Nicholson in his historical library) by Camden, and other chief judges of such matters, but gave a hint to many more men of learning to endeavour the like services for their several counties.—In 1581 appeared his

Eirenarcha,

Eirenarcha, or Office of Justice of the Peace:—In 1591 his *Archeion*, or Discourse upon the high Courts of Justice: and in 1600 his *Pandectæ Rotulorum*. He wrote also several valuable Treatises, which Bishop Tanner has enumerated in his *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica*.—His Topographical Dictionary, which is by no means the least valuable of his labours, was never published till 1730. To this work a good portrait of him is prefixed.

His memory, thus perpetuated by his writings, is rendered eminent also by his beneficence. For in 1560 he founded and endowed an hospital at Greenwich (giving it the name of Queen's Elizabeth's College) for the benefit of twenty poor people, with an allowance of eighteen pence per week to each; and entrusted the care of it to the Draper's Company, to

which he is said to have been a benefactor in other respects.

Lambard was twice married; first to Jane, daughter of George Multon, of St. Cleres, esq. by whom he left no issue; secondly, to Silvestria, daughter and heir of Robert Deane, of Halling in this county, esq. and widow of William Dalyson, esq. by whom he left one son, and one daughter.

He died at Westcombe on the 19th of August, 1601, and was buried in the old church at Greenwich, where there was a monument, with an inscription, to his memory; but the old church being pulled down, in order to rebuild the present, the monument of *Lambard* was removed by his descendant Thomas Lambard, esq. and fixed in the church of Sevenoaks, 1733.

OBSERVATIONS on PARADISE LOST.

SO numerous have been the commentaries on *Paradise Lost*, that any farther attempt of this nature may seem superfluous: but the genius of Milton is an inexhaustible mine.

In regard to the remarks on this noble poem, which will be offered occasionally to the reader, I can assure him nothing is borrowed from Bishop Newton's judicious and well-conducted edition—nor indeed from any other editor.

Whatever the observations may be, therefore, they are certainly original, and are such as occurred to the writer as particular passages affected his mind: I have, therefore, not thought it worth while to omit any passages which may be found in other authors—as it is allowed, since Dr. Hurd's Essay on Imitation, that the same thought may occur to different writers without suspicion of plagiarism.

I shall then bring them forward without further preface.

BOOK I.

The invocation which introduces the subject of the poem, is both grand and beautiful. Nothing is mentioned that is low or debasing, but all is poetical, solemn, and pious. The fine poem of Sannazarius de partu Virginis—a work worthy of the Augustan age, fails most wretchedly in this respect; for after as solemn an invocation as this of Milton, the poet calls upon the muses with

- 'Nec Minus, O Musæ, vatum decus, hic ego
' vestros
- ' Optarem fontes, vestras, nemora ardua, rupes,
- ' Quandoquidem genus e cælo deducitis——
- ' Magna quidem, magna Aonides, sed debita
' posco
- ' Nec vobis ignota, etenim potuistis et antrum
- ' Aspicere et choreas; nec vos. omnia cælo
- ' Signa, nec eos reges latuisse putandum est.'

' Nor less I court your favour, tuneful maids,
' And seek, the poet's haunt, your hallowed
' shades;
Ye too are sprung from heav'n's etherial
' height——

' Aid me, ye nine, in heavenly strains to sing,
' Great is the boon I ask, and great the theme
' I bring.
' All, all, ye know—ye saw the humble shed,
' Ye saw the host of heaven around it spread;
' Ye too behold when, glorious from afar,
' The eastern sages hail'd the guiding star.

In this highly finished poetical passage, the reader may be sure I speak only of the Latin—the phrase of 'Nec Minus,' is intolerably absurd, besides the folly of invoking the heathen muses at all.

With how much greater judgement, as well as religious truth, adorned with the graces of poetry, has Milton concluded his noble invocation!

' And chiefly, thou, O spirit, that dost prefer
' Before all temples, th' upright heart and pure,
' Instruct me, for thou knowest——'

Verse 73.

' As from the center thrice to the utmost pole.'

To Mr. Pope's observation of the remarkable gradations of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, in their account of hell and the distance of it from heaven. That Homer says as far, Virgil twice as far, and Milton thrice, it may be added, that another old poet, Hesiod, gives the same distance as Homer.

Τ' ὅσον ἐνεδ' ὑπο γῆς, ὅσον ὕψους ἐς
υπο γαίης.

Verse 84.

' But oh how fallen! how changed!
' From him, who ——
' —— Quantum mutatus ab illo
' Heclore, qui' ——

Virgil, *Æn.* 2. v. 274.

Verse 125.

—— ' Though in pain
' Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep de-
' spair.
' —— ' Æger
' Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde do-
' lorem. ——

Æn. 1, v. 212.

Verse 196.

' Prone on the flood, extending long and large
' Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge,
' As whom the tables name of monstrous
' size,
' Titanian ——.'

This hint is taken, and most beautifully improved, from the antient fable of Tithyos, of whom Ovid says,

—— ' Novemque
' Jugeribus distentus erat ——
And Virgil,
' Cui tota novem per jugera corpus
' Porrigitur ——.'

Verse 210.

' So stretch'd out huge in length th' arch-
' fiend lay
' Chain'd on the burning lake, nor everthence
' Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the
' will
' And high permission of all-ruling heaven
' Left him at large to his own dark designs;
' And all his malice served but to bring forth
' Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn
' On man y him seduced, but on himself
' Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance
' pour'd.'

To keep the subject constantly in view, and to revive the thought of it frequently in the reader's memory, are absolutely requisite to a good composition of any length, as an epic poem necessarily is.

With what judgement Milton does this, the lines above quoted, may, once for all, serve as an instance.

There is, in the Archbishop of Cambray's Telemachus, a most beautiful instance of this kind. The author in the beginning of his work had told us that Menerva attended Telemachus in the shape of Mentor; this the reader, in the course of their adventures, might be apt to forget; he therefore takes an opportunity in the heat of a battle to tell us that *Mentor's shield resembled the Ægis of Minerva*. This beautiful hint immediately recalls to the mind of the reader who it is that performs such wonders, under the shape of Mentor.

A. F.

SIN-

SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF WHAT MAY BE EFFECTED,
BY RIGID ŒCONOMY.*From Andrews's Anecdotes, ancient and modern.*

THE following letter contains an instance of the most excellent domestic management, which imagination can conceive. It may be depended upon, for facetious as the writer is known to be, he never indulges his humour at the expence of his veracity: and he avers every circumstance there related to be literally true.

" You ask me what I have seen in my ramble, worth relating. You are no antiquarian, I will not therefore tease you with ruined abbeys, Gothic castles, Roman and Danish camps, or Druidical circles, but confine my narrative to human curiosity. This is a Mr. Osbaldeston, an attorney's clerk, and, spite of the popular prejudices against his profession, said to be an honest man. This you will allow to be a curiosity, but this is not all. This honest limb of the law is married, and has, at least, half a dozen children, all whom, with as many couple of hounds, and a brace of hunters, he maintains out of, how much do you think? Guess a little, I pray you. Why then, to support himself, a wife, six children, twelve dogs, and two horses, he has not a penny more than sixty pounds a year! And, if possible to increase the miracle, he did this in London for many years, paying every body their own, and keeping a tight coat for Sundays and holidays. But I will try to explain this seeming paradox. After the expiration of the time which Mr. Osbaldeston owed his master, he acted as an accountant for the butchers in Clare-market, who paid him in offal; the choicest morsels of this he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which he kept in his garret. His horses were lodged in his cellar, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brew-house, and on damaged corn, with

which he was supplied by a corn chandler, whose books he kept in order. Once or twice a week, in the season, he hunted, and giving a hare, now and then, to the farmers, over whose grounds he sported, secured their good will and permission. Besides which, several gentlemen, struck with his extraordinary œconomy, winked at his going over their manors with his moderate pack.

" Accident has since removed this uncommon man to Lewes, in Suffex, where, on the same stipend, he continues to maintain the same family. Curiosity led me to visit this extraordinary party, about their dinner-time. The two-legged part of it were clean, though not superfluously clothed, and seemed to live like brothers with the surrounding animals. It looked, in short, something like the golden age. Mr. O. himself seemed, and acted like the father of the quadrupeds, as well as the bipeds, and as such decided with the utmost impartiality, for Master Jackey having taken a bone from Jowler, he commanded instant restitution. And, on the other hand, Doxy, having snatched a piece of liver from Miss Dorothea, was obliged, on the spot, to restore it to the young lady.

" On enquiry, I found that Mr. O. was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, in the north of England, and that having imprudently married one of his father's servants, he was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a southern hound, big with pup, whose offspring has since been a source of profit and amusement to him."

F. G.

" The writer of the above letter has informed the editor, that this very extraordinary character has lately resided, with the same family, at Croydon in Surry."

INSTANCES

INSTANCES ILLUSTRATING the FORCE of GRATITUDE.

From the Same.

" **T**HERE is a species of grateful remorse, which sometimes has been known to operate forcibly on the minds of the most hardened in impudence. Towards the beginning of this century, an actor, celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waked on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he said attended on his wife. The physician heard with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. For, since the actor's greatest wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company, as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity, which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, become completely master of his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape, made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money, thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back."

"The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the

author screamed with approbation. His raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity, a public laughing stock.

"A more grotesque instance of gratitude, may be adduced in a modern Kentish anecdote, perfectly well-attested.

"A parson Patten, of Whistable, was well known to his own neighbourhood, as a man of great oddity, great humour, and equally great extravagance. Once, standing in need of a new wig, his old one defying all farther assistance of art; he went over to Canterbury, and applied to a barber, young in the business, to make him one. The tradesman, who was just going to dinner, begged the honour of his new customer's company at his meal, to which Patten most readily consented. After dinner a large bowl of punch was produced, and the reverend guest, with equal readiness, joined in its demolition. When it was out, the barber was proceeding to business, and began to handle his measure, when Mr. Patten desired him to desist, saying he should not make his wig. "Why not," exclaimed the astonished host, "have I done any thing to offend you, Sir?" "Not in the least," replied the guest, "I find you are a very honest, good-natured fellow; so I will take somebody else in. Had you made it, you would never have been paid for it."

REVIEW

REVIEW of the AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS.

CONCLUDED.

THE celebrated Locke was appointed to frame for *South Carolina*, a body of Laws and a *Constitution*. But the theory of this great man, still the idol of the human mind, could never be practised with success! It was soon dropped as impracticable. Sixty years thereafter, the Colony began to flourish by a Government formed on the *plan* of the *English Constitution*; and that of the present is almost the same, being more *declaratory* than enacting.

PRESENT CONSTITUTION.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

By this Constitution the Legislative Authority is vested in a *General Assembly*, to consist of two distinct bodies, a *Senate*, and *House of Representatives*.

All *free White men*, of twenty-one years of age, of one year's residence in the States, and *possessing Freehold of Fifty Acres of Land each*, or what shall be deemed *equal thereto*, are qualified to elect representatives.

The qualifications for the elected must be the same.

A *Senator*, or Member of the *Upper House*, must be of the Protestant Religion, must have attained the age of thirty years, must have been a resident in the State at least five years, and must possess a freehold in the parish, or district for which he is elected, of at least 2000*l.* *clear of debt*.

The *Senate* are chosen by ballot.

The *Clergy* are ineligible to any of the Civil Offices of the State.

The *Governor*, Lieutenant-Governor, and Privy Council, must all be of the Protestant Religion.

Formerly, in this State, they were appointed by the *Crown*—now they are chosen jointly by ballot of both Houses—but *must* still be of the *Aristocracy* of the country.

The *Governor* and *Lieutenant-Governor*, must have been resident in this State for ten years, and the *Members* of the *Privy Council*, five years, preceding their election, and possess a Freehold in the State, of the value of at least 10,000*l.* *clear of debt*.

From this outline of the Constitution of *South Carolina*, it is evident that *property*, and even the *Protestant Religion*, are indispensable requisites there, to hold any great place—for the States were determined to be governed by *Men of Property only*, unlike to the French anarchy; being clearly convinced, that without *real property*, however great may be the *talent*, there could be no *solid responsibility*.

Even Mr. Fox, before his *late Subscription*, was not qualified to be the *Governor*, or sit in the *Privy Council* of *South Carolina*!

CONNECTICUT.

The Constitution of this Province is the same as was granted them by CHARLES II. in 1662. They have tacitly continued their old charter, as the ground of Civil Government,

By this charter, the supreme legislative authority is vested in a Governor, Deputy Governor, Twelve Counsellors, and the House of Commons, or General Assembly. They are divided into two Houses.

The *Upper House*, or untitled *House of Peers*, is composed of the Governor, Deputy Governor, and Counsellors or Assistants.

The *Lower House* is composed of the Representatives of the People.

No law can pass without the concurrence of *both* Houses; and both Houses keep pretty strictly to all our forms of Parliament; the more especially in the various readings of Bills, Committees, &c.

All

All *Freemen* in this state are eligible to any office.

The *qualifications* for a *Freeman* are neither talents nor virtues, nor great and commanding political vices, unless he has attained maturity of age, quiet and peaceable behaviour, a civil conversation, and *freehold estate* to the value of *forty shillings per annum*, or *forty pounds personal estate*, in the enrolled list, and certified by the select men of the town. It is necessary also that they take the oath of *fidelity* or *loyalty* to the *existing Constitution*, without *treacherously* endeavouring to amend it, from the *selfish* motives of *apparent patriotism*, from the malevolent ambition of *secretly plotting* to overturn it for their own benefit.

It appears from this, that to *constitute a Freeman* of *Connecticut*, he must possess, besides *property*, certain principles, called *loyalty to the State*. He must be of a quiet and peaceable behaviour, *i. e.* not given to *political*

intrigue, or *sedition views*. He must be of a civil conversation, *i. e.* not given to *wrangling*, or *kindling family feuds*, or *town brawls*.

If the *Connecticut Freemen* were as rich in *possession* and *expectation* as one of the most wealthy subjects in *England*, without he possessed the essential requisites of *behaviour* and *conversation*, beside *loyalty*, he would not be admitted as a *Freeman* there. This remark will stagger all the *English Jacobins*, but it is certainly true, because it is an incontrovertible fact.

It is evident, therefore, that in *Connecticut*, as well as *South Carolina*, and indeed it will appear to be the policy of all the States, that there are certain conditions annexed to being free, of which, perhaps from the want of *property* or *real urbanity*, from one or from both, that *American freedom* is precluded to a MILLION of *White People*, besides *Negroes*.

SHORT ACCOUNT OF

DISHLEY FARM, in LEICESTERSHIRE,

BELONGING to MR. BAKEWELL.

THIS Farm has been so repeatedly described by various writers, that little, if any thing, of novelty can be expected from a new observer. The neatness of the hedge-rows, cleanness of the grounds, &c. cannot fail to attract the notice of an attentive traveller as he passes; and the general civility of the servants to a stranger, &c. (for, there is no Inn where you can leave your horse,) calls forth more than common gratitude for the favours conferred on one unknown either in person or by name.

The two veteran Herds, proud of their office, of their master, and their service, each armed with their staff of office (hazel sticks), select and bring forth the different cattle according to the regular established custom and dis-

cipline of the place, explaining, in proper terms and in an uncultivated but pleasing manner, the superior or different qualities of individuals, but "that master, if present," could have explained matters much better (Mr. Bakewell was then in London.) And yet they executed their office so completely, that enquiry was made how long in that service? A *John Breeden*, since the year the King was crowned, or 32 years; *William Arnold*, the Herd, about 20.

William Peet, who superintends the horses, has been nearly 40 years; but, during that time, has been absent a few years. Several 10 or 12 years; and no one is taken into the service for a less term than four years.

The different breeds of sheep kept

on the farm are brought together, put side by side, which then are under the immediate eye of the spectator; who if no judge of cattle, cannot fail to observe a difference, when so distinctly marked out in the separate joints and points of each individual; and which, after viewing alive, the carcases of different breeds, preserved whole in pickle, and hung up side by side, may be viewed again, to examine the thickness of flesh and fat on each, smallness of offal, and, again, the skeleton, with distinct bones, heads, ribs, &c. of the different breeds, to take another comparative view and mark the difference. In this room are also preserved in pickle, and shown, some joints of beef, the relics of *Old Comely*, the parent-mother of the flock, who lived to the advanced age of 25, when existence became burthenfome; she was slaughtered about two years since. The fat of a surloin on the outside measured about four inches thick.

The show of Tups had been closed the day before our arrival, a limited time being allowed for the purpose of hiring for the season, which had been regularly announced in the papers; after which they are not admitted to be seen till the succeeding season. Much company at the farm the day before for that purpose; amongst whom some foreigners.

Mr. Honeybone, the nephew of Mr. Bakewell, attended us round the farm; viewed the different successions of crops of cabbages, drilled wheat, barley, &c. in all the fields of which are generally specimens of broad-cast, to show the comparative difference. The drill is preferred. But the grand article of husbandry is the irrigated ground, about 200 acres, from a stream collected carefully some distance, and which, in part, is carried round the farm for more than a mile, the lower part of which is flooded in portions according to the degree of water which falls in each season. A mill is fed from the same source; but the water is of so great estimation in improving the lands, that the mill is suffered to stand rather than the fields should be

abridged of their proper allowance; patches of which, in a variety of places, are kept dry, or prevented from this improving source; and the barrenness of which is very evident by the appearance of rushes, coarser and poorer grass. In another place, one part manured with dung from the yard, and the neighbourhood flooded; favour in the watering part. Afterwards, different patches, flooded and not flooded, to the amount of about 20 divisions; the superiority in favour of water clearly evident. Again; the same experiment is varied, in bringing water from a spring, the same which is used for culinary purposes in the kitchen, and this contrasted in patches, and opposite to the patches watered from the canal; and even here the evidence is decidedly in favour of the water, but whether in favour of the water from the spring or stream I regret that I did not pay sufficient attention. And again; the drainings from the yard are brought into one point, and, mixing with the water, are carried over certain fields beneath the farm, by which they are rendered so fertile, that this present year some parts have already been mowed twice, the first of which was on the last day of April. The last year they had four cuttings, the grass from which is appropriated for the uses of soiling the three year old heifers, which are kept in the house and worked, horses, bulls, and some other cattle, which are not turned out to grass. Besides watering the grounds, this stream of water is converted into other useful purposes; it is formed into a narrow canal, and runs very silent, having but little fall; upon which boats are constructed to carry the manure from the yard, and the produce of the fields, when reaped, to the farm-yard; and, of late years, the turnips have been thrown into this stream, and have, without farther trouble, been washed and carried down; till, on their arrival at their destined port, a servant waits, and scoops them out on the banks.

A wharf is also constructed, where-
upon

upon are landed cabbages, &c. so contrived as to be on a level with the canal, and renders the labour of throwing them into carts the easier than if the men had the trouble to lift them the height of the cart; also when dung is brought from the yard, the ground is so raised as to require only loosening the cart, and thence tossing it immediately into the boat.

Mr. Bakewell uses no waggon, but prefers the light single horse carts.

On different spots are planted clumps of willows (called the Dutch willow); some of these as if for ornament, some for shelter, and some, when no other place offered, near the building, along the hedge-rows; the quicksets or thorns of which seem not to be injured by being overshadowed and dropped upon by these overbearing neighbours. A lot of these is in rotation regularly cut down every seven years (from which appears the number of plantations), and, besides handles for rakes, pitchforks, and other tools, are applied to many useful purposes on the farm, as guarding new-planted hedges, &c. Their uses are various, and prove a great saving of expence on many occasions; a large stack of which, ready peeled and reared on the end, appears in the farm-yard; the bark from which is, as soon as stripped from the wood, tied up in sheaves or bundles. Such is the general neatness practised through every department, that there is not the least appearance of slovenliness, or waste, or inattention of any kind, apparent, in the example abovenoticed, instead of a litter, as is too frequently practised. How much extraordinary time has this neat practice exhausted? Probably, in the issue, none; for, the portion of time spent in the act of tying up in bundles is next to nothing. The less space occupied by the bark is very evident, and the neatness of the appearance is very striking. If they are to be removed, or applied to any purpose, *e g.* to lay for the bottom of corn or hay stacks, the former trouble of tying-up

is instantly repaid by the facility of the removal, and without any loss of the article. Upon urgent occasions, these peelings are occasionally applied as bottoms of stacks; but around the yard are already formed for use bottoms of brick, so constructed as to secure the stacks of corn from the weather, and as much as may be, from the vermin.

In the yard are seen varieties of carriages; different implements in husbandry, both of the old and new school, ploughs and harrows upon almost every construction; plain and spiked rollers, &c. in varieties, and in great abundance; simple, neat, useful, and moveable racks, for feeding horses, call forth the attention. To prevent the horses quarrelling or injuring one another during the contest, there is only one aperture at each corner. The nearest division is appropriated for their corn, and in the center part a rack for hay. One pair of shafts serves to take on and off, and move the whole or any number of the racks to any part of the farm. Adjoining the house is a Smith's-shop, where two men are generally employed in making and repairing for the farm, &c.

The grounds adjoining the house seem of a swampy nature, and yet water is brought over the same from a small rivulet, that it may be overflowed; but, by good management and well conducted drains, &c. the inconveniences which would arise from the stagnant water are overcome. The gardens are neat, and seem cultivated more for utility than show, and in them are fishponds well stored and supplied with water from the rivulet above noticed. The garden, I have been told, is sometimes irrigated.*

In one peculiar style are conve-

* Swampy ground may, with propriety, be compared to a sponge full of water: when the stagnant water is carried off by proper drains (as is the case here), the ground, like the sponge deprived of its water, occupies less space; and water, which is a heavy body, besides fertilizing the land, by its specific

niences for measuring and weighing the food of the hogs, and also noting down the same, which may be done by any servant with a piece of chalk already lying upon the spot, till it can be entered in a more regular manner upon paper in a proper book. This contrivance is the most simple that can be imagined, in order to prevent mistakes, and to render the experiments conclusive. There is also a weighing machine in the sty, particularly appropriated for the purpose of weighing the swine which are undergoing the experiments; nine in number, divided into classes of three in each department, are under experiment.

After an agreeable range through the whole of what is usually exhibited, we were invited to partake of, and were hospitably entertained with, a good and plentiful dinner, good ale, and after dinner a bottle of good wine, during which we were also entertained with good and instructive conversation, and pressed to stay

cific gravity consolidates the particles of the earth still closer together by running over the surface, and which is supposed to add another cause of fertility. Since writing the article, I have been told that Mr. Bakewell's observation is—"Throw water upon the ground from whatever quarter you can obtain it, provided there are no pernicious qualities, as minerals, &c. in the water."

a longer time in the most hospitable and cordial manner. It was with pleasure we entered into these cultivated premises; it was with regret we departed from this mansion of conviviality, with gratitude for the favours conferred, with satisfaction for the pleasures we had enjoyed!

The gentleness of the different kinds of cattle has been frequently noticed by others, and should not pass the attention of any observer. This meekness of spirit seems to run through the individual of every species exhibited, from the gallant Stallion to the veteran Bull. At an age when most of his brethren are either foaming and bellowing with rage and madness, or have suffered the stroke of the axe for their frequent delinquencies and violences committed; *old C*, a son of the old parent *Comely*, has all the gentleness of a lamb in his looks and in his actions. Gently treated himself, he harbours no rancour, but affectionately licks the hand of his feeder; scratch him, and he will bow himself down for this kindly office to his benefactor. This old servant feeds within doors, nor is he any longer an hireling to his neighbours. He retired with all the dignity of majesty, as if conscious of his own superiority!

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

THE MORALIST.

No. IV.

"Masterless passion sways us to the mood
"Of what it likes or loathes."

SHAKESPEARE.

MAN, as an individual, is a being who differs from others of his own species not *naturally* but *accidentally*. By nature we are all equal. Let the man of learning shake his head and say it is impossible—let the most celebrated logicians of the day unanimously declare the proposition to be false—let the opinions of ages that are past, and the judgment of

that which is present be collected and compared, and they will stand for nothing, when they are opposed by truth and experience, by fact and observation.

That which is common to us all as men—that in which the equality of our nature originally consists, and which is equal in all, is not any inherent principle of ability or genius

above others; but it is a simple *faculty or power* given to every man, by the cultivation of which every excellency and every perfection may be generated that is possible to be produced by the application and exertion of rational beings.

Men are fond of placing to the credit of superior abilities and extraordinary gifts, those acquirements which they have obtained only by dint of industry and application, or through the medium of advantages, or fortunate circumstances and occurrences, which thousands of their fellow creatures have never experienced. As far as the influence of the animal spirits may extend in the process of generation, so far may every subsequent generation be indebted to the preceding one for some portion of its share of animal strength, health, vigour and activity. But beyond this no chain of reasoning will enable us to go with any, the least, degree of probability. The descendancy of the animal powers is natural; but the descendancy of the rational ones is not so. The former implies derivation, and may reasonably enough be supposed to have been transmitted to us from something of the animal kind, that had a priority of existence. But the latter implies creation, and, in every man, that is not merely an animal or an idiot, is altogether underrivable but from the Creator himself. How else should it happen that the connection of two rational beings, of the brightest endowments, should be as liable to generate a fool, as two of an inferior order in society should be? Or, how else should it happen, that the son of a peasant, if exchanged in his infancy for the son of a king, should be made as capable of filling so elevated a station as the king's son himself would have been, had he not have changed places, that is to say *advantages* with him? And that the king's son, on the contrary, should not, in all probability, arise to one perceptible degree of excellence, either in genius or ability, above that of the sons of the peasants which

might surround him? Is it not time for men to look about them and explode opinions that are founded in error? Is a man to set himself down contented with an opinion that his children, if they have no appearance of idiotism about them, are not as capable of being as learned, as able, and as ingenious, as any and every other person's children, provided they are but permitted to have the same advantages, the same opportunities, and are supposed likewise to possess the same eager desire of improvement that those other person's children enjoy?

The principal reason why there is so great a difference discernable in the genius, acquirement and capacities of men, whose education, circumstances and situations in life have been nearly or perfectly similar, and whose advantages have been equal, is to be attributed principally to that degree or earnestness of desire which each may have felt for improvement. Place what subject you will in the view of young people, whether it be philosophy, physic, poetry, law, divinity, or any thing else, and if they have but a real desire to make themselves masters of that subject, such desire will beget in each of them a capacity for the subject each is willing to undertake, be it what it will; and the capacity so produced will increase in proportion to the degree of earnestness that accompanies desire. This observation is the result of experience, and its importance is such as to deserve the serious attention of every thinking being. The inference deducible from this observation is, that whatever trade or profession in life a young man has an ardent desire to pursue, that desire will contribute, more than any thing else possibly could do to produce in him a capacity suitable to that particular trade or profession which he wishes to be master of. And if, when a desire of this kind has taken a strong root in the mind, the attention of a youth is necessarily and unavoidably directed to some other object, he may not only never arrive at mediocrity in his trade or profession,

but

but he may very probably sink far below it.

In the path of learning, a youth whose memory is not good, labours under a very great disadvantage when he sets out on equal terms with companions whose memories are more retentive than his own. It will be said that memory is improveable. I grant it is. But if a bad memory is improveable, so likewise is a good one. In the pursuit of learning a young man of this description must always labour hard without receiving a proportional advantage; for memory is the power that supplies reason with ideas, about which the intellectual faculties are to be exercised. Place such an one with his fellow students in a profession where it is necessary that memory and knowledge should be equally progressive, and they will always leave him in such a situation, that they can look back to him. At the bar, such an one, without interest, will not rise into notice so soon as his competitors. But place him in a situation (on the stage for instance) with his companions, where memory only is progressively necessary, and he will then be enabled to keep pace with them; because his whole attention will be employed in strengthening and improving his memory only; and what he is thus enabled to retain by dint of industry, he is not in danger of losing by any necessity or obligation he is under to increase his stock of knowledge.

It is a very common notion, and has for ages been a standing maxim, that to be a poet, a man must be born with a genius for poetry. That the notion is commonly received does not lessen the absurdity of it. And it is matter of serious regret that nonsense is made palatable only when it is sanctioned by men of eminence. Thus we are told that *Pope* was born a poet; *Pascal* a geometrician, and *Vandyke* a painter. We might as well maintain that *Whitbread* was born a brewer, *Young* a farmer, and *Lackington* a bookseller. Such opinions will not bear examination. *Poets,*

geometricians and *painters* are not productions of nature but art. Men can never feel a natural turn of mind, or particular propensity of disposition for pursuits, concerning which they have obtained no acquired knowledge. Nature has no more to do with poetry than she has with law or politics, with trade or commerce, with agriculture or navigation. It is true that without natural power, or the faculty of reason, we can do nothing. But with it we can do any thing, and every thing that can be done by man, in proportion to the materials, or stock of ideas, which we have to work with. The instruments by which we work are in every respect similar; but the mode of using them is not so; for this is formed by art and education. The more we use them the more serviceable they will be to us. The man who in the present age would arrive at any tolerable degree of literary excellence, must condescend to labour almost without intermission. He must study while others sleep; and reason when there is no one else to reason with him. He who every day adds somewhat to the knowledge he had before acquired, is in a fair way to excel at last. For knowledge, like money, after a certain stock is acquired, accumulates by the advantages it produces. Great abilities are acquired by a process that is regular rather than rapid; by an attention that is strict rather than lasting; by a perception that is just rather than quick; by a reasoning that is close rather than elegant; by a clearness of understanding rather than a brilliancy of imagination; and, by a correctness of judgment rather than a facility of invention.

Men who have arrived at the highest degree of excellence that has been attained, appear to have had extraordinary endowments, principally because we are ignorant of the intermediate steps of labour and study, of thought and reflection, of reasoning and examination, of experience and application, which must necessarily have taken place as they proceeded from

from proposition to proposition, from one train of reasoning to another, from one kind of experiment to another, and, consequently, from one degree of knowledge to another. Could all the intermediate steps, fortunate incidents, casual occurrences, favourable circumstances, and indefatigable applications, be seen and examined, that were either immediately, or remotely, necessary to the success of Sir *Isaac Newton's* researches, we might cease to estimate him as a genius of a superior order to his brethren. It might then appear plainly enough, that he was only a man of extraordinary perseverance and industry. And extraordinary perseverance and industry will generally produce extraordinary characters; which men of ordinary application readily convert into prodigies of genius. And because they will not attempt to approach them, very willingly allow them to be unapproachable. There is nothing which is in the power (if it was the inclination) of the writer of these lucubrations to say, that can in the least diminish that respect and veneration in which the memories of great and celebrated men are justly and deservedly held. He is only desirous to caution mankind against entertaining notions that are evidently founded in imagination or error; and that are consequently inimical to that spirit of application which is necessary to be exerted by every one, who would become famous in his day. Take away the hope of success, and the desire of obtaining it will no longer subsist. Tell the world it is to expect no more *Newtons*, *Bacons*, *Lockes*, *Miltons*, and *Shakespeares*, and none will arise. If we content ourselves with the opinion that nothing greater can be done, nothing so great will again be attempted. Why have we not another *Newton*? Partly because we are satisfied with the *Newton* we have already had, and principally because another *Newton* cannot scientifically go beyond the truth. He cannot now demonstratively prove that he should

have been a *Newton* had no *Newton* preceded him.—Why have we not another *Shakespeare*? Because, in the present age, in which a delicacy of composition, a chastity of diction, a taste for propriety, and a refinement of expression, is required, which our predecessors were strangers to, we shall not find a man in whom knowledge (I do not mean *learning*) and judgment are properly combined, that would venture as much as *Shakespeare* has ventured. He is at once the *philosopher*, the *historian*, the *poet*, and the *buffoon*. His knowledge of the human heart was correct and extensive. His descriptions of the various passions to which we are subject, and the train of consequences attendant on them, bespeak the pen of a master. Had he not seen or felt them he could not have painted them as he has done. The likenesses are exact, and the colouring truly natural. He may be equalled, but it is difficult to conceive how he may be excelled. For when our copy of life is true we have arrived at a point beyond which it is impossible for any one else to go who would excel either as a poet or a painter.

Genius is a power of invention; and this power is more or less circumscribed in proportion as men are more or less informed. Genius can neither shew, nor exercise itself to advantage on subjects that its possessor has not been tolerably conversant in. The existence of genius is as discernible in boys as in men; only its operations are more limited, and less regarded. It is indeed, in those early periods, more under the influence of the passions, and less subject to the controul of the understanding and the judgment. But it repeatedly breaks forth under all the disadvantages that are implicated in ignorance, penury, and restraint, and becomes visible in a variety of instances which many may think too unimportant for observation, because they are not referable to learning. But, independent of learning, whatever we have an inclination to we pursue with pleasure. This pleasure increases by being enjoyed. And the

very

very act of performing what pleases us renders the performance agreeable. Labours of this kind we depart with regret from, and return to with delight. Our duty is performed with sensations of felicity that sweeten care, and facilitate labour. But when inclination draws our attention one way, and duty demands it another, we must call in the assistance of reason, and revert to the principles and precepts of moral virtue. We must consider that inclination must be sacrificed to duty, and that pleasure must give place to utility. What is proper and expedient to be done must be preferred to that which is pleasing and desirable, but not necessary. The obligations we are under to perform the duties of the station we are in, must be seriously and attentively considered. It is not an ardent desire to excel in pursuits that are laudable or even useful, that will justify us in neglecting the one in which we are actually engaged, in order to attain to a proficiency in others that are not equally objects of our concern. Something is due to the welfare of our relations and dependents; something to our patrons and benefactors; something to our neighbours and friends; something to the nature of our connection in life, and to society in general; and more still to our own immediate welfare and approbation.

Those who have a capacity to learn what is pleasing to themselves, must necessarily possess a capacity to learn what is pleasing to others. In the one case it is certain that they follow the impulse of their inclination; in the other it is only probable that they are moving in a direction entirely opposite to it. The difference of the result of their application in circumstances so dissimilar must be great indeed. Let us suppose, for example, that two lads, A and B, set out as students or apprentices at an appointed time, with the same qualifications, acquirements, endowments, advantages and abilities, and only this difference, that A brings with him an inclination for the business he is entering on, and that B

does not. The object which each has in view is to be the same. The attainment of this object, let us say, shall be measured by a line CD, which shall be divided into eighty-five equal parts, which shall represent as many degrees of improvement, and shall be supposed to comprehend a space of seven years, in which time let it be supposed, that every apprentice is capable of arriving at the eighty-fifth degree of improvement. Next let us suppose a line EF divided in the same manner, to represent the additional progress of A, occasioned by acting in concert with the impulse of inclination; and a similar line GH to represent the retrograde motion of B, owing to the repulse he may reasonably be supposed to meet with by acting in opposition to his inclination. That no unfair advantage may be taken of either, we will admit that the inclination of B to follow some other pursuit shall be just as forcible as the inclination of A is to follow the business or profession he is entered upon. We will now, for argument's sake, allow ten hours in the day to each for study, or the discharge of necessary duties. The impulse of inclination in A, we will say, will inspire him with a spirit of diligence that shall carry him forward in the regular pursuit of his object at the rate of one hour per day, which in the course of seven years will be nearly equivalent to one degree of improvement in ten, over and above the customary degrees of improvement which we have already numbered. Besides this advantage, we may fairly suppose, that the same impulse of inclination will induce him to add one hour per day in the study or practice of his favourite employment, over and above the customary hours of attendance required by his master; which will produce, within a fraction, one degree of improvement extraordinary in every ten. Allowing these two advantages in favour of A, it will follow that we must likewise allow two disadvantages on the side of B.* Whoever then will un-

* The writer intended to have illustrated this

dertake to resolve the difference that will be found to exist between A and B, at the expiration of seven years, will find A to have passed the standard point, or eighty-five degrees, and to have arrived to a point which is seventeen degrees beyond it; while B will have fallen short of it by seventeen degrees; and will have reached no further than the sixty-eighth degree; so that A will have gained thirty-four degrees of him which is exactly one half of the total sum that B had attained in all. Now supposing these advantages to continue through life in favour of A, which is a very reasonable supposition, and that A and B should live to the age of sixty-three, A will in that time have acquired an advantage over B in point of knowledge or industry, of two hundred and four degrees. And if to this we add on the one hand the many extra hours which A, from the mere impulse of inclination will apply to study and business, in preference to trifling amusements or sluggish indifference; and allow on the other hand for the numberless inattentions and neglects which always accompany those who feel no pleasure in fulfilling the proper duties of their station, we shall find no reason to be surprised at the amazing difference that is to be found between men of equal abilities, where interest fills the scale on one side, while indifference (not to say aversion) is employed in lightening it on the other. By overlooking obstructions and advantages that may be thus accounted for, we are very frequently led into errors of judgment and opinion, in estimating the abilities of mankind; and are tempted to draw conclusions that are neither favourable to industry nor improvement. For while we assign extraordinary genius and abilities to successful diligence and perseverance, we damp that spirit of emula-

this part of the subject by a diagram, but perceiving that he had already transgressed all reasonable bounds, he altered his plan; and intends in future to pay more attention to the numerous readers of the Kentish Register, by growing shorter as he grows older.

tion which gives rise to exertion, and kindles in its stead a flame of despondency which gradually consumes all vigour of intellect, and all hope of success. I wish, for the honour of mankind, that the absurd doctrine of *natural inequality*, as far as it respects the *intellectual* faculties, was entirely exploded. I can never suppose my natural abilities to be superior to those of any other man without doing violence to my feelings. Then cries my reader (smiling) you can never suppose another person's natural abilities to be superior to your own. True. But I can suppose any person very consistently with my doctrine, to be much, very much, my superior in point of general, scientific, and professional knowledge. In point of classical erudition and polite literature. In point of reasoning, elegance of composition, and perspicuity of argument. In short, the doctrine of *natural equality* does not affect that necessary and unavoidable inequality, which is occasioned by negligence in some and industry in others; by penury in a low station and affluence in an elevated one; by the perseverance of the prudent and the inconstancy of the capricious; by the sunshine of prosperity, or the gloom of adversity; by partaking of the pleasures of social life, or living in the obscurity of retirement. To these and innumerable other causes, the greatest inequalities that are discernible in the rational world, may be justly attributed. It is not, therefore, to the advantage of the rising generation, nor to that of the world in general, that inclination should be opposed by interested views. Those who design their children for the pulpit or the bar, principally because they have a prospect of procuring preferment for them in those professions, may live to lament that want of attention which is due to inclination. He might have shone as a counsellor who perhaps will disgrace the pulpit; or he who might have done honour to the clerical character may probably never excel as a student of the law.

Separate inclination from duty, and you give a mortal stab to the progress of genius, and to the spirit of industry. You check the ardour of pursuit, and weaken every principle of action. You remove the object of desire, and deprive the mind of those energies which hope inspires, and labour improves. You give to virtue the privilege of acting, but deny to the agent that freedom of choice, which is necessary to make virtue successful, and obedience reasonable. You give to knowledge the opportunity of being useful, but deny to its possessor the means of being great. You demand an implicit submission to inclinations of your own, but forget the importance of a rational indulgence to those of others.

Place inclination and duty on the same side, and you give a spur to industry, that time will not injure, and age will not weaken. You give a security for diligence that disappointment cannot shake, and pleasure cannot undermine. You give a permanency to happiness that wealth and preferment cannot purchase, nor novelty affect. You give to passion an uniformity of pursuit that nothing can destroy; and to principle a motive for action that time will invigorate, and judgment improve. You give to expectation a prospect of success unmingled with doubt, and to merit a

probability of reward unsullied with the meanness of solicitation. You give to art all the assistance that wisdom can claim, and to nature all the advantages that reason can demand, or prudence bestow. You give to life the means of making business agreeable and study delightful; and on man you bestow a fund of gratifications, a succession of enjoyments, and a durability of pleasure, that will sweeten the possession of the present, and contribute to heighten the happiness of the future. By such an union, individuals will enjoy the most probable means of becoming famous in their several stations, and the community will reap the advantages arising from the celebrity of its members. By such an union domestic property will be insured, social harmony produced, national eminence preserved and maintained, slavery and dependence gradually removed, and rational liberty every where sanctioned and protected. And if, where inclination is ardent and sincere, such an union cannot be effected by an individual, it should be performed by the assistance of society. For there is no method so likely to promote the honour and happiness of a people, as that of promoting the honour and happiness of individuals.

SEMPER IDEM.

October 30, 1793.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

I Think the following sketch of a trial before that immaculate court the Revolutionary Tribunal, will not be unacceptable to your readers.

REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

Memoranda of the Summary Proceedings of that Equitable Court.

SENIOR JUDGE.—What is that fellow's name? He has a very aristocratical appearance—*Citizen Rascal*, How did you come by those good coat, waistcoat and breeches?

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U

PRISONER.—I bought them—

JUDGE.—Bought them! barefaced effrontery and the State *sans culotte*! What is his name?

ACCUSER.—*Le Roi*, Citizen Judge.

JUDGE.—*Le Roi*?—Conviction itself—take him away.

PRISONER.—I am not called so—I protest against the letter of the written charge—I spell my name with an L.

JUDGE.—*La Loi*?—worse and worse; the *boiy Mountain* denounces your whole family.

PRI-

PRISONER.—But I plead the defect of the indictment—My name is not as there stated, therefore I am not the person meant.

[*Here one of the Citizen Judges whispered another, that himself, when in England, had got off from hanging by a similar plea.*]

SENIOR JUDGE.—No matter; the plea will not do here, England is but a novice in these things—Citizen Secretary, scratch out *Le Roi*, and write *La Loi*, if it is so—a very bad name!

Omnes.—A very bad name! (Applause.)

JUDGE.—Where was this man taken?

ACCUSER.—He was taken at his country-house in the neighbourhood of St. Denis, in the act of watering lillies.

JUDGE.—Watering lillies! Mark, Citizen Jurors—symbolical treason against the sovereignty of the people—The lilly is an aristocratical plant, and the growth of it is prohibited by the Convention.

PRISONER.—The lilly as I take it, Citizen Judge, is simply the symbol of the purity of my cause.

JUDGE.—Do you presume to aggravate the enormity of your offence, by throwing out insinuations against

this immaculate Bench?—What are the other proofs against him?

ACCUSER.—*I heard a man say, who has oftentimes borrowed money of him, and therefore ought to know him well, that he is certainly an Aristocrat.*

JUDGE.—A clear case, Citizen Jurors—A distributor of money—an emissary of Pitt's—have his pockets been searched?

ACCUSER.—Yes! and we find these gold and silver medals, stamped with the Tyrant's head.

JUDGE.—So many more good and substantial witnesses against him; hand them to me, (*looking at the money, jinking it, and putting it in his pocket.*)

—GUILTY!

JURY.—Guilty!

JUDGE.—Has he any accomplices?

ACCUSER.—Yes! here are all these.

JUDGE.—What a nest of treason!—and where were these men taken?

ACCUSER.—Looking over the pales at the principal, while he watered the lillies.

JUDGE.—Nourishing the cause of Tyrants—All Guilty, Citizen Jurors.

JURY.—All Guilty!

Eccho GALLERY.—GUILTY!
(*Ordered for immediate execution in the Place de la Revolution.*)

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

ODDITIES.

WHEN the Friends of Mr. Fox set on foot a Subscription for his assistance in London, the Country Gentlemen were invited to promote it as much as they could, in their several neighbourhoods. Mr George Taylor, of Maidstone, readily undertook to make a Collection in that town; but on asking a capital Grocer for a Compliment, he received the following answer:—"I have no notion of giving money to pass thro' many different hands; but as I am a warm admirer of Mr. Fox, I

"shall have no objection to give him
"Half-a-Crown, if he will call upon
"me himself."

Cardinal Richlieu used to boast, that in four words of writing on any subject, he could find cause for sending the writer to the Bastile. A Courtezan in reply, wrote "*three and one are four*" Three are only one, cried the Cardinal,—this is blasphemy against the Trinity.—*To the Bastile!*

The present Bench of Bishops do not seem to attend much to original compo-

composition; all their thoughts are turned to *Translation*.

As drunk as an Owl; as drunk as a Sow; as drunk as a Beggar; as drunk as the Devil; as drunk as a Lord. These are the principal comparisons of drunkenness, and the explanation is as follows: a man is as drunk as an Owl, when he cannot see; he is as drunk as a Sow, when he tumbles in the dirt; he is as drunk as a Beggar, when he is very impudent; he is as drunk as the Devil, when he is inclined to mischief; and as drunk as a Lord, when he is every thing that's bad.

An Irish peasant was carried before a Magistrate on a charge of having stolen a sheep, the property of Sir Garret Fitzmaurice. The Justice asked him, "If he could read?" To which he answered, "A little." "You could not be ignorant then," said Mr. Quorum, "that the sheep found in your possession belonged to Sir Garret, as his brand (G. F. M.) was on it." "True," replied the prisoner, "but I really thought the three letters stood for Good Fat Mutton."

Doctor Franklin, when a boy, found that the long graces used by his father before and after meals, were very disagreeable. One day after the winter's provisions had been salted, "I think, father, says Benjamin, if you said Grace over the whole cask, once for all, it would be a great saving of time."

It is not quite a century since the Monarchy of France was the universal idol of that nation. Louis the Fourteenth, condescended one day to ask one of his courtiers what it was o'clock. The Parasite bowed to the ground, and replied in the most servile tone, "Any hour your Majesty pleases."

Copy of a letter from the celebrated Anthony Henley to his constituents, who had wrote to him to oppose the Excise Bill, in the time of Sir Robert Walpole.

"I received yours; I am surpris'd at your insolence in troubling me about

the Excise. You know, what I *very well know, that I bought you, and by* — I am determin'd to SELL YOU. And I know, what you don't think I know, that you are selling yourselves to somebody else.—And I know, what you don't know, that I am buying another borough—May God's curse light on you all!—May your houses be as open and common to all Excisemen, as your wives and daughters were to me, when I stood for your scoundrelly Corporation.

Your's, &c.

ANTHONY HENLEY."

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.

A School master, in conversation with Dr. Johnson, was declaiming against the practice of flogging Boys, as the means of making them attentive to their education; and informed him, on the same triumph, that he had abolished it in his Academy.—"Sir," replied the Doctor, "I am afraid, that what they gain at one end, they will lose at the other."

Anecdote of Dr. Glynn, the celebrated physician at Cambridge.

The Professorship of Physic, in that University, vacant by the death of Dr. Plumtre, being offered to him a few days since by Mr. Pitt, he very politely expressed his thanks for the intended honour, but begged to decline the same, on account of his great age, alledging that he should hardly be warm in the chair, before he was cold in his grave.

An Irish gentleman, in order to check the progress of the malignant fever, which a short time since raged in Newgate, recommended it to the prisoners to take the air in the vicinity of the metropolis!

An Austrian officer, not long ago, who in point of size, might form a respectable figure enough at the head of a troop of Pigmies, had the courage to strike one of his soldiers, a huge Grenadier—the poor fellow who had been flogged into all the machinery

nery of military subordination, pulled off his cap, suspended it over the Captain's head, and declared, if he treated him in such a manner again, he would *extinguish* him.

Mr. Burke, it was reported, had opened a *dagger* subscription, in addition to those now going on, for the use of the troops on the Continent. This however is not true. That Gentleman

"Speaks daggers, but uses none!"

Cheap Linen-drapery.—A *conscientious* dealer in this article, in the neighbourhood of Oxford-street, advertises the remainder of his stock in

trade to be sold 100 *per cent. below prime cost*,—for the *benefit* of his creditors!

In a cause respecting a Will at Derby assizes, evidence was given to prove the testatrix (an Apothecary's wife) a lunatic; and among other things it was deposed that she had swept a quantity of pots, phials, lotions, potions, &c. into the street, as rubbish—"I doubt," said the learned Judge, "whether sweeping *physic* into the street be any proof of insanity." "True, my Lord," replied the Counsel, "but sweeping the *pots* away certainly was."

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

October 8, 1793.

I Have not the least inclination to enquire after the heirs and administrators of John Taylor, the Water-poet; and perhaps if I had, the following lines would not entitle me to the premium, first as being Latin and Greek, and next as not being my own composition.

However they are of the same nature with Taylor's, and may be read backwards and forwards:

*Odo tenet mulum, madidam mappam
tenet Anna.*

Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

Νῦν ἀπορρομα μὴ μοῦνον ἔστιν.

These laboured reptiles in literature, of the Amphibæna kind, head and tail, have once been the serious employment of learned men: they now serve to amuse an idle hour or raise a smile, and may very well class with acrostics, rebuses, and char-rades; if they do not come under the severe lash of the poet with his scourge of

—*Difficiles nugæ,*

And

Stultus labor ineptiarum.

A. F.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

IF any of your future correspondents will give an explanation of the 4th and 5th verses of the Proverbs of Solomon, as they appear to me to be quite contradictory, they will much oblige
A WELL WISHER.

Tenterden, July 12, 1793.

"4. Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou be also like unto him."

"5. Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."

THE

THE HISTORY OF
PENSURST, and the SYDNEY FAMILY.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

GENTLEMEN,

Oct. 31, 1793.

IT was formerly deemed a disgraceful sort of ignorance, to be unacquainted with those circumstances, which had given celebrity to any place, with which we were familiar. But now, it seems, if certain writers are to be credited, that the world has hitherto been involved in such dark and childish errors; and its admiration has been so entirely foolish and ill-grounded, that it would be but a very frivolous employment of our time to attend to the objects of its former praise; and an act of the grossest mental bigotry and imbecillity to approve their opinions. Its gloomy superstitions, its puerile prejudices, its cowardly servilities should be erased from our annals, as too contemptible to occupy a moment's reflection of our more enlightened days. The temple of Fame has been entered by false doors; and all its seats have been occupied by mean usurpers: it must now be levelled to its foundations, and built anew; and every trace of its former inhabitants be hurled with scornful indignation into the gulf of eternal oblivion. Pardon the warmth of my language; for such writer there certainly are; (approved too by insidious critics, and half-witted politicians, whose discontented passions and wishes they flatter and authorize;) writers, who, drunk with the fumes of self-applause, controvert all received opinions, attempt to overturn all government whatever, promising to convince and guide by the illumined reasonings of their own irresistible eloquence, those, whom the written revelations of the Deity, and miracles themselves, have not been able to bind without the aid of coercive laws. But TRUTH, it seems, is the Goddess from whence

these wizzards have drawn the veil that has hitherto concealed her; she is now so bright that mankind can no longer avoid seeing her; and such is her omnipotence, as to impose the necessity of conviction upon the sight; and of accordant action upon conviction.*

That doctrines so glaringly absurd should be tolerated; that they should be used as instruments of their evil purposes, by men of abilities, whom it is impossible they can convince, and that they should convince those turbulent fools, who yield a willing and unexamined assent to the authorities for their own unsatisfied pride, is a symptom of the times very truly to be lamented.

In every thing which is left to the discovery of human wisdom, regarding the conduct of life, whether public, or private, surely the most solid knowledge is to be derived from experience; from the united history of ages; from the repeated operations of the passions; from the ameliorated conclusions of centuries upon the practice of mankind.

They, whose same time has sanctified, should be contemplated with respect; and the character, which has gained renown from our ancestors, ought not hastily to be condemned. If monarchy be on the whole, (as I am convinced it is,) a government the best calculated for the happiness of a people, there must be courtiers. But as I will allow (for such is the imperfection of all human institutions) that

* They who are aware of the particular book, to which I allude, will, I think, understand me. To others it is too worthless to be named: in its tendency it as much exceeds Tom Paine, as Tom exceeds Sydney, and Locke.

virtue is a plant, which thrives with difficulty in a *Court*, glorious is the praise of those, who, though it may sometimes have bent to the blast, or drooped beneath the blight, have reared it to a moderate height.

Few instances can be produced of families, who for two centuries together, have been as much distinguished for lustre of abilities, high employments, and bold integrity, as the SYDNEYS of PENSHURST in *this county*.

This magnificent old mansion has gained from them such celebrity, as to render it one of the most renowned and interesting spots in the kingdom. I shall refer for the detail of its earlier possessors to Mr. Hafted's useful history. But of the *Sydneys* I shall enter a little more fully into the characters, than was consistent with his plan.

The Lordship of PENSHURST was granted by Edw. VI. in the sixth year of his reign, to Sir William SYDNEY, who had been his tutor, chamberlain, and steward of his household, from his birth to his coronation. He was of an ancient family,* son and heir of Nicholas Sydney, esq. lineally descended from Sir William Sydney, knight, Chamberlain to Henry II. with whom he came from Anjou. He did not long enjoy this honourable grant, for he died Feb. 10, the next year, 1553, æt. 70, and was succeeded by his son and heir,

Sir Henry Sydney, who was from his infancy, bred and brought up with Edward VI. He was entered a student of New College, Oxford, in 1543; and became at that time a master of many languages; whence he returned to court, became one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to Edward VI, was knighted, and immediately (at the age of 22 years) sent Ambassador to France, where he distinguished himself far beyond his years † In the 2d and 3d of Phillip and Mary (1556) he was appointed Vice-Treasurer, and General Gover-

nor of the Revenues in Ireland; and soon after sole Lord Justice—in the government of which kingdom he continued till 1578, 22 years; and was also during the greater part of this time Lord President of Wales, (viz. from the 2d of Elizabeth, 1560) two of the greatest offices, which a subject can hold; and which I believe have never before or since been held together. To these high honours, was added in the 6 Eliz. the Order of the GARTER. Few characters will rise brighter from the closest examination than that of Sir Henry Sydney. His *private letters, and state-memorials*,* have now for several years been laid before the public. The state of Ireland was then such, that it could not be committed to a vain man of rank as a feather to his cap. It was involved in the most horrid barbarity, dissention and penury, that can be imagined. To bring it into subjection, and assuage the private feuds, that spread the most savage murder, and desolation around them, required an union of abilities, knowledge, courage, and patience, of which the concurrence can hardly be hoped. Added to this, the Lord Governor had a mistress to please, haughty in her expectations, sparing of her purse, positive in her opinions, and so jealous of the conduct of even the most trusty of her servants, that her ear was ever open to the envious and designing tales of those who were idly battenning in the sunshine of favour at home, while her best subjects were absent on the most toilsome and perilous employments abroad. It appears that Sir Henry Sydney continually suffered under these ungrateful difficulties. By his undaunted bravery he subdued the rebellious; by his wise counsels he regulated the peaceful with unexampled success: yet the paths of ambition are seldom the paths of happiness. Hear his pathetic complaints to *Secretary Cecil* †

“ I assure you,” (says he) “ I

* Their seat was at Cranley, in Surry.

† Wood's Ath. i. 224.

* Sydney papers, 2 vol. fol. Lond. 1746.

† Sydney papers, i. 43.

have felt misery without relief so long, as I remain so senseless, as I think nothing can revive me; no scanty redemption from this my servitude, above all worldly things most heaviest to me. I dare affirm there is no servant in Christendom, that endureth greater toil of mind and body than I do; nor that with so little assistance wieldeth so weighty matters, and meeteth with so many and so variable accidents; and albeit the happiness of the event exceedeth far my ordinary expectation; yet, as in the proceeding, I found little comfort, or consideration: so in the end I find less thank or good acceptance; here-with I have such a familiar of penury, as I think none ever endured as Prince Deputy, What should I in particular dilate it, when I am forced to borrow, nay almost to beg for my dinner? How then doth my servants, how then my soldiers, but most of all, how doth the poor country, which hath borne all, without receiving any thing these ten years past? Surely starving, ripe, abandon the country, and leave it waste; with this I am, I thank my good hap, hated of all here; of the nobility for deposing their tyranny; of the merchant, for that by my persuasion he hath so far trusted the soldiers as not receiving his money, is become a bankrupt, (and indeed so are some;) of the gentleman, for that he cannot get his rent of his tenants, through their keeping of the soldiers; the husbandmen cry out of me, and will do no work, for that they are never paid for so long bearing the soldiers: the soldiers have twice refused to go to the field; for that the horseman is not able to shoe his horse; nor the footman to buy a pair of shoes to his feet; and when I punish one of them for any offence done to the husbandman, the rest are ready to mutiny; and indeed for the most part hunger enforceth them to do that which they do; and steal away my soldiers do every day. What assistance I have to ease me in all this God knoweth; what I want I feel; in especial my Lord Chancellor, now

lame of the gout, and Mr. Agard, almost stark deaf: in fine, I have not a man of the counsel of any action in effect, but *Cuffack* and *Bagnall*; and God knoweth with what digestives I receive out of them; judge. To ease these, none knoweth so well as you; but how my letters are allowed there, God knoweth; it seemeth it is not meet for me to understand, for I had never answer of any I wrote since August by Owen Moore: And to knit the knot of this sack of sorrows, I feel daily increase of decay in health, and yet not half fast enough; for if I were stark blind, or stark lame with quietness of mind; I should hold myself excused in not doing that which now without thank, I do. But, oh Lord, why ransack I thus these tender wounds, especially in your presence, since by good proof I find, that you be consentible and compatible with me; well, I will no more of this now, for I fear I have done too much; yet somewhat I confess, I am eased by opening this my grief, &c. &c.* Dated from Dublin Castle, Feb. 24, 1569.

Yet, (as appears by the above date) Sir Henry continued in this troublesome employment many years after. His memorials transmitted to England shew not only his extraordinary assiduity and capacity for business; but contain the most full and judicious particulars of the state of the kingdom at that interesting period.

Nor was Ireland the only place which required his exertions. Wales, was also in a state to require the regulation of no common abilities. The animosities of the gentry, the partial distribution of justice, with the lewd and desperate bands of robbers, that infested the country, called forth his active spirit, and many wise ordinances, which appear amongst that curious collection, the SYDNEY PAPERS.†

* I have for the sake of general readers, modernized the spelling.

† Several Kentish people appear amongst these letters. In particular, the famous Sir Francis Walsingham, who was son of James, younger son of Sir James Walsingham, of

In 1577, Sir Henry's enemies had gained such ground with the Queen, that she began to express discontent with some particulars of his conduct. His answers to the Queen herself, to the Lords of the Council, and to his brother in law, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, are so manly, so clear, so reasonable, and so full of the spirit of indignant innocence as to be highly satisfactory. To the last person, are the following passages in the conclusion of a letter :

" I hear I have many accusations objected against me ; I should fain know whether from many or one, and who he or they be, and that the matters may be reduced to heads sent to me, and I trust I will answer them.

" It is bruited here, that I am to be revoked, and that speedily ; the brute doth no good ; but if it be intended, the sooner the better, for the Queen, and for myself. I attest to God, I had rather have *Harry Refwicke's* office in Killingworth,* than Sir Harry Sydney's, in *Kilmaineham*."† Dated August, 1557.

Seadhurst, in Chesham. He died 1590 ; his only child Frances married 1st Sir Philip Sydney ; 2d Robert Earl of Essex ; (the favourite of Queen Elizabeth) 3d Richard Bourke, Earl of Clanrickhard, and St. Albans.

Sir Edward Waterhouse, a friend of Walter Earl of Essex, and afterwards of Sir H. S. and lastly one of the Privy Council, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, a man of wit and learning, married the widow of *Herlackenden*, of Woodchurch ; and was buried in that church, 1592, where his monument remains. See *Lloyd's State Worthies*, p. 537.

Nicholas Barham, esq. Serjeant at Law ; who is mentioned in p. 202, of vol. i. of the Sydney papers, to have died in 1577, on the circuit as a Justice of Assize in Gloucestershire, (with the Chief Baron, &c.) was M. P. for Maidstone, 5 Eliz. where he had an handsome mansion now remaining. He left a son Arthur, whose only child married Stephen Bunce, of Throleigh, who had issue by her Jane, wife of Sir John Roberts, of Canterbury, knight, &c.

* Killingworth Castle in Warwickshire, belonging to his brother in law, the Earl of Leicester, to whom I suppose H. Refwicke was a servant.

† Sydney papers, i. 208.

In the February following after several letters of complaint and defence, Sir Francis Walsingham, the Queen's Secretary, wrote the final letter of recall ; the causes alledged were a desire to consult with Sir Henry in person regarding the ill state of the country ; and the burdensome charges, to which she was still, drawn contrary to the expectation given her by others that they might be diminished. " Yet sometimes" says Walsingham, " when I have laid before her, your decay of livelihood by the burden of her service, her Highness hath been moved to commiseration, though the effects thereof could not take place. It is not yet resolved, who shall succeed you : the speech goeth of the Lord Gray : but until her Majesty hath conference with your Lordship, I see she will grow to no resolution."

Notwithstanding this recall, Sir Henry with a boldness of integrity, which no ingratitude for his services could suppress, staid several months setting things in order, and providing for the ease of his successor ; and did not arrive at the English court till the Autumn of 1578.

He seems to have soon retired to his government of Wales, which was yet left him, of which many curious memorials remain among the family papers so often quoted ; and from whence, by a letter dated *Denbigh*, Sept. 17, 1580, to his successor in Ireland, Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, he sent him the most generous and manly advice how to proceed in his government there.*

He died at Ludlow,† May 5, 1586,

* P. 281, 283.

† Regarding this place, I shall introduce the following digression copied from a note to Warton's edition of *Milton's Comus* :

" Some idea of this castle, in which *Milton's Comus* was acted in 1634, with great splendor before *John Egerton, Earl of Bridgewater*, the Lord President of Wales, and which is now ruinous and perishing may not be unacceptable to those who read *Milton* with the fond attentions of a lover. It was founded on a ridge of rock overlooking the river Corve, by Roger Montgomery, about

the

aged 57 years, wanting a month and fifteen days. The concurrent testi-

mony of all historians and biographers, such as Camden, Sir Richard

the year 1112, in the reign of K. Henry the first. But without entering into its more obscure and early annals, I will rather exhibit the state, in which it might be supposed to subsist, when Milton's Drama was performed. Thomas Churchyard, in a poem called the **WORTHINES OF WALES**, printed in 1587, has a chapter entitled "The Castle of Ludloe." In one of the state apartments, he mentions a superb escutcheon in stone of the arms of Prince Arthur; and an empalement of St. Andrew's cross, with Prince Arthur's arms, painted in the windows of the hall. And in the hall and chambers, he says, there was a variety of rich workmanship, suitable to so magnificent a castle. In it is a chapel, he adds, "Most trim and costly, so bravely wrought, so fayre and finely framed, &c." About the walls of this chapel were sumptuously painted, "A great device, a worke most riche, and rare," the arms of many Kings of England, and of the Lords of the castle, from Sir Walter Lacie, the first Lord, &c. "The armes of al these afore spoken of, are gallantly and cunningly set out in that chapell. Now is to be rehearsed that Sir HARRY SYDNEY being Lord President buylt twelve roomes in the sayd castle, which goodly buildinges doth shewe a great beautie to the same. He made also a goodly wardrobe underneath the new parlour, and repayred an old tower called Mortymer's Tower, to keepe the auncient recordes in the same: and he repayred a fayre roome under the Courthouse, and made a great wall about the wood-yard, and built a brave conduit within the inner court: and all the new buidinges over the gate, Sir HARRY SYDNEY, in his days and government there, made and set oute to the honour of the Queen, and the glorie of the castle. There are in a goodlie or statelie place, set out my Lorde the Earl of Warwicke's armes, the Earl of Darbie, the Earl of Worcester, the Earl of Pembroke, and Sir HARRY SYDNEY's armes in like manner; al these stand on the lefte side of the great chamber. On the other side are the armes of North-Wales, South-Wales, two red lyons, and two golden lyons for Prince Arthur. At the end of the dyning chamber there is a pretty device, how the hedgehog broke his chaine, and came from Ireland to Ludloe. There is in the hall a great gate of iron, (a portcullis) of a huge height." In the hall of the great chamber *Comus* was acted. We are told by David Powell, the Welch Historian, that Sir HENRY SYDNEY, kt. made Lord President of Wales in 1564, "repaired the castle of Ludloe, which is the chiefest house within the Marches, being

"in great decaye, as the chapell, the Court house, and a faire fountain, &c." All he erected, "divers new buildings within the said castell, &c." HIST. of CAMBRIA, edit. 1580, p. 401, 4to. In this castle the creation of Prince Charles to the principality of Wales and Earldom of Chester, afterwards Charles the first, was kept as a festival, and solemnized with uncommon magnificence, in the year 1616. See a narrative entitled, "The Love of Wales to their Sovereigne Prince, &c." Lond. 1616, 4to. Many of the exterior towers still remain. But the royal apartments and other rooms of state, are abandoned, defaced, and lie open to the weather. It was an extensive and stately fabric. Over the stable doors are the arms of Q. Elizabeth, Lord Pembroke, &c. Frequent tokens of ancient pomp peep out from amidst the rubbish of the surrounding fragments. Prince Arthur, abovementioned, son of Hen. VII. died in 1502, in this castle, which was the palace of the Prince of Wales, appendant to the principality. It was constantly inhabited by his deputies, styled the Lords Presidents of Wales, till the Principality Court, a separate jurisdiction, was dissolved by King William. The castle was represented in one of the scenes of *Milton's Mask*.—*Warton's Milton*, p. 112. 113.

Shall I be excused if I continue to copy the remainder of the note, since it regards this castle as well as the most enchanting poem in the English language? "Sir John Egerton," (adds Warton) "son of Thomas Lord Chancellor Egerton, Knight of the Bath, Earl of Bridgewater, Baron of Ellesmere, and Lord President of Wales, before whom *COMUS* was presented at LUDLOW Castle, in 1634, married Frances, second daughter and coheir of Ferdinando Stanley, E. of Derby," (whose mother was coheir of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary, daughter of Henry VII. widow of Louis XII. of France.) And thus it was for the same family that Milton wrote both *Arcades* and *Comus*: for the Countess Dowager of Derby, before whom *ARCADES* was presented, was mother to Lady Bridgewater, and (by becoming the third wife of Chancellor Egerton) mother in law to her husband. Lord Bridgewater died in 1649. His Lady in 1635. They had fifteen children. John, Lord Villcount Brackley, the third son, who performed the part of the FIRST BROTHER, in the *Mask*, succeeded to his father's inheritable titles, and was at length of the Privy-Council to Char. II. He died, aged 64, in 1686. He was therefore only twelve years old, when he acted in *Comus*. His brother, THOMAS, who played the SECOND BROTHER, was still younger. Chauncey, the Historian of Hertfordshire, who was well acquainted with John Lord Brackley, says, that he was a nobleman of

Cox, Campian in his *History of Ireland*, Hollinshed, Anthony Wood, and Loyd in his *State-Worthies*, proves the extraordinary courage, abilities, and virtue of Sir Henry Sydney. These qualities made him the most direct and clear politician. He seems to have been incapable of intrigue, and the supple arts of a Court. His dispatches are full, open, and manly, and Ireland, and perhaps Wales, to this day experiences the good effects of his wise government. Indeed Q. Elizabeth's keeping him twenty-two years in that office, at so very perilous a time, when no favour could protect those the nearest to her heart from the sternness of her resentment upon the

slightest miscarriage, is the highest demonstration of his very extraordinary conduct.

He left three sons: the two eldest attained to very high distinctions: the first was Sir PHILIP SYDNEY; known all over Europe, as one of the most singular characters, any nation ever produced. The second, was Sir Robert, afterwards the first Earl of Leicester, a man deserving of no common fame. The lives of these cannot be dispatched in a few words: therefore as I have been already drawn into a detail of considerable length, I must defer the conclusion of the history of Penrhurst, to another opportunity.

F. S.

the most valuable and amiable qualities: "he was of a middling stature with black hair, a round visage, a modest and grave aspect, a sweet and pleasant countenance, and comely presence. He was a learned man, and delighted much in his library, &c." HIST. HERT. p. 554.—"The Lady Alice Egerton, who acted the Lady in *COMUS*, was the eleventh daughter, and could not now have been more than thirteen years old. She married Richard Lord Vaughan, in England, and Lord Carberry in Ireland. She died without children. All that I have mentioned, and many more of the family lie buried in the church of Gadsden, Hertfordshire. There is a long inscription to the memory of the father, the Lord President of Wales, who amongst other respectable accomplishments, is there said to have been "a profound scholar." It was lucky that at least the chief person of the audience was capable of understanding the many learned allusions in this drama."—*Warton's Milton*, p. 113.

"I have been informed," (adds Warton,

p. 133.) "from a manuscript of Oldys, that Lord Bridgewater being appointed Lord President of Wales about 1634, entered upon his official residence at *Ludlow* castle with great solemnity. On this occasion he was attended by a large concourse of the neighbouring nobility and gentry. Amongst the rest came his children; in particular Lord Brackley, Mr. Thomas Egerton, and Lady Alice.

"To attend their father's state,

"And new-intrusted sceptre."—

They had been on a visit at a house of the [Egerton family, in Herefordshire; and in passing thro' Haywood forest, were benighted; and the Lady Alice was even lost for a short time. This accident which in the end was attended with no bad consequences, furnished the subject of a *MASK* for a Michaelmas, and *PRODUCED COMUS*."

Lord Braeckly's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Egerton, married Robert SYDNEY, 4th Earl of Leicester, and was mother of the three last Earls. She died 1709, æt. 57

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

Nov. 21, 1793.

LETTER IV.

On the French Revolution.

IT seemed that when the King of France had consented to the meeting of the STATES GENERAL, in addition to the very essential reforms of many of the most oppressive parts of the old constitution, and to

the frequent mild and benevolent declarations and proofs he gave of making the happiness of his people the first principle of his government; that the parliament and the people would now have rested satisfied. But in the opposition which had been raised to former establishments, the actors had used instruments too unweildy

wieldy to be always commanded, too violent to be stopped at pleasure. Not that themselves were yet willing to be content. To the most patriotic assertors of revolutions (whose own noblest passions in such a season of intemperance are liable to lead them too far,) are ever joined others, and those by far the most numerous and able, who are actuated solely by the hope of selfish advantages. Such will never suffer things to settle into a calm, while the storm may possibly be prolonged.

Many months had yet to elapse before the States could meet: it was now the August of 1788, and the time of assemblage was not till the following May. A time not only of incessant anxiety, but actual and dreadful disturbances. To add to these, an event had taken place on the 13th of July, which might well alarm the mind of superstition. On that day a most tremendous hurricane, such as was never known in the temperate climates of Europe, consisting of thunders, lightning, hail and rain, deluged and wasted the country, and did an injury particularly to the farmers, estimated at between three and four millions. The King did all he could to mitigate the losses of his people; and that monster of unexampled wickedness, the *Duke of Orleans*, whose crimes have at length met with their punishment, took the opportunity which his immense revenues afforded him, to obtain a popularity to be perverted to the basest purposes.

The pecuniary exigencies of the state were now no longer to be suppressed. The refractory conduct of the parliament had prevented even the temporary remedies that were necessary. And probably by design: the King's wants were to be the instruments of their operations. The unhappy monarch was under the mortifying necessity to publish an arret, declaring the incapacity of government to pay all the demands on it in cash, and giving notice that the remainder would be discharged in bills payable in a year, and bearing 5 per cent. interest,

the bills to be received as money in the subscription to the first loan that was raised. The enemies of order triumphed: the report of a bankruptcy was industriously circulated: yet the request was only for time: and the terms such as in a doubtful case few creditors in the mercantile line would refuse; at the same time the pay of the army and navy was to be continued as usual; and all small salaries, pensions, rents, dues, &c. under 500 livres, to be paid for in ready money; as were all objects that might affect the inferior classes of the people. Large salaries, gifts from the crown, gratuities, &c. were to be paid 3-5ths in money, and 2-5ths in bills as above.

However the alarm spread: unwearied assiduity was exerted to aggravate the distress: the stocks fell violently: a vast run on the bank took place: and the *Caisse d'Escomptes* was with difficulty saved.

Discontent now grew stronger; the dread of famine pervaded Paris; and fear half caused the evils which it had imagined.

The Archbishop of Sens, who when Archbishop of Tholouse, had succeeded M. De Calonne as Prime Minister, in this critical period deserted his master with a cowardly and ungrateful caution, and retired to Italy. The King in this distressing and forsaken situation submitted to the recall of M. Neckar, the idol of the people, and a general change of ministry took place: a momentary joy succeeded: public credit was restored: M. Neckar by a grand stroke of policy, contrived to be able to pay the demands of the treasury in ready money; and to draw corn to the relief of the metropolis: unbounded eclat followed him, and he was called the Saviour of his country.

The Parliament, however, who met the middle of September, were not inclined so to let their contests end. They began a new squabble with the crown on the ground of prosecuting the Ex-Minister, particularly Messrs. De La Moignon, and De Brienne, as the authors of all the late troubles;

troubles: to which the insulted mildness of the King refused to submit. The populace of Paris began now to give a specimen of that ungoverned violence which has since deluged their country with crimes and blood. A multitude of people, as if for sport, assembled about the Pont-Neuf, and obliged every passenger to bow to the statue of Henry IV. but they soon grew more tumultuous, and providing themselves with lighted torches proceeded to burn and destroy the house of M. La Moignon. The guards interfered and saved it: but the mob re-assembled and became so audacious as to stand a battle, in which they were routed and above thirty killed. The Parliament continued to shew a spirit of equal intemperance. On the 11th of October they caused all the King's decrees which related to their suspension to be burnt.

The only business which filled up the remainder of 1788, was the summoning a new Convention of the Notables, which met in November, to be consulted on the organization of the States-General.

On Thursday, Nov. 9, the Assembly met. His Majesty went there in state to open the session about eleven o'clock, and returned about two. After a short speech from the King, followed by another from the Keeper of the Seals, on the general motives of the King for calling them together, M. Neckar entered into a particular detail of the questions to be laid before them, which were the following.

First Division.

- What is to be the number of the Deputies of the States?
- What is to be the respective number of each order?

[This is well known to have been the grand question, on the determination of which, the whole course and colour of the future revolution turned.]

Convocation.

- To whom is the King to direct these letters of convocation?
- What rules, and what forms are

to be adopted for summoning the electors?

- Who is to preside at the elections?
- Is this double function of summoning and presiding to be granted by the King to the same persons for the three orders? or is each order to be convoked, summoned, and presided over, by persons of a different state?

Election.

• What qualification will be necessary for being electors, or eligible in the order of the Clergy?

- In what proportion will the different orders of the clergy be admitted to the States-General? Will the Knights of Malta be admitted to the States? By what title of property will they be so? In what order either of nobility or clergy, will they take their place.

• What qualification will be necessary for being electors, or eligible in the order of nobility.

- What proprietors of fiefs be alone admissible to the States? Will gentlemen, possessing any kind of property whatever, have the same right?
- What ought to be the extent of manor, or of landed property, in order to be eligible, or electors?

• Will it be proper to exact a certain degree of nobility in the elector, or the eligible?

• What share will the nobility of modern creation then have in the States-General?

• What qualification will be necessary for election, or eligible in the order called the third estate?

- Is the value of property (always susceptible of discussion) to be taken as the standard? or must the quota of impositions be chosen as the rule?

• Is this measure of property or contribution to vary according to the riches of the different provinces?

- The members of the third estate, even the most rich, such as merchants, the principal manufacturers, and monied men, have not always a property in land: can the territorial imposts be a measure generally applicable to the qualification

• for

‘ for electing, or being elected in the third estate ?

‘ Is the third estate to have the right of choosing, for their deputies, persons of any other order than their own ?

‘ Should persons, who receive any pay from the Lords, either ecclesiastic, or lay, or who are in any other manner dependent on them, cease for this reason to be eligible by the third estate ?

‘ Is any proportion to be observed for the respective number of the Deputies for towns and for those of the countries ?

‘ Is the number of Deputies to be determined in proportion to the governments, generalities, provinces, elections, dioceses, bailiwicks, parishes, measure of land, extent of population, of a contributive sum, or in any other manner whatever ?

‘ In this subdivision will it be proper to separate towns from boroughs, and from counties ?

‘ Can any one be elector, or eligible in the different provinces, where he may have property, either

‘ in his own right, or as tenant ? And in what manner could such a right be conferred ?

‘ Are the electors to be made by public vote, or by private ballot, and what other form is to be recommended ?

Instructions.

‘ What order and what rules would be proper to prescribe in the Assemblies, where the instruction of Deputies to the States are to be discussed ?

M. Neckar then observed, ‘ It is an important object, gentlemen, which calls you together, and you will proceed in it with dispatch ; for your Sovereign is ardent, the whole nation is ardent to see that happy day, when after so long a suspension, the Deputies of all the orders of the state will come to form the most august alliance in re-uniting their will, their zeal, and their knowledge ; to confirm the confidence of the people, the prosperity of the state, and the happiness of the monarch.’

O. Y.

[To be continued.]

P O E T R Y,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THERE are seasons in which a Writer, however desirous he may be of composing, will find himself utterly unequal to the task ; and when, in spite of Doctor Johnson’s strong assertion “ that he may write if he will set himself doggedly to it,” his thoughts will be scattered and his arrangement of them difficult ; if he even does not perceive what Shakespear emphatically calls “ a most plentiful lack of wit.”

Whether this be my case at present, I say not ; the reader may say it if he pleases : perhaps it may be fortunate for him if it is so, as instead of any thing of my own, I shall give the following beautiful poem, without taking the liberty to mention the name of the author.

A. F.

FLOWERS.

FULL of my theme, with doubtful feet

I fought the Muse’s bower,
Half hoping—half afraid—to meet
Some kind inspiring power.

When fleet, along the rising gale,
The Queen, fair FANCY, past,
And thro’ her rainbow-tinged veil
A glance benignant cast.

Then pointing to a fragrant glade,
“ Come see, she cried, the train,
“ Who own, in this secluded shade,
“ My visionary reign.”

Proud to obey the glad command
I took, with silent awe, my stand.
Meanwhile in many a varying vest
Of mystic texture, aptly dress’d ;

Ideal

Ideal myriads seem'd to rove
Promiscuous thro' the cultur'd grove;
And each, as inbred impulse led,
From every flower-embroider'd bed;
Some certain plant, whose blossoms rose
Significantly pleasing, chose.

With frank firm look, and light tho' steady tread,

Came *Courage* first, and pluck'd a dew-charg'd rose;

For in the tender *Rose* might best be read
Her very essence; bloom, that gently glows.
Impell'd by gentle breath; prone to dispense,
To all, all sweetness; yet alert to shew,
If rash invasion ruder deeds commence,
That warm resentment points a thorn below.

Retiring from the public eye,
The maiden meek, *Humility*,
Was seen to turn, with mildest grace,
To heaven her thoughts, to earth her face.
And all unconscious what fair Fame,
Merit like hers, might well assume,
Preferr'd to every juster claim
The lovely *Daisy's* simple bloom.

Some bauble each moment arranging,
Admiring, exploding, and changing,
The coquette, *Affectation*, skimm'd wantonly by,
On her breast a *Narcissus* she bore,
As if, with *Narcissus* of yore,
For a form like her own she could languish and die.

Heedless of the Scorners' joke,
Smiling at the Russian's stroke,
Persevering *Patience* stood
Conquering evil still with good,
Binding for her brows the while
Artless wreaths of *Camomile*,
Hardy flower, whose vigorous shoot
Springs beneath the trampler's foot.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain,
Ardent *Hope*, all panting, flew,
Prompt her eager eye to strain
Far beyond the present view;
Quick from hint, to hint, to stray,
She, the *Primrose*, held most dear,
First-born of returning May,
Promise of the future year.

Superstition came telling her steps and her beads,
Like Jack-in-a-Bush hung all over with green,
Agnus Castus by wholesale she brought from the meads,

And stuck with due care *boly Thistle* between:
A chaplet of *Monkswood* she pluck'd for her head,
And *Rosemary* sprigs for the graves of the dead.

Pure *Constancy*, whose hallowed fires,
Time dignifies, and truth inspires;
In spite of absence, grief, or pain,
Approved the faithful *Marygold*,
Whose leaves their sallow blaze unfold,
When first the sun begins his reign,
Hail his glad progress thro' the day,
Close gradual with his parting ray,
Nor open till he shines again.

Ill Nature to a corner stole,
And taught her bloodshot eyes to roll,
As if she long'd to blight,
Each flower of happier scent, and hue,
For none she chose of all that grew,
Save poisonous *Aconite*.

Hand in hand, for they never afunder are seen,
All cheerful their features, all easy their mein,
Contentment and *Innocence* trip'd it along;
By the delicate *Snow-drop* was *Innocence* known,
Contentment took *Hearts-ease*, and call'd it her own,

Nor envied the gay, nor the great in the throng.
The throng! just hint to wild conceit like mine,
Why, what a wreath had I begun to twine!
Indulgent as she was, methinks I hear
E'en *Fancy's* self now whisper in my ear,
"Quit, e'er 'tis tedious, quit the flowery road,
"Nor, what was meant *Nossegay*, make a load."

IN turning over some curious MSS. which are in the possession of a gentleman in this county, eminent for his literature, I met with the following poem, which, for its originality, I hope will claim a place in your valuable Monthly Register. It was written in the time of James or Charles the first; and there are many more of the same date much at your service, if this meets with yours and the public's approbation, which an early insertion will evince to Sirs, your constant reader,

DOVER, NOV. 1, ANTIQUARIUS.

MAN's bodie's like a house: his greater bones
Are the main timber; and the lesser ones
Are smaller splints; his ribs are latbs, daub'd o'er,
Plaster'd with flesh and blood: his mouth's the
doore:

His throat's the narrow entrie, and his heart
Is the great chamber, full of curious art:
His midriffe is a large partition-wall
'Twixt the great chamber, and the spacious hall.
His stomach is the kitchen, where the meat
Is often but half sod, for want of heat:
His spleen's a vessell, nature does allot
To take the skumme that rises from the pot:
His lungs are like the bellows, that respire
In every office, quick'ning every fire:
His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented:
His bowels are the sink, whose parts to drein
All noisome filth, and keep the kitchen clean:
His eyes are crystall windows, clear and bright;
Let in the object, and let out the sight.
And as the timber is or great or small,
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand, or fall:
Yet is the likeliest building, sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown
Of times by tempests, by the full mouth'd blasts
Of heaven; sometimes by fire; sometimes it
wastes

Through unadvis'd neglect; put case the stufte
Were ruin-prooffe, by nature strong enough
To conquer time, and age; put case it should
Ne're know an end, alas our leases would.

What

What hast thou then, *proud flesh* and blood,
to boast?

Thy dayes are evil, at best; but few, at most;
But sad at merriest; and but weak at strongest;
Unsure at surest; and but short at longest.

The KISS.

HUMID seat of soft Affection,
Magic union, Virgin Kiss!
Tendrest tye of young Connection,
Surest pledge of future bliss!

Speaking silence! dumb confession,
That each secret wish imparts:
Yielding softness! sweet concession—
Balm that heals our wounded hearts.

Friendship's height, and last enjoyment;
Passion's birth, and Infat's play;
Love's *first snow-drop*, young employment,
Earliest dawn of brightest day.

Sorrowing joy, Adieu's *last action*,
Oh! what language can express
The thrilling pain, the soft affliction
Of a *tender parting* Kiss!

RETROSPECT of POLITICS.

AFTER much hard fighting, which attended the attempt of the French, in the beginning of the present month to force our chain of posts on the frontiers of Flanders, but in which they were fortunately repulsed, little or nothing has been done by the Northern Army, under the Duke of York, and the Prince de Cobourg—indeed the campaign, on the northern part of the continent, seems to be nearly concluded. The troops are gone into cantonments, and the Duke of York has fixed his head quarters at Tournay. This state of inactivity, so necessary to the health of the troops, harrassed by very severe and unceasing services, during the whole summer, must however depend for its continuance on the motions of the French army. The Convention may perhaps despise that policy, which accommodates itself to the inclemency of the season, and may order their Sans Culotte legions, in defiance of the rough winds of heaven, to continue their predatory incursions. It is confidently stated, that the Prince de Cobourg has made a demand to the Emperor of 80,000 fresh troops, with which he promises in the ensuing spring not only to do all that has been left undone this campaign, but to triumph over all opposition that may be brought against him.

In ALSACE, since the capture of the LINES OF WEISSENBURG, nothing of importance has marked the progress of the Combined Armies, but converting the siege of LANDAU into a blockade, and the surrender of FORT LOUIS to GENERAL WURMSER, with its garrison of 4000 men and 112 pieces of cannon. The French appear to be too well prepared at STRASBOURG, to give us any hopes of the reduction of that place this campaign.

In turning our attention to the south,

we find an immense force collecting by the French in the vicinity of TOULON. That they will make the most unremitting and furious efforts to recover that place, cannot be doubted, and until the Allies have collected an army sufficiently formidable to maintain the different posts on the neighbouring mountains, from which the town and harbour are now daily annoyed, apprehensions that the place may be retaken cannot but be entertained.

The public attention has, within these few days been attracted to the armament fitting out at Portsmouth, and said to be intended for an expedition against ST. MALOES; it is to be commanded by the EARL OF MOIRA. There is little reason to doubt but the real object of this expedition is to give, if possible, some effectual assistance to the Royalists in Brittany, who notwithstanding the report of BARERE, in the Convention, that they had been totally extirpated, appear yet to be in very great force, and in a situation highly favourable to form a junction with the English troops, when they shall have effected a landing. This enterprise must undoubtedly be attended with much hazard, especially at this advanced season of the year; but the advantages that manifest themselves from its success, appear to justify the measure. Under all the disadvantages the Royalists have hitherto laboured, without organization, without an head, and the means of procuring provision, ammunition, and cloathing, extremely precarious; they have resisted, by the mere impulse of their zeal, every army sent against them, and have been, for ten months past, an object of greater terror to the Convention, than the whole allied force together. Every thing therefore may be hoped from their numbers and their enthusiasm, when sanctioned

sanctioned, directed, and supported by a British Army.

The execution of the twenty-one Deputies of the National Convention, known by the name of the Brissotine Faction, has afforded matter for much speculation in the political circles. There had been an evident struggle for some months between this faction and the party, which at present controls the Convention, for the exclusive power of robbing the people, and cutting throats with impunity; principles had nothing to do in the contest; both parties were inflexible republicans; but in the pious pursuit of regenerating the state, neither party would condescend to acknowledge the supremacy of the other.

"Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven."

The HOLY MOUNTAIN, assisted by the armed force of Paris, predominated; and with their heads poor M. Brissot and his friends lost the power of rendering the republic any further service.

The execution of these men, though we fear France will benefit but little by it, may essentially contribute to the internal peace of Europe, by showing those who are aiming at the destruction of monarchy, what they may reasonably expect should their exertions be crowned with success. There is scarcely a Frenchman who was active in subverting the old government, or has been conspicuous in the various mutations of the new Republic, but is either dead or in disgrace; some have fallen by the hands of assassins, others by their own, and many more by the axe of the guillotine; those few who have escaped from the bloody scene of contention, are either rotting in dungeons, or vagabondizing in the holes and corners of Europe.

Amongst the principal events of the present month, we should mention the Declaration of the Ministry, as to the views which Great Britain has in the prosecution of the war; they are simply these: "To obtain for Great Britain and her Allies,


"an indemnification for an unjust aggression, and to provide as far as circumstances will allow, for the future security of ourselves and for all the nations of Europe." This it appears can only be effected by the establishment in France of a modified hereditary monarchy; there are various opinions upon the policy and propriety of this declaration; but the limits of our plan will not enable us to enter into an investigation of the subject; we shall however shortly observe, that manifestos or declarations are seldom of any avail, after an appeal has been made to the sword.

The different states which have hitherto kept aloof from the warfare, in which the greatest part of Europe is now engaged, have been informed, by the Allied Powers, that they must no longer continue to be tame spectators of the war. The old maxim is adopted by the confederates, "He who is not for us, is against us."

GENOA is the only state that has declared for the French Republic. The reason assigned is the immense sums the Genoese have lodged in the French funds, which would have been seized by the Convention, had their declaration been otherwise.

The attention of Great Britain, at the moment of this account going to press, is directed to the grand fleet, under Lord Howe. The stocks have risen upon the report of his having fallen in with 7 or 8 sail of French men of war; but no account of his having captured them has yet been received, though such intelligence is ardently expected.

The complexion of affairs at home is by no means desponding. The trading and commercial part of the country, though the greatest sufferers by the war, have the most unbounded advantages in prospect on the return of peace, and as the true interests of the country much depend on this desirable event, we are persuaded no means will be neglected that can contribute to bring it speedily about.

 OCTOBER, A PASTORAL SKETCH, and PAMPHILUS, shall appear next month; and other favours of the many friends and encouragers of this work as soon as possible.

COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

Thursday, November 7.

A Subscription opened at the King's Arms Library in Canterbury, for the benevolent purpose of supplying the British troops serving in Flanders with Flannel Waistcoats.

X The Ant, a small cutter, belonging to Folkestone, John Cornish, late master, brought into Dover harbour, after having been cap-

tured on the north coast by a brig and a lugger, two French privateers, belonging to Dunkirk. They took the master and all the Englishmen out except two, and put four Frenchmen on board to conduct her into port, who proceeded for Dunkirk with their prize; but as they approached the French coast, the wind increased to a hard gale, so that two of the Frenchmen went down below to get a smaller jib, when

the

the two Englishmen upon deck immediately handed the other, and stuffed it so tight down the hatchway of the fore-castle as to secure the two men below; one of them then made a stroke at the prize-master with the pump-brake, which broke his arm, on which he instantly jumped overboard and was drowned; they then secured the fourth, and retook the vessel, with which they reached Dover in safety.

The hoy *Guede Verwagting*, Capt. Wiggerd Bloot, of and from Dordrecht for Barcelona, with wheat, having received damage at sea, put into Dover. This vessel being a few days before on the French coast in a gale of wind, she discerned a boat with three men in distress, who on being taken on board proved to be three French officers, who had broken their parole at Portsmouth, and stolen a boat in hopes of getting home. On landing they were committed to prison.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, returning from Greenwich to London on Saturday the 2d Nov. he saw the wife of one of the soldiers, who had that morning embarked for Ostend, crying bitterly on the road. His Highness ordered the carriage to stop, and asked her if she wanted any thing? She said she had but little money. He then gave her two guineas, and demanded to know if there was any thing further he could do for her? She said she was tired. He told her there was no room *inside*, but if she would take an *outside* place, she was welcome to it. The woman accepted the offer, was placed behind the carriage, and in that manner rode to town, to the no small admiration of the multitude.

Friday 8. During a gale of wind last night and this morning, the *Madona*, a large Imperial ship from Ostend, bound to London, struck on the Goodwin Sands, and went entirely to pieces. As soon as day light appeared, and the wreck was discovered, a prodigious number of boats put off instantly from Deal and other parts of the coast, in hopes, if possible, to save some of the unfortunate crew; but on approaching nearer to the sands scarcely a vestige of the vessel was remaining, and the sailors were supposed to have been all swallowed up in the dreadful abyss of the deep. Happily, however, 23 of the unfortunate sufferers were picked up at sea and carried into Ramsgate. The captain, pilot, a lieutenant of the navy, his wife and child, who were passengers on board, and who refused to quit the ship when the crew left her, perished.

At a Weekly Board, held this day, at the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, it appeared, that since the first institution on the 26th of April, 77 in and out-patients have been admitted, and 37 discharged, of whom 21 have been cured, 14 have received great benefit, 1 no relief, 1 for irregularity, 5 have died, and 37 remains on the books. At the same time the treasurer received and accounted for a legacy of 100l. left to this charity by the late Mrs. Jane Knight.

No. I. Vol. 4.

Saturday 9. This morning a fire was discovered in the house of Mr. Thornton, St. Margaret's-street, Canterbury; but very fortunately, by timely assistance, it was extinguished without much damage.

Monday 18. The sum of 73l. 7s. being the total of the subscriptions at the King's Arms Library, Canterbury, for supplying the British troops in Flanders with necessary winter clothing, was transmitted to J. hn Heriot, esq. the agent in London. 73l. 13s. 6d. was also this day subscribed at Ashford, for the same laudable and benevolent purpose.

Wednesday 20. James Lyon, who had been apprehended in London, on suspicion of having committed a forgery upon the Bank of England, with intent to sell scrip to the amount of 16,000l. for Lady Bridget Tollemache, and made his escape from the custody of the Police officers in Bow-street, was this day apprehended at the New Inn, in Deal, and delivered over to Carpmel and others, who had for several days been waiting for his arrival upon the coast, and conducted back to London, for trial.

PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Horsley, to be bishop of Rochester, in the room of Dr. J. Thomas, deceased.

The Rev. — Cooper, son of sir Grey Cooper, to be prebendary of Rochester, in the room of the rev. C. Coldcall, deceased.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 15. Her Grace the Duchess of Dorset, at Knowle, of a son and heir.

20. At Kenward near Maidstone, the lady of sir John Shaw, bart. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 25. At Munfield in Sussex, Mr. — Cummings, of Windmill-hill-house, to Miss Charlotte Carter, youngest daughter of the rev. Arnold Carter, minor canon of Rochester.

Last week, Mr. Woollett, attorney at law, to Miss Watson, both of Rye.

At West Farleigh, Mr. Whitehead, of Ash near Wrotham, to Miss Miller.

29. At St. Stephen's, Mr. George Keene, draper, of Canterbury, to Miss Dewell.

At Hearn, Mr. James Tassell, farmer, to Miss Cook, of Canterbury.

At Cranbrook, Mr. George Boorman, selmonger, to Miss Frances Elliott.

At Benenden, Mr. Samuel Santer, to Miss Haines, only daughter of Mr. E. Haines, farmer.

Nov. 5. At Faversham, Mr. Hatton Brown, hairdresser, to Miss Ann Mitchell.

7. At Chillenden, Mr. Thomas Hoile, blacksmith, to Miss Bullock.

At St. Dunstan's, Mr. Robert Furley, upholsterer, of Canterbury, to Miss Jane Seguin.

9. At Gillingham, the rev. Temple Chevallier, to Miss Edgecumbe, builder's measurer, of Chatham dock-yard.

Lately, at Swingfield, Mr. William Kelsey, of North Court, to Mrs. Ann Gammon.

In London, Mr. G. Clarke, surgeon, to Miss Stephens, of Sevenoaks.

Mr. Philip Firmin, of the Strand, to Miss Brown, of Queenborough.

14. At Rochester, Mr. Edward Twopeny, attorney, to Miss Jones, daughter of David Jones, esq. clerk of the engrossments in the House of Commons.

At Canterbury, Mr. John Wilshire, butcher, to Miss Castle.

At East Farleigh, Mr. John Springett, farmer, to Miss Hammond, of Buckland, widow of the late Tobias Hammond, esq.

At Margate, Mr. John Bailey, blacksmith, to Miss Sarah Tournay.

Lately, at Woodchurch, Mr. William Winch, farmer, of Glassenbury, near Cranbrook, to Miss Viney.

16. At Maidstone, Mr. Ambrose Etherington, bookseller, of Chatham, to Miss Catherine Walker, daughter of Mrs. Walker, stationer.

At Chilham, Mr. William Mutton, of Canterbury, to Mrs. Burton.

At Maidstone, Mr. Henry Jury, taylor and draper, to Miss Rachell, daughter of Mr. Rachell, carpenter, of Charing.

18. At Dover, Mr. William Popkiss, jun. mariner, to Miss Elizabeth Atkins.

19. At Cranbrook, Mr. George Blundell, of Hoadley in Sussex, to Miss Wood, daughter of Mr. John Wood, of Witley-green, near Cranbrook.

At Ospringe, Mr. George Bonner, hairdresser, of Wye, to Miss B. Bushell.

19. At Brompton, after a painful illness of seven years, which he bore with the greatest fortitude, Mr. William West, master of the bricklayer's arms.

At Ashburnham in Sussex, aged 71, the Rev. Charles Coldcall, rector of that parish, vicar of Catsfield, and prebendary of Chichester; also rector of Kingsdown in Kent, and senior prebendary of Rochester.

At Glassenbury near Cranbrook, Mrs. Weston, wife of Mr. Thomas Weston, farmer.

29. At Chatham, aged 93, Mr. C. Vanderlaan, barrack-master.

Now, 1. At Deal, in her 17th year, after a long and severe illness, which she bore with true christian fortitude and resignation, Miss Susan Oakley, youngest daughter of Thomas Oakley, esq. a lady of a very amiable disposition, and highly esteemed by all her acquaintance.

2. At Dover, aged 84, Mr. John Cowley, boarding officer of the customs at that port. He was found drowned in the inner harbour; supposed in going to the Royal Charlotte passage vessel to have missed his step and fallen into the water undiscovered.

At Hollingbourn, in a fit of apoplexy, sincerely regretted by his relations and friends John Peckham, gent.

3. At Sturry, in a very advanced age, Mr. — Warner, shopkeeper.

4. At Margate, sincerely regretted, after a few days illness, the Right Hon. Elizabeth, widow of Henry Roper, 11th Lord Teynham, who died Dec. 10, 1786. She was the daughter of — Webber, esq. and was first married to John Mills, esq. of Woodford Bridge in Essex, and by her last husband, Lord Teynham, (whose first wife was Wilhelmina, eldest daughter and coheir of Sir Francis Head, bart. s. p.) she had issue the present peer; another son, and two daughters. The Roper family are of great antiquity in Kent, and flourished at Aplemore in the reign of Hen. III. Their descendant John Roper, of St. Dunstan's, in Canterbury, (where the remains of their old mansion, now form the brewery of Mr. Abbot) died there in 1401, and ordered his body to be buried before the high altar of that church. His son Edmund also died and was buried there 1433, whose son John obtained by marriage a seat at Eltham; and left a son John, Attorney General to Henry VIII, who died 1524, and whose second son Christopher, was ancestor of the Lords Teynham; but whose eldest son William, was husband of the famous and affectionate daughter of Sir Thomas More: (see *Batteley's Somner*, and *Gosling's Walk*, under *St. Dunstan's*) Christopher beforementioned, 2d son of the Attorney General, was seated at *Linfied*; and was father of John, who being a favourite of James I, was in 1616, created *Lord Teynham*, and died in 1616; as did his son Christopher, 2d peer, in 1618; whose great grandson Christopher, 5th peer, died at Brussels, in 1688; and his two eldest sons dying unmarried, Henry, their brother,

DEATHS.

Oct. 14. In the King's road, Bedford-row, Middlesex, Mrs. Filmer, wife of Beverham Filmer, esq. a lady no less eminently distinguished for her intellectual endowments and fortitude of mind, than polished manners and sweetness of disposition; a pattern of patience and resignation; to the inconsolable grief of her surviving disconsolate husband, and greatly lamented by all who had the happiness of her acquaintance.

Lately, in the West-Indies, Lieut. Daniel Noakes, of the Alligator frigate, son of Mr. Noakes, brewer, of Mongeham near Deal.

Last week, Mrs. Wilkins, wife of Mr. Wilkins, an eminent farmer, of Moore-street, Rainham.

15. At his seat at East Grinstead in Sussex, Gibbs Crawford, esq. member in parliament for Queenborough, and clerk of the ordnance,

ther, became 8th peer, and died May 16, 1724, being the Lord of the Bedchamber to Geo. I. His 3d son Charles was father of the present Lord Dacre; but his 2d son Henry succeeding his brother Philip in 1727, was succeeded at his death April 29, 1781, by Henry the late, and 11th Baron Teynham.

At Canterbury, in his 90th year, Mr. John Halbet, of the Walloon congregation, in that city.

Lately, at Chatham, Mr. William Barren, master of the Ship public-house.

5. At Troy-town, Rochester, of a mortification in the bowels, Mr. Blake Buckmaster, gunner of the Union hospital ship, of 90 guns, at Sheerness.

6. In the poor-house at Tenterden, aged 104, Henry Smalwood; he could read without spectacles to the day of his death, and two days before, he walked ten miles.

7. In the White Friars, Canterbury, aged 73, Mrs. Susan Churnside, widow.

12. At Canterbury, in her 76th year, Mrs. Jackson, wife of John Jackson, esq. one of the aldermen of that city. Her constitution, naturally infirm, but more impaired by repeated illness, had rendered her incapable, for many years, of mixing with society from home; yet she was not on this account deserted by a most respectable number of friends, who daily endeavoured to lessen the tedious hours of confinement. There needs no pompous panegyric to say, that her life was valuable, and every other encomium may centre in adding, that as her ears were always open to the voice of distress and promotion of public good, her heart and hand went together for benevolent and charitable purposes. She has left to regret her loss a most indulgent husband, whose longer protracted years, it is to be hoped, will not be embittered by any future calamity.

At Sturry, in his 88th year, Mr. Edward Appleton, many years an inhabitant of Hearn,

At Deal, Mr. Richard Read, taylor.

At Plat in the parish of Wrotham, aged 22, Mr. George Luck, jun. much regretted by all who knew him.

Lately at Berstead, aged 80, Mrs. Gregory Gifford, many years a gunner in the royal navy.

14. At Lyminge, Mr. Marsh Pearson, farmer.

15. At Great Mongeham, aged 77, Mr. Edward Chadwick.

16. At the Mote near Maidstone, the Right Hon. Robert Marsham, lord Romney, of Romney in this county, LL.D. F.R.S. president of the Society of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, and president of the Marine Society, &c. His lordship passed a long life of real philanthropy, promoting the glory and happiness of his country, and in full possession of every virtue that could adorn human nature, when having attained the 82d year of his age, he left this world with perfect resignation and tranquility. He has left two sons, the Hon. Charles Marsham, now lord Romney,

the hon. and rev. Jacob Marsham, and four daughters; of whose exemplary conduct and filial attachment, too much cannot be expressed. Robert Marsham, 2d lord Romney, was great grandson of the famous sir John Marsham, the Historian and Antiquary of Whorne's place in Cuxton, in this county, who died May 29, 1685, aged 83, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of sir William Hammond, of St. Albans, in Nonington, Kent. The said sir John was son of a merchant, and Alderman of London, (but a branch of an ancient family in Norfolk) and was educated to the law, and became in 1638 one of the Six Clerks in Chancery; and at the Restoration Member for Rochester; and three years after was created a baronet. His learned works are still held in great esteem. (*See Wood's Ath. i. 783.*) His son sir Robert died in 1703, and his grandson, father of the late Peer, being a great friend of the Hanover succession, was created a BARON, June 25, 1716, and died Nov. 28, 1724. He purchased the Palace at Maidstone, and other estates from the Astley family, and removed from Cuxton, to the Moat, at which seat (once belonging to the noble family of *Woodville*) the subject of the present article died. His eldest son, Charles, now 3d Lord Romney, represented the County in several Parliaments, with a character of the most unblemished integrity.

At St. Stephen's near Canterbury, in his 60th year, William Deedes, esq. chairman of the quarter sessions for the eastern part of Kent. He was an active and upright magistrate, disinterested in his public principles, firm and intrepid in his resolutions, and made his own conscience and the laws of his country the standard of his conduct. The public have lost in him a very useful member of society, and those intimately acquainted with him a most valuable friend. He was only son of Julius Deedes, D. D. Prebendary of Canterbury, &c. who died 1752. æt. 59, by Dorothy, daughter and heir of Nathaniel Denew, of St. Stephen's, esq. His grandfather was, William Deedes, M. D. of Canterbury, who was eldest son of Julius Deedes, of Hythe, esq; M. P. for that port in 1685, and 1688, who died 1692, æt. 58, by Anne, daughter of Richard Kate, of Lidd, gent. by Ellen his wife, sister of Dr. John Wallis, the celebrated Mathematician. He married in 1751, Mary, daughter of Tho. Brampton, esq. of Skreens, in Essex, who died 1792, by whom he has left issue, 1. William Deedes, esq. who married Sophia, 2d daughter of the late sir Brooke Bridges, bart. by whom he has issue 2. John. 3. Mary.

17. At Bridge near Canterbury, after a long illness, Mrs. Ann Woodroff.

At Tunbridge, Mrs. Wheeler, a widow lady; also Mrs. Creacy, wife of Mr. Joseph Creacy, currier.

18. At Stanford, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Richard Hart, master of the Drom public-house.

22. At Cranbrook, in his 93d year, Mr. T. Boorman, formerly a clothier in that town.

At Dover, in his 45th year, sincerely lamented by his family and acquaintance, Wm Blackwood, esq. late Captain in the 18th regiment of foot.

23. At Dover, in his 82d year, Michael Ruffell, esq. of the victualling office, and one of the jurats of that port.

At Margate, in his 39th year, Mr. Samuel Ibbs, tailor.

24. At Deal, after an illness of a few days, Miss Mary Baker, second daughter of John Baker, esq.

PRICES of MEAT in SMITHFIELD MARKET.

	Nov. 4.				Nov. 11.				Nov. 18.				Nov. 25.							
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef, - per score -	6	0	7	0	6	6	7	6	6	6	7	6	6	6	7	6				
Mutton, per pound -		4	0	5		4	0	5		4	0	5		4	0	5				
Beef, - per stone*	2	0	3	0	2	4	3	2	2	4	3	0	2	4	3	4				
Mutton, per stone -	2	10	3	4	2	8	3	4	2	8	3	4	2	8	3	4				
Veal, - per stone -	3	4	4	6	3	0	4	6	3	0	4	4	3	0	4	8				
Lamb, - per stone -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-				
Pork, - per stone -	3	0	3	8	3	0	3	8	3	0	3	8	3	0	4	0				

* Of 8 pounds—By the carcase, to sink the offal.

HEAD of CATTLE, sold each Day.

Beasts, - about -	2,800	3,000	2,200	2,000
Sheep - - - -	12,000	14,000	10,000	9,000
Lambs - - - -				

PRICES of TALLOW in LONDON.

	Nov. 4.				Nov. 11.				Nov. 18.				Nov. 25.							
Per Cwt.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Town Tallow - -	45	0	0	0	45	0	0	0	44	6	0	0	44	6	0	0				
Russia Candle Tallow	38	6	4	0	38	0	42	0	38	0	42	0	38	0	42	0				
Russia Soap Tallow -	8	6	0	0	38	0	0	0	38	0	0	0	38	0	0	0				
Stuff - - - -	25	0	36	0	25	0	36	0	25	0	38	0	25	0	38	0				
Graves - - - -	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0				
Good Dregs - - -	7	0	0	0	6	0	0	0	7	0	0	0	6	0	0	0				

Average Price at Clare, St. James's and Whitechapel Markets.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Per Stone of 8lb. -	2	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	8	2	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	8 $\frac{1}{2}$

PRICES of HOPS in KENT.

	CANTERBURY.						MAIDSTONE.					
	Bags.			Pockets.			Bags.			Pockets.		
Nov. 2 -	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
9 -	9	0	10	5	10	5	12	0	8	0	9	9
16 -	9	5	10	10	10	10	12	0	8	0	9	0
23 -	9	9	10	10	11	0	12	0	8	5	9	0
	9	12	10	10	11	5	12	0	8	5	9	0

FOR NOVEMBER, 1793.

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AVERAGE PRICES of WHEAT,

By the QUARTER of EIGHT WINCHESTER BUSHELS.

From October 26 to November 16.

INLAND COUNTIES.

				Oct. 26.	Nov. 2.	Nov. 9.	Nov. 16.		
				s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middlesex	-	-	-	45	7	46	7	46	5
Surry	-	-	-	46	4	47	4	47	2
Hertford	-	-	-	44	9	45	3	46	9
Bedford	-	-	-	46	1	46	11	47	11
Huntingdon	-	-	-	45	0	45	6	46	10
Northampton	-	-	-	46	10	47	10	48	2
Rutland	-	-	-	48	0	49	0	49	0
Leicester	-	-	-	51	9	52	4	52	7
Nottingham	-	-	-	51	6	52	4	52	4
Derby	-	-	-	54	11	54	10	54	4
Stafford	-	-	-	52	7	52	4	53	5
Salop	-	-	-	52	5	51	2	50	0
Hereford	-	-	-	48	5	48	9	49	7
Worcester	-	-	-	51	4	50	9	52	3
Warwick	-	-	-	50	10	52	9	50	5
Wilts	-	-	-	41	0	40	10	41	0
Berks	-	-	-	43	8	45	11	45	2
Oxford	-	-	-	44	6	44	4	48	0
Bucks	-	-	-	45	8	45	6	46	10
Brecon	-	-	-	49	7	48	8	48	0
Montgomery	-	-	-	46	3	42	2	45	11
Radnor	-	-	-	48	0	47	11	49	0

MARITIME COUNTIES.

Dist.					Oct. 26.	Nov. 2.	Nov. 9.	Nov. 16.		
					s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
1	Essex	-	-	-	42	8	44	0	46	6
	Kent	-	-	-	42	10	44	8	45	1
	Sussex	-	-	-	41	0	41	0	41	2
2	Suffolk	-	-	-	43	3	42	8	43	10
	Cambridge	-	-	-	38	2	39	1	40	11
3	Norfolk	-	-	-	41	11	40	11	41	6
4	Lincoln	-	-	-	44	2	44	9	44	9
	York	-	-	-	42	1	42	7	42	11
5	Durham	-	-	-	42	4	41	0	40	6
	Northumberland	-	-	-	40	7	40	10	40	7
6	Cumberland	-	-	-	50	0	49	4	49	4
	Westmoreland	-	-	-	52	2	51	7	51	2
7	Lancaster	-	-	-	48	4	48	5	48	6
	Chester	-	-	-	49	4	48	8	48	3
	Flint	-	-	-	48	4	59	9	46	4
8	Denbigh	-	-	-	49	9	51	4	51	1
	Anglesea	-	-	-	42	0	41	0	41	0
	Carnarvon	-	-	-	44	4	46	0	45	0
	Merioneth	-	-	-	52	11	51	9	51	3
	Cardigan	-	-	-	46	0	48	5	47	4
9	Pembroke	-	-	-	41	7	40	7	42	39
	Carmarthen	-	-	-	48	3	47	5	47	4
	Glamorgan	-	-	-	48	7	49	2	49	8
10	Gloucester	-	-	-	49	4	50	4	49	5
	Somerfet	-	-	-	47	10	48	9	50	0
	Monmouth	-	-	-	55	1	52	0	53	10
11	Devon	-	-	-	46	8	47	2	46	11
	Cornwall	-	-	-	49	4	48	0	49	0
12	Dorset	-	-	-	42	3	41	2	41	10
	Hants	-	-	-	41	0	41	2	41	6

AVERAGE of ENGLAND and WALES.

Per Quarter - - - 46 8 | 46 10 | 47 1 | 47 5 |

KENTISH REGISTER, AVERAGE PRICES of WHEAT,

By which Exportation and Bounty are to be regulated.

Computed according to the Directions of the acts of 31st and 33d Geo. III.
From Oct. 26 to Nov. 16.

Distr.	26.		2.		9.		16.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
1	44	5	46	0	46	4	45	1
2	42	0	41	9	43	3	43	8
3	41	11	40	11	41	3	41	6
4	42	6	43	1	43	5	44	10
5	41	5	40	11	40	8	41	0
6	50	2	50	1	50	2	49	3

Distr.	26.		2.		9.		16.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
7	48	9	48	6	48	5	48	9
8	48	5	48	8	47	10	49	10
9	45	11	46	11	47	1	45	8
10	49	8	50	1	50	8	50	5
11	48	0	47	11	48	1	48	2
12	41	5	41	2	41	8	41	8

RETURNS of WHEAT,

Sold at the Corn-Market, in Mark-Lane, London.

From Nov. 4, to Nov. 25.

Nov. 4.		Nov. 11.		Nov. 18.		Nov. 25.	
Noof	Price	Noof	Price	Noof	Price	Noof	Price
Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.
214	49 0	27	49 0	67	47 0	40	47 0
290	48 6	53	48 0	42	46 6	612	46 6
907	48 0	436	47 6	925	46 0	537	46 0
351	47 6	654	47 0	555	45 6	1110	45 6
663	47 0	196	46 6	904	45 0	728	45 0
215	46 6	799	46 0	310	44 6	1054	44 6
466	46 0	919	45 0	274	44 0	881	44 0
574	45 6	170	44 6	45	43 0	280	43 0
65	45 0	741	44 0	306	42 6	80	42 6
76	44 6	50	43 6	20	42 0	64	42 0
8	43 6	276	43 0	12	41 0	30	41 0
15	43 0	14	42 0	50	39 0	100	40 0
13	42 0						

PRICES of HOPS in SOUTHWARK.

Per Cwt.	Nov. 4.		Nov. 11.		Nov. 18.		Nov. 25.	
BAGS.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
Kent - - - -	8	0	10	0	8	0	10	5
Suffex - - - -	7	0	9	10	7	0	9	12
Essex - - - -	8	0	11	0	8	5	11	0
POCKETS.								
Kent - - - -	8	0	12	0	8	8	12	5
Suffex - - - -	8	0	11	0	9	0	11	0
Farnham - - -	15	0	22	0	15	0	22	0
Worcester - - -	8	0	10	0	8	0	10	10

AVERAGE PRICES of SUGAR,

From the Returns made at Grocer's Hall, Oct. 30 to Nov. 20.

Per Cwt.	Oct. 30.		Nov. 6.		Nov. 13.		Nov. 20.	
Exclusive of the Duties	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.
	2	10	6	2	9	10	2	9

London, November

CANTERBURY, November

MAIDSTONE, Oct.—Nov.

DARTFORD, November 19--

2.	9.	16.	23.
5. 5. 5.	5. 5. 5.	5. 5. 5.	5. 5. 5.
42 46 44	44 46 44	47 44 47	44 44 47
30 32 27	28 26 29	26 26 29	26 29
21 23 21	24 21 24	21 24 21	24
30 35 30	34 35 36	35 36 35	36
32 36 36	50 36 50	36 36 50	50
30 34 32	36 36 38	36 36 38	38
40 40 40	40 40 40	40 40 40	40
38 38 38	38 38 38	38 38 38	38
21 21 21	21 21 21	21 21 21	21

ACCURATE PRICE OF STOCKS, OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 27, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

Days	BANK						INDIA				SOUTH SEA				Commerce Exch. Bills				Lottery Tickets			
	Stock.	3 per cent. reduc.	3 per cent. consol.	4 per cent. conf.	5 per cent. ann.	Long ann.	Short ann.	Stock.	Scrip.	Bonds.	Stock.	Old ann.	New ann.	New Navy Bills.	Ex- cheq. Bills.	3 per Cent. Scrip.	1st Clafs.	2d Clafs.	3d Clafs.	4th Clafs.	Englsh. l. s. d.	Irish. l. s. d.
28	166 1/2	73 1/2	73 1/2	89 1/2	106 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	206 1/2	—	18 spr.	—	—	—	9 1/2	5	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
29	166 1/2	73 1/2	73 1/2	89 1/2	106 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	206	—	19	—	—	—	9 1/2	5	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
30	166 1/2	73 1/2	73 1/2	89 1/2	106 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	206	—	19	—	—	—	9 1/2	5	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
31	167	73 1/2	74 1/2	89 3/4	106 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207	—	21	—	—	—	9 1/2	4	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
1	166 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	89 3/4	106 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	3	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
2	—	73 1/2	74 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
3	—	73 1/2	74 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
4	—	73 1/2	74 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
5	—	73 1/2	74 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
6	166 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	89 1/2	106 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207 1/2	—	22	—	—	—	9 1/2	4	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
7	163 1/2	73 1/2	73 1/2	88 1/2	106 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	206 1/2	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
8	—	73 1/2	73 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
9	—	72 1/2	73 1/2	88 1/2	106 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2	5	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
10	165 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207 1/2	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
11	165 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
12	166 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207 1/2	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
13	165 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	208	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2	6	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
14	166	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207 1/2	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2	6	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
15	165 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207 1/2	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
16	—	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207 1/2	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2	8	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
17	—	72 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207 1/2	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
18	165	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	206 1/2	—	23	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
19	165 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207 1/2	—	22	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
20	165 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	207 1/2	—	23	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
21	165 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	208	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
22	165 1/2	73 1/2	74 1/2	88 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	208	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
23	167 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	89 1/2	107 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	210 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
24	167 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	89 1/2	108 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	210 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
25	167 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	89 1/2	108 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	210 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
26	167 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	89 1/2	108 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	210 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6
27	167 1/2	74 1/2	74 1/2	89 1/2	108 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	210 1/2	—	25	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	14	3 6

In this Table, the highest and lowest prices of the 3 per cent. consols. are given each day; in all the other funds the highest price only.

T H E

KENTISH REGISTER,

For D E C E M B E R, 1793.

SPECTEMUR AGENDO.

On the MIGRATION of WOODCOCKS.

THAT the woodcock is a bird of passage is a matter beyond all doubt; but whence it comes to us, I have not yet been able to learn with certainty. I understand that they arrive on several different parts of our coasts, because, at their first being seen there, they are usually found in flights, and so fatigued, that they are unable to escape even from sticks and stones; and I am credibly informed, that they have been seen in considerable numbers in the church yard, and even in the streets of Rye, in Suffex: but in the night, the usual time for taking their flight, they remove farther inland, and disperse.

At their first coming they are commonly but poor, possibly being wasted by their long journey, and sometimes somewhat scurfy, though not so much as they are before their return in the spring. It is probable that they come to us from different parts of the Continent, where they are bred in large forests, and principally in the more Northern ones, whence they are driven by the snows and the approach of winter. By the short flights which they take when flushed in our woods,

Vol. I. No. 5.

they do not seem fond of flying far, yet they certainly come from places at a great distance. Some of them do probably come over by the short passage from Calais to Dover; but whether they are fatigued with the journey, and unable to proceed farther without resting, as is the case at other landing places, I know not, having never heard any thing upon the subject from an inhabitant of these parts.

Those which arrive on the Suffex coast, come, it is most likely, by way of Normandy and the adjacent provinces, as others do from Holland and Germany to our Eastern coasts. But whence do they come to our Western coasts, where they abound more than they do in other parts of the kingdom? And whence to Ireland, where they are much more numerous than in England? Do they alight in Ireland first, and then come to us? or do they pass over us to Ireland, and there continue as their *ne plus ultra*? Is it impossible that some of them may come from the more Northern parts of America? It is observable that, like other birds that are formed for long flights, they have their bones

very

fine and light, yet at the same time firm and strong; some of them almost as small as the ribs of a herring.

There are very clearly different kinds of them; whether bred in the same or different countries, the curious researches of the Naturalist may hereafter investigate; at present, I presume, it is undetermined. Those which come to us about Candlemas are different from the others, that arrive earlier, in size, in colour, and even in their manner of flying, being quicker of wing, taking longer flights, and, as is well known to sportsmen, more difficult to be shot, because they do not rise so quickly above the spray, but make their way for some distance among the boughs.

That some few are bred here is beyond a question, because the nests and the young are not unfrequently seen. These are supposed to be from wounded birds, disabled from returning; and I take them to be those that are found so early as September, and chiefly in hedge-rows. They fly heavily, and seldom many rods at a time.

They are of the largest size, with large heads, and of a colour somewhat darker than the others. Those which arrive in October and November, the most numerous tribe, are rather less, with less heads, and of a colour not quite so dark. And the

Candlemas cocks are still smaller, with shorter bills, and of a lighter colour on the head, back, and breast. Such a variety is likewise observable in snipes, though perhaps not commonly noticed. I am of opinion that woodcocks are to be found in almost all parts of the world. A gentleman, who has been Governor of Bengal, informed me, that they have them in India, whither they probably come from the immense wilds of Tartary.

These delicious birds are now very rare, and become more and more so every year, being so eagerly hunted after, that very few escape to go back again. And I apprehend that they are not great breeders, as those few that chance to breed here are observed to lay but two, or at most three, eggs. Formerly, before the art of shooting flying was so general, and they were in much greater plenty, they were taken in springs set in moist places where they came to feed; but the greatest havock of them is made in Cornwall and Devonshire, by nets hung in the woods; and I have heard that the Exeter stage-coach has brought up thirty dozen in a week to the all-consuming city of London. So many enemies, and so many engines, are employed to destroy them, that very few can return to breed and bring us fresh supplies.

LETTERS ON PLANTING and MANAGEMENT of WOODS.

From Thomas South, Esq. to the Secretary of the Bath and West of England Society.

SIR,

THE memoirs you obligingly sent hitherto gratified me exceedingly; they contain an ample fund of agricultural experiments; but that grand national object, the growth of timber, has hitherto been sparingly treated of. It may not be generally known, that the destruction of oak, toward the middle of the present century, became so very rapid, as to occasion public

enquiry in 1771; the returns* to which ascertained, that the naval timber had decreased in quantity within forty or fifty years, then past, to the amazing amount of four-fifths on an average through the kingdom. What an alarming circumstance, to a maritime state like this! And the misfortune is, that such devastation still con-

* Vide these Returns in the Commissioners' 3d Report, p. 72.

tinues

tinues, both in public and in private woods. To demonstrate what a heavy loss is sustained by the community, through the imprudence of private owners, I state the following facts.

The year before last, there were fourscore oaks felled in the neighbourhood, whose aggregate contents scarcely exceeded twenty tons; and in 1758, a single tree was felled, but a very few miles from the spot, which contained in itself twenty-eight tons. The soil where these diminutive sticks were produced, was of a nature equally propitious to the growth of oak, as that of Langly-wood, and most of them had room to spread in; consequently such, had they been permitted to remain, would have become naval timber. Let what encouragement soever be given to promote private plantations, they must be long in repairing such losses as these. Our modern planters, I fear, pursue the ornamental, more than the useful plan. Oaks, being tardy growers, are seldom propagated; the silver, spruce, Scotch firs, and other free-growing trees, are preferred. One ingenious correspondent* of yours cut down his firs, indeed, for the sake of his oaks, and another for the sake of his beeches.† The planters of oaks and beeches deserve every encouragement, as both find place in naval architecture; the latter, if long and strait, serve to plank the bottoms of ships, up to the light water line, equally well with the former, and at less than half the expence. The most success-

ful planter I ever heard of, is your correspondent Mr. Marsham. It does not often happen, that men have a taste for such pursuits, at the early age when he began his career; and in the course of things, it as seldom happens, that men attain his patriarchal years. To plant in 1720, and contemplate his improvements in 1790, is an instance scarce to be equalled. May his patriotic endeavours long be crowned with the blessings they deserve! From the public much is expected. Inclosures of forest land, if conducted with propriety, may prevent national ruin; for timber is become scarce on the Continent as well as here; the increase of commerce causes such a demand, that it rises in value every where. The scarcity of knees‡ and crooks of large dimensions is now severely felt; it is with difficulty the docks get supplied, so that ships are often at a stand for want of them; the King's forests have been productive of many of these most valuable articles, but they are nearly exhausted; and the methods proposed by the surveyors for raising timber in Dean forest, is by no means likely to remedy the defect. Planters should not only consider what suits their respective soils, but to what uses their timber may be appropriated. The elm ought to be led up tall and strait for keel pieces, ship's pumps, water-pipes, &c. Arbele, if brought to great length and substance, will make good beams and rafters for barns, cottages, &c. For this timber, (not being subject to the worm) whilst under thatch that admits no wet, will continue sound above a century. The perfection of ash lies in its being free and tough, properties sought after by coopers, wheel-wrights, and coach-makers. Beech, as a quick grower, repays the planter's toil; it thrives well on chalky hills, and may be trained either to long poles for ship planking, or to branchy crooks for mill-wheels; it is

* I think this mode of planting oaks a very good one, as likewise this gentleman's method of rendering crooked saplins strait. Though I profess myself an advocate for rendering strait ones crooked.

† I see no necessity for cutting down all the firs in this case, for the beech would have kept pace with them and flourished, and there cannot be a more ornamental wood than a mixture of firs and beeches, especially on a declivity, the contrasts between the deep green of the one, and the paler hue of the other, form a pleasing object in the summer months. The golden tinge of the latter enriches the scene in autumn, and even when bronzed in the winter, they have no unpleasing effect.

‡ So great was the deficiency towards the close of last war, that the old ships intended to keep up appearances only, were ordered to be repaired with alden knees and crooks.

excellent in water-works of all kinds, for, where constantly kept wet, it is as durable as oak itself; and the present scarcity of that most valuable timber, requires that we should employ every substitute we can in its place. The growers of oak should be most particularly attentive to the situation and demand. In inland countries, where carriage is a drawback, and prevents a profitable communication by the sea, timber, if thinned in due season, cannot be drawn up too fast. The house-carpenter, in situations like this, is the chief purchaser, and strait lengths are his delight. In the maritime counties, a large crook in the bole of a tree doubles its value, and admits it into a dockyard, when but two thirds the contents of a strait one. Floor timbers, compass pieces, knees, &c. are the basis of naval architecture, and cannot be dispensed with; such when choice and large, carry in much inferior timber with them; and without

a due proportion of such, no contract is ever made by the Navy-Board, nor can the merchant expect payment for what he has delivered, till the most useful of these articles have been provided. Wherefore, sooner than lay out of 4 or 5000l. for any length of time, he will give more than its value for a lot that suits him. By the third report of the land revenue commissioners, it appears, that there are 18,000 acres of land in Dean Forest, Gloucestershire, designed to be set apart for inclosure, and the growth of oak timber; but the method proposed by the surveyors, is not likely to be productive of such as is most valuable; thick planting, with timely thinning, may produce strait trees, and in a suitable soil like this, large and long lived timber; but to raise knees and crooks, requires a contrary practice; which, if the society think it worth their attention, I will endeavour to explain it hereafter.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

MR. BOSWELL, in his life of Dr. Johnson, tells us that "Johnson would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was." The Doctor said, "A servant's strict regard for truth must be weakened by such a practice. A philosopher may know that it is merely a form of denial; but few servants are such nice distinguishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lye for *me*, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell many lies for *himself*?" To these observations, Mr. Boswell adds an opinion of his own, informing us "He is satisfied that every servant, of any degree of intelligence, understands saying his master is not at home, not at all as the affirmation of a fact, but as customary words, intimating that his master wishes not to be seen; so that there can be no bad effect from it." With respect to *bad effect* Mr.

Boswell may be right. But that a *serious* or *whimsical* one may not arise from it, I will leave to be considered by your readers after relating the following anecdotes.

An officer of the navy told me he once had occasion to call on Sir N. B. at his house, in London, on some affairs which concerned the Baronet's son. As he passed the parlour window, he saw the side face of the gentleman he was going to visit. He ran up the steps and knocked at the door. A servant in livery opened it.—I wish to speak to Sir N. B. said the officer.—He is not at home, replied the servant. The officer immediately struck the servant a severe blow on the breast, which occasioned him to fall backwards against the wainscot. Sir N. alarmed at the noise, immediately opened the parlour door. "This d—'d scoundrel of a servant of your's, Sir N.

N. (said the officer) wanted to make me believe that you was not at home, though I saw you with my own eyes. And I have just shewn him my method of punishing *liars*." No attempt was made to justify the conduct of the servant.

Lady Hardres used, occasionally, to visit Mrs. Rooke, of Saint Lawrence, near Canterbury. One evening about eleven o'clock the side-gate bell rung very violently. The servant looked through the window, it being very moon-light, and perceived it was Lady Hardres. He ran and informed his mistress of it. She ordered him to say she was not at home. The servant ran with all possible expedition, unlocked the side gate, and informed her Ladyship that his mistress was not at home.—She is not!—No my Lady.—I shall soon see that.—She immediately got out of the carriage, walked up the court, and ran into the parlour, before the servant had time to consider what he should do. After her Ladyship had been sometime conversing with Mrs. Rooke and her sister, the bell rung. The servant went in, and was ordered to carry Lady Hardres a glass of port wine. He did so. Her Ladyship took the glass in her hand and instantly dashed the wine full in the face of the servant, saying at the same time, "There, Sir! remember how you tell me your mistress is not at home, when she is, again!!!"

A tradesman went to London, some years since, in order to ask the advice of a Member of Parliament relative to some business of importance; and it was necessary for him to be as expeditious as possible. As he approached the house of the Member he saw him at one of the third story windows. He rapt at the door, and asked to speak with Mr. H.—He is not at home, Sir—will you please to leave your name or business? I will leave my name—it is L. L. but I will

neither leave *my business* nor *this door* till your master is at home. I shall continue *knocking* till you have *found him*.—This firmness produced the desired effect.—The servant found his master, and an interview immediately took place.

Another person took a different method.—Your master is not at home!—No!—My business is very urgent. Here is half a guinea; it is probable he may be at home in a quarter of an hour.—Perhaps (said the servant) he may be in his study—if you will please to wait one moment I will run and see!—The half guinea was not given in vain.

A poor man wished to ask a favour of a country Squire, as he called him.—He had been several times to his house, but was constantly told, the Squire was not at home, although he sometimes heard him talk while he stood at the door. He one day mentioned the circumstance to his master, who was a generous good sort of a man. Go to-morrow and call upon me as you go. The man did so. He went to the Esquire's as usual. The Squire is not at home, was the answer.—I am sorry for it!—What pray is your business?—Oh, nothing of consequence! I have (raising his voice) only got a haunch of venison for your master, but if he is not at home I have orders to carry it to another gentleman?—Tell him to come in—tell him to come in; (vociferated the Squire, who was in the parlour and heard what the man had said); what the devil! am I to loose a haunch of venison because a parcel of thick headed fools are determined to tell lies, and say I am not at home when I am!!! What will not courage, art, firmness, money, and a haunch of venison, do!!!

Your's,

Nov. 6, 1793.

PAMPNILUS.

AFFECTING

AFFECTING INCIDENT at PORT JACKSON.

RELATED BY CAPTAIN HUNTER.

IT was too late in the day, and we were all too much fatigued, to attempt any part of the business upon which we came here; having therefore pitched our tents, and hauled the seine for fish, and being successful, we sat down to regale ourselves on fresh fish and salt beef, and rested the remainder of the day.

In the course of the little excursions of our boats' crews this afternoon, a native woman was discovered, concealing herself from our sight in the long grass, which was at this time very wet, and I should have thought very uncomfortable to a poor naked creature. She had, before the arrival of our boats at this beach, been, with some of her friends, employed in fishing for their daily food; but were, upon their approach, alarmed, and they had all made their escape, except this miserable girl, who had just recovered from the small-pox, and was very weak and unable, from a swelling in one of her knees, to get off to any distance: she therefore crept off, and concealed herself in the best manner she could among the grass, not 20 yards from the spot on which we had placed our tents.

A person having fired at and shot a hawk from a tree *right over her*, terrified her so much, that she cried out, and discovered herself. Information was immediately brought to the Governor, and we all went to see this unhappy girl, who appeared to be about 17 or 18 years of age: she had covered her debilitated and naked body with the wet grass, having no other means of hiding herself: she was very much frightened on our approaching her, and shed many tears, with piteous lamentations: we understood none of her expressions, but felt much concern at the distress she seemed to suffer; we endeavoured all in our power to make her easy; and with

the assistance of a few expressions which had been collected of their language, we soothed her distress a little, and the sailors were ordered to bring up some fire, which we placed before her: we pulled some grass, dried it by the fire, and spread it round her to keep her warm; then we shot some birds, such as hawks, crows, and gulls, skinned them, and laid them on the fire to broil, together with some fish, which she ate; we then gave her water, of which she seemed to be much in want, for when the word *baado* was mentioned, which was their expression for water, she put her tongue out to show how very dry her mouth was; and indeed, from its appearance and colour, she had a considerable degree of fever on her. Before we retired to rest for the night, we got some fire wood laid within her reach, with which she might, in the course of the night, recruit her fire; we also cut a large quantity of grass, dried it, covered her well, and left her to her repose, which, from her situation, I conjecture, was not very comfortable or refreshing.

Next morning, we visited her again; she had now got pretty much the better of her fears, and frequently called to her friends, who had left her, and who, we knew, could be at no great distance from her; she repeated their names in a very loud and shrill voice, and with much apparent anxiety and concern for the little notice they took of her intreaties to return: for we imagined, in all she said when calling on them, she was informing them that the strangers were not enemies: however, all her endeavours to bring them back were ineffectual, while we remained with her; but we were no sooner gone from the beach, than we saw some of them come out of the wood; and as there were two canoes on the shore belonging

ing to this party, they launched one into the water, and went away.

We employed this day in going up the South branch, which the Governor named Pitt Water; and so much of the day was spent in examining it, that when we returned down near the place where we had passed the last night, it was too late to proceed farther; we therefore encamped on the same spot. Our tents were no sooner up, than we went to visit our young female friend, whom we found in a little bark hut on the beach; this hut was the place in which she and her friends were enjoying themselves, when the arrival of our boats alarmed them. She was not alone, as before, but had with her a female child about two years old, and as fine a little infant of that age as I ever saw; but upon our approach (the night being cold and rainy, and the child terrified exceedingly) she was lying with her elbows and knees on the ground, covering the child from our sight with her body, or probably sheltering it from the weather, but I rather think on account of its fears: on our speaking to her, she raised herself up, and sat on the ground, with her knees up to her chin, and her heels under her; and was at that moment, the most miserable spectacle in the human shape

I ever beheld. The little infant could not be prevailed on to look up; it lay with its face upon the ground, and one hand covering its eyes.

We supplied her, as before, with birds, fish, and fuel, and pulled a quantity of grass to make her a comfortable bed, and covered her miserable hut so as to keep out the weather: she was now so reconciled to our frequent visits, seeing we had nothing in view but her comfort in them, that when she wanted *baa-do*, or *ma-gra*, which signifies bread and fish, she would ask for them, and when she did, they were always supplied her.

In the morning we visited her again; the child had got so much the better of its fears, that it would allow us to take hold of its hand; I perceived, that young as it was, it had lost the two first joints of its little finger, of the left hand; the reason or meaning of which we had not yet been able to learn.

When our people embarked to examine the other parts of the bay, they gave to this young woman all the fish they had remaining, and also put a quantity of fire-wood and fresh water within her reach. When they returned to this place at the end of six days, she had left it.

EXTRACTS FROM IRELAND'S

PICTURESQUE VIEWS on the RIVER MEDWAY.

Lately published, with Remarks.

MR. IRELAND observes in the preface, that 'this volume of picturesque scenery on the river Medway, may not improperly be considered as a continuation of a former work on the subject of the Thames.*

'The confluence of these rivers [adds he,] naturally led the author into a wish to explore the beauties of

this more gentle, yet in some respects equally important river. The views selected in the course of this work, form the natural and artificial scenery of this rich and fertile country; and are represented with that fidelity, which the author flatters himself will entitle him to the patronage of a discerning public.'

Among the various rivers which adorn and fertilize this kingdom, the
Medway

See Analyt. Rev. vol. xvi, p. 286.

Medway ranks as one of the first. In point of extent and consequence, it is inferior to the Thames and the Severn; but it possesses beauties peculiar to itself, and, although we cannot agree with the author before us, as to the 'preeminence' of its 'romantic scenery,' yet we will readily admit, that it is admirably calculated to attract the admiration of those who are delighted with the calm and placid beauties of rural landscape.

The Medway is said to have been known to the ancient Britons by the name of Vaga, and from the Saxons it is reported to have received the addition of Med, by way of denoting its course through the centre of the kingdom of Kent: hence its compound appellation of Med-Vaga, now modernized into its present name. The entrance is defended by the extensive battery and fort at Sheerness, erected on a peninsula, which forms the north-west point of the isle of Sheppey. The dock yard is calculated for the construction of small ships of war, yachts, &c. but it is more generally employed in repairing and refitting vessels that have been damaged in consequence of any sudden accident. The garrison was formerly supplied with water from Chatham, but a very deep well has been lately sunk, and two tons of water can be raised every hour, during a smart breeze, by means of large horizontal wheels. Notwithstanding this, a vessel is still employed in the same manner as before, but 'it is rather considered as a job, than matter of necessity.' The old ships of war stationed here are termed 'water breakers,' the hulks are occupied by sixty or seventy families, and chimnies of brick are raised from the lower gun decks, 'which give them the whimsical appearance of a floating town.'

The first object worthy of notice, on entering the Medway, 'which by the depth of its channel and softness of its bed, is rendered not only the best, but perhaps the only perfectly secure harbour for large ships in the kingdom,' is Stangate creek, situate

about three miles from its entrance. Here lazarettos are built on the hulks of two forty-four gun ships, which, from their being roofed and tiled, have a singular and 'amphibious' kind of appearance.

The Kentish hills, soon after passing this place, begin to afford a pleasing prospect, but the marshy lands on either side 'yield but little for ground for landscape, which, to be perfect, requires some prominent feature to attract and compose the eye.' On turning a point of land towards the village of Hoo, the face of the country begins to improve, and the scenery is more happily diversified by the hills of Brompton, the church of Gillingham, &c. After passing Gillingham fort, and Upnor castle, which seem calculated, like many other establishments of the same kind, to produce salaries to governors, store-keepers, &c. the aquatic traveller arrives at Chatham, celebrated so early as the beginning of the 17th century, 'for affording a dock to the best appointed fleet that ever saw the sun, ready for action upon all occasions.'

'The present naval dock ranges along the eastern bank of the river for near a mile in length; the improvements and additional buildings it has received within a few years are astonishing. The sail loft in which the sails are made, is 209 feet in length, and the largest store house 660. The spacious apartments and work rooms convey a grand idea of their contents; and the regular mode in which every branch of business is here conducted for the public service, must be highly gratifying to every well-wisher of his country. In such precise order is every article here arranged, as, on any emergency, to be drawn forth with so little confusion, that a first rate man of war has often been equipped for sea in a few weeks. I am informed that in time of war the persons employed in and about this yard, exceed three thousand. The royal wharf, in which the guns belonging to the shipping in the river are deposited, the huge pyramids of cannon

cannon balls, and vast range of store houses, in which are deposited every species of hostile weapons, one would suppose need only to be shown to the enemy, to intimidate them from an attack. The noble fund established under the appellation of the Chest at Chatham, was instituted in 1588, under the direction of sir Francis Drake and sir John Hawkins: when every man voluntarily assigned a portion of his pay to the succour of his wounded fellow. The institution was functioned by queen Elizabeth, and has continued ever since.

The village of Frindsbury commands an extensive and noble view of the river, Rochester bridge, castle, and town, with the distant hills of Kent, &c. Stroud is principally supported by the oyster fishery, which is conducted by a company called Free Dredgers. Rochester is one of the most ancient cities in the kingdom; the gothic bridge thrown across the river at this place appears to have been completed about the fifteenth of Richard II.

The castle is of far greater antiquity; 'divers lands in this and other countries are held of this castle, the tenures of which are perfectly castle-guard; for every tenant who does not duly discharge his proper rent, suit, and services, is liable to have it doubled at the return of every tide of the Medway during the time it remains unpaid, according to the ancient custom of this manor. On St. Andrew's day, old style, the ceremony of hanging out a banner at the house of the receiver of the rents is still preserved. At Temple farm, formerly the property of the knights Templars, the Medway, losing all its impetuosity, assumes the appearance of a gentle stream.

'North of Cockstone we approach the noble park of Cobham, amidst whose shady and venerable oaks appears, from the banks of the river, the newly erected mausoleum of lord Darnley. This expensive stone edifice is from a design of the ingenious Mr. Wyatt, and is in the doric order;

it's parts and ornaments are judiciously placed, and cannot fail to attract the attention as well as command the admiration of every observer of taste. But from this applause, we must except the pyramidical finish at top, which is both ponderous and unmeaning; and with all deference to the skill of it's architect, would have had a more pleasing, and certainly a more classical effect, had it been finished with a circular dome: I am informed that this angular top is to be removed. The upper part of this building is intended as a family chapel; it's decorations are simple, and well suited to the solemn purposes of prayer: beneath it is the burial vault, in which are recesses intended to receive the last remains of human greatness; for which awful ceremony every part is judiciously adapted, and its sequestered situation renders it a scene where (if such a wish had ever existed, but in the flight of poetry)

"Kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

This celebrated mausoleum is reported to have cost ten thousand pounds. After passing the ancient village of Woldham, on the eastern bank of the river, but little variation of scenery occurs until we approach the ruins of Halling-house, formerly one of the four splendid residences of the bishops of Rochester. Burham church produces a beautiful effect, on account of it's situation; at New Hythe the stream diminishes considerably in breadth, and does not appear to be any longer navigable.—After a short account of Malling Abbey, and Leyborne castle, the author proceeds thus:

'Hence returning to the river, we pass Mill-hall, a pleasant and retired village, whose inhabitants seem to derive their principal happiness from undisturbed repose, and those sources of industry which are constantly supplied upon the banks of this beautiful and navigable current. Near this rural scene, on the margin of the river, the eye is gratified with a view

of the richest produce of this fruitful county, the flowery hop.

" Which in the malt's
" Fermenting tuns infused, to mellow age
" Reserves the potent draught."

The beautiful and picturesque appearance of this scene at the present period, renders it matter of astonishment that it has received so little attention from the pencil of the artist. The leafing of the hop is peculiarly elegant in its form; and the curled tendrils writhing round its lofty supporters, add greatly to the beauty of this luxuriant plant; the growth of which is not unhappily described by Phillips, in his popular poem on cyder;

" Lo! on auxiliary poles, the hops
" Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array!
" Transporting prospect! These, as modern
 use
" Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
" Wholesome, of deathless fame."

' This epithet of *wholesome*, applied by our poet to a plant which has so long and so universally been infused in that which was the natural and was once the favourite beverage of our countrymen, does not itself seem to carry enough of compliment, unless we suppose it introduced by him for the purpose of adding the weight of his authority in opposition to an opinion, which in one period of our history, seems to have obtained considerable footing—that it was of a pernicious or poisonous quality; and that this was so, we find among other authorities, that, in 1428, the parliament petitioned against hops, as a wicked weed: it was introduced into England in 1524, from the Netherlands; and two years preceding, encouragement was given by act of parliament to the cultivation of it, by exempting lands employed for these purposes from penalties. The produce to the revenue, in modern times, from the increased trade in this article, amounted, in the 1791, to ninety thousand and fifty-nine pounds, one shilling and ten pence.

On approaching Aylesford the eye is suddenly attracted by the beautiful seat of the Countess of that name, called the Friars. On an eminence at a little distance stands the 'rude and inexplicable monument of antiquity' called Kitt's Coity House. This pile is conjectured to have been designed for a sepulchral monument.

After passing the ruins of Allington castle, now converted into a farm house, the Medway receives the tributary stream of Len, which runs through Maidstone, and here lord Romney's ancient seat, called the Mote, Vintners, the residence of Mr. Whatman, Boxley Abbey, Leeds Castle, &c. in succession attract and engage the eye of the traveller. The river now begins to narrow considerably, but it still retains a depth of water of twelve or fourteen feet. At East Farley, an ancient gothic bridge, partly overgrown with ivy, together with the lock and village church, presents a combination of beautiful and even picturesque objects. At a little distance from Barming stands Teston House, and a few miles westward, Mereworth House, erected by the late earl of Westmoreland, after a design of Palladio.

Nettlested is situated on the eastern bank of the Medway. At Twyford bridge, the river takes an easterly direction through fertile meadows, famed for producing the largest and best breed of cattle in Kent. The next picturesque object that presents itself is Brantbridge. 'The retired and romantic situation of this spot is so peculiarly striking [says our author] as to render it impossible for the eye of observation to pass it unnoticed. It is one of those simple and interesting scenes, from the study of which the Dutch and Flemish artists, as well as the judicious of our own country, have established an everlasting fame. Nor is this spot the only one in this vicinity to be admired for its picturesque beauties; the various meanderings and recesses of the river affording perpetual scenes of that simplicity

plicity in nature, which produces the elegant in landscape.'

'Within two miles of Tunbridge, the Medway branches out into several streams, five of which unite at that town. The venerable ruins of Tunbridge castle are well worth the attention of the traveller. A gothic mansion called Great Bounds, about two miles distant, was once the residence of lady Dorothy Sydney, the Sacharissa of the melodious Waller. Somerhill was formerly the residence of that great statesman sir Francis Walsingham, and at a latter period, of president Bradshaw.'

Mr. I. indulges in a long description of Penshurst-place, once possessed by the gallant and accomplished sir Philip Sydney, and celebrated as being the birth place of the renowned Algernon Sydney, who has a still stronger claim to the love, the attachment, and the esteem of his countrymen.

Soon after passing Penshurst, the Medway winds it's decreasing chain towards Hever, and is joined by the Eden near that place. It then assumes a serpentine course, and takes a direction towards Ashdown, and Waterdown forests in Sussex; several mills are worked by it in the neighbourhood of Speldhurst. After approaching Tunbridge Wells, it visits Bayham Abbey, concerning the beauties of which we most cordially agree with our author. The stream now becomes too scanty and insignificant to claim the attention of the traveller.

The plates in this volume are all executed in *aqua tinta*, and have much of the softness and beauty of drawings. Of Mr. I.'s style we have given several specimens, and hope, that his 'picturesque beauties of the Avon, and Severn,' will acquire him a new claim to the patronage of the public. O.

SOME ACCOUNT OF

SIR WM. WALLER, the PARLIAMENT GENERAL.

A NATIVE of KENT.

GENTLEMEN,

Dec. 10, 1793.

IN a course of time I look forward to the Kentish Register, as a record of all the eminent people, who have flourished in the country, from the earliest times. A regular distribution of articles would but make them formal; and the variety and better information, that are afforded by using materials as they occur, seem infinitely preferable to method in a miscellaneous publication. The *Vindication of Sir William Waller, written by himself, and but lately published from his own MSS.* furnishes an occasion for saying something of that celebrated man, which ought not to be lost.

Sir William Waller was son and

heir of Sir Thomas Waller, of Groombridge, in Speldhurst, near Tunbridge, in this county, Lieutenant of Dover castle, and Chief Butler of England, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Sampson Lennard, Lord Dacre,* and was born at Knowle about 1597. His father sold to Lord Dorset the ancient seat at Groombridge, which had been possessed by his ancestors from the time of Henry IV. and at which Richard Waller, a valiant soldier, had the custody of the Duke of Orleans, (who was taken a prisoner at the battle of Agincourt)

* Wood's Ath. xi, 147. Haisted's Kent, i, 431.

committed to his care; a circumstance to beneficial to him, that during the time of the Duke's restraint here, he rebuilt the house upon the old foundations, and was besides a benefactor to the repair of Speldhurst church, where the Duke's arms remained in stone over the porch, till the late destruction of the church by lightning, (and I believe of the remains of the old mansion) left no trace of that curious event.

Sir William's father, though in possession of the family seat, was a younger brother of George Waller, who, by Mary his wife, daughter of Richard Hardress, esq. was father of Sir Hardress Waller, kt. a Major-General in the army against Charles I. and well known as well as his cousin.

Edmund Waller, the *Poet*, was a distant branch of the same family. I should presume he was branched off in the time of Henry VI. and descended from those, who settled in Hampshire. He was born at Winchmore hill, in Agmondesham, in Bucks, about 1606. In which county his father, and (I think) his grandfather had a good estate. His immediate posterity now live at the seat which he inhabited at Beaconsfield, in the same county. I hope this explanation of the relationship between three eminent cotemporaries of the same name needs no apology.

Sir William Waller was educated at Oxford; thence went to Paris, and thence to the German wars, where he served in the army of the Confederate Princes, against the Emperor; and where he early imbibed prejudices in favour of the presbyterian discipline. After his return he was knighted at Wansted 1622, and married Jane, daughter and heir of Sir Richard Reynell, of Ford, in Devonshire, kt. who died 1633. He afterwards married Lady Anne Finch, daughter of the first Earl of Winchelsea, and was elected a Burgess for Andover, in Hampshire, in 1640, where resentment for some ill usage in the star-chamber operating upon

his early German prejudices, made him a very violent opponent to the court. This conduct of course made him a great favourite with the party; and as early as 1642, he was appointed one of the Generals against the King. His first career was a course of the most brilliant successes, as may be seen in Lord Clarendon's and other histories, but at length at Roundway Down near the Devizes, and Cropredy bridge in Oxfordshire, he sustained some considerable defeats. This gave occasion for the party of independents, who were now getting the upper hand, to commence his overthrow; which they in time effected.

The blame on each occasion, was thrown by him on the jealousy of their officers, and neither the spirit, nor the judgement of his own operations were ever questioned. The independents, who were becoming the strongest party in the army and in the Parliament, had wished to make him their General, on terms which from conscience, or military honour, he could not comply with. By the famous self-denying ordinance, he was laid aside, as a commander, but still preserved so great an influence and reputation in the army, as made him very formidable to the rising party. He was considered as a leader of the presbyterians, against the independents. The struggles between these two parties, after the King had fallen into their power, is described more particularly in the *WORK NOW PUBLISHED*,* than in any other memorial of that time; and on that account alone it forms a valuable addition to the collection of pieces relative to the history of England, at that interesting period. He became particularly obnoxious to the leaders of that army, which he had in vain attempted to bring into a submission to the orders of the Par-

* Vindication of the character and conduct of Sir William Waller, kt. &c. (8vo. Lond. Printed for Debrett, 1793,) from the introduction to which, this extract is taken.

liament, which had raised a force for its own destruction, and was one of the eleven members impeached by that army of high treason. Upon this he was forced to withdraw for some time, but that storm at length subsiding, he returned to his seat in the House of Commons, till he was with fifty others expelled by the army, and was afterwards committed to different prisons on suspicion of being, with many other presbyterians, attached to his lawful sovereign, and repenting him of his betrayed allegiance.

He was indeed at length sensible of the misery, which he had contributed to bring on this country; he was convinced by fatal experience, that anarchy was a bad step towards a perfect government—that the subversion of every establishment was no safe foundation for a permanent and regular constitution; he found that pretences of reform were held up by the designing to dazzle the eyes of the unwary, and lead them on to engage in measures without knowing either what these measures were, or by what means they were to be compassed; he found

in short that reformation, by popular insurrection, must end in the destruction, and cannot tend to the formation of a regular government.

Sir William had a daughter by his first wife, who married Sir William Courtney, and was ancestress to the present Viscount of that name.

His daughter by his second wife was mother of Lord Chancellor Harcourt, from whose descendant Earl Harcourt, the MS. from whence the *Vindication* is printed, is supposed to have come.

He also left a son, Sir William Waller, an active justice for Middlesex, and opposer of the court of Charles II. and M. P. for Oxford. Soon after 1680, he withdrew to Holland, and returned at the Revolution.

The General died Sept. 16, 1668, at his seat at Otterly Park, in Middlesex, (lately the splendid mansion of the *Child* family.) Wood says he was a little man, which does not appear by the print prefixed to his *Vindication*.

E. T. A.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

THE MORALIST.

No. V.

“How many mean plans of dirty address, as I went along, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastille for every one of them.” STERNE.

SUCH is the condition of man, that he is in no station altogether independent. In different circumstances and in different situations he feels himself differently affected, and differently disposed. To be independent he must have nothing to fear, and nothing to ask for. As the poor, in the hour of distress, are willing to look up to the rich for assistance; so the rich, in the hour of danger, are happy to look up to the poor for pro-

tection. The man of property, and the man of power, are, at times, as far from independence as the meanest mechanic, or the most illiterate plebeian. It is the intrinsic merit of individuals that makes them respectable. It is not the throne or the woofsack, that gives respectability to man. The subject is not less independent than the prince. The one is obliged to ask of the people through the medium of the parliament; the other

other is obliged to ask of his prince, through the medium of his friends or representatives. If we take a survey of the conduct of mankind, we shall find that the poor are too much accustomed to neglect their own consequence, and the rich too much disposed to forget their imbecility. Hence it happens that the former are in danger of being treated with coolness, and the latter with contempt. Petitioners of every description should act like men. They are entitled to civility if they cannot command success. If it is necessary (as I am certain it is) that there should be different ranks and degrees of men in the world, it is equally necessary that those different ranks and degrees should be treated with politeness and attention. But if they would be so treated they must act from principles of virtue, and not by interested motives. It is not the object of our wishes that we should so much regard, as the means by which we would obtain that object. We should flatter no man for the sake of self-interest. We should not sacrifice truth to art. *We should form no mean plans of dirty address.* We should consider, that it is man speaking to man. That the distinction between us is not natural but accidental. The same being that formed the one, formed the other. The same Providence protects both. The same eye discerns the thoughts, the actions, and the intentions, of each. And the man of an apparently inferior order in this life, is frequently the man of superior virtue and ability. Men, who are invested with interest and power, should be meek and courteous to all people. The power and the interest they possess, they possess by their suffrage, and during the pleasure of the public. Let them wantonly abuse that power, and that interest, and they will speedily be divested of it.

Man, in whatsoever state he is, is never a contemptible being, unless by his actions and his conduct, he makes himself one. When this is the case no eminence of station can secure him

from censure. The opinion of the public will not long be concealed. It is dangerous to trifle with the lower orders of society. And it would be well for the world if all those who are called to a public station, would seriously consider how true the assertion is.

Few things are more difficult for a man to attain than a proper behaviour, at times when he finds himself necessitated to make application to men in power for interest, protection, or assistance. At such times he is inclined to think more highly of the man, whose favour he means to solicit, than experience and reason may authorize him to do. And in proportion as he estimates the character of the person he means to apply to above the truth, in the same proportion will he be disappointed if his most sanguine wishes are not crowned with success. As none but generous minds know properly how to confer favours, so none but virtuous ones know how to ask them. Every petitioner should reflect that his character must be maintained by himself alone. When he asks a request of another, he must not cease to reverence himself. He cannot but be denied; and by being denied, he will lose none of his intrinsic worth. He who deserves patronage knows but little of the world, if he feels the least disappointment at not meeting with it. The promised friendship of men in office is a disgrace to the nation we live in. Why should they promise, if they have no intention to perform? Such promises are an insult to those to whom they are made; and yet the world abounds in promises of this description. They are the offspring of weak heads or corrupt hearts. They originate in selfishness; they are calculated to deceive; and every thing that is calculated to deceive, has a tendency to produce discontent. And every thing that has such a tendency should be considered as a public evil, and utterly abolished. Every man in an office is a public servant. And he who turns on his heel when the petition of a fellow-

fellow-subject is presented to him, or answers his request with a sneer, or a threat, may think he rises in estimation at the very moment he is sinking beneath notice.—What is man? that he should usurp an air of authority over an inferior, who asks his assistance or advice, only because he is poorer than himself! Is property the only criterion of merit! Where the laws do not interfere, is not man amenable to man for his behaviour? Or is the distinction between rational beings so great as to require only the lower orders of mankind to act rationally? The *would-be* great man is little in every one's judgment but his own. By attempting to mortify others he hopes, perhaps, to shew his own consequence. But he never reflects that for such conduct his superiors contemn him, his equals deride him, and his inferiors hate him. Like Paine he finds no friends, but those whose judgments are vitiated—whose intellects are weak—whose designs are sel-

fish—or whose passions are malignant. Like him, by attempting to force himself into notice, he exposes himself to danger and to ridicule. He becomes known, and the moment he is known he is despised, neglected, and then forgotten. Thus will it frequently happen to those who think their fellow creatures beneath their attention. For power without merit, interest without virtue, wealth without generosity, and professions of friendship without sincerity of attachment, render their possessors truly disgusting. It is neither power, interest, nor wealth, that can give respectability to man in the eyes of an enlightened world. This is only to be acquired by a due discharge of duties, that are incumbent on us as men, and of good offices that are advantageous to us as social, as rational, and as moral beings.

SEMPER IDEM.

Dec. 11, 1793.

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER.

AS you gave last month a sketch of the proceedings of the French Revolutionary Tribunal, I now send you some account of that *equitable, mild and consistent* assembly the National Convention; whose proceedings will not fail to excite the astonishment of the remotest ages.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Epitome of Debate and Proceedings extraordinary!

TUESDAY.

Citizen *Moderé* was unanimously elected President of the Convention, in the room of the late President who was *guillotined* yesterday.

A Deputy from the Department of *Menfonge*, in *Gascony*, states a great victory obtained over the Royalists—that the battle lasted 15 days—that 500,000 satellites of despotism bit

the dust—that the inundation from the slaughter was so great, that all the cattle in the neighbourhood were drowned in the blood of the enemy.

A motion was made for 500 ships of war of 150 guns each, to be built in six weeks for the invasion of England.

The *President*—"Legislators! I abhor Tyrants"—(loud applauses)—"The will of the Sovereign People must be obeyed"—(still louder plaudits)—"All Despots must perish"—(a tumult of approbation)—"Let us not deceive ourselves"—(a pause of silence)—"Let us enquire into what is possible ere we undertake the measure"—(murmurs)—"How can these ships be built in the time proposed"—(more violent murmurs)—"Let us calculate, we will suppose for instance—"

Interrupted by Citizen *Bête Sauvage* "Destruction to cowards—I denounce

denounce all calculators—it is treason to doubt the will of the Sovereign People—let the solemn vote of the Republic, one and indivisible, realize the fable of the creation—emanate your awful will—let there be light!” —(a tumult of applause) “Instruct me with your commands—I will undertake to build the 500 ships, nay, a thousand, in a fortnight—I will make them all myself—there is not a true *Sans Culotte* who is not himself 10,000 strong—my culinary vessels shall be converted to cannon. I will command the fleet—I will engage to bring GEORGE and all the Court in chains to the bar of the Convention.”

A wild uproar of rapturous praise—all the Convention sing *Ca Ira*.

Bête Sauvage—“I denounce the President. He is a villain.”

President—“You lie!”

Bête Sauvage—“Those are words of course—I don’t care for that—I denounce him for a traitor; and move that he be immediately sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal.”

The motion was converted into a decree.

A Member—“I move that *Bête Sauvage* be appointed President. Decreed unanimously.

President Sauvage—“I have great news for you, Citizens. A man named *Le Roi* has been discovered at *Ville Affranchie*. His name marked him for a traitor—he was besides a very rich man—he was guillotined with all his family, and his estates confiscated.” Applauses.

A Member—“I move that no Frenchman hereafter bear the name of *Louis*; that *George*, *Frederick*, and all other names of Despots be proscribed; and that *Liberté*, *Carmagnol*, *Ca Ira*, be substituted”—Decreed.

It was then decreed, that the almanack be reformed.

That the value of red caps be regulated by a sumptuary law; and

That the Ministers in all the departments be arrested as the creatures of the *ci-devant* President.

EVENING SITTING.

President—“That wretch *Moderé*

has expiated his crimes at the guillotine. His examination was short, but the jury were convinced.”

PROCES VERBAL read.

Question to Prisoner—“Did you know *Egalite*?”

A—“I have seen him,”

Question to a Witness—“What are you?”

A—“I am a Citizen in a state of requisition, expecting next week to march against the enemies of my country—I am eleven years old.”

Question—“Has not the prisoner *Moderé* seen and talked with *Egalité*?”

A—“A man who was afterwards stabbed by a *Sans Culotte* officer for refusing to enlist, told my cousin, who is now gone to the army, who told a serjeant in the same corps with me, that he had heard that one *Moderé* was acquainted with *Egalite*; and I believe the prisoner or his brother must be the person he meant.

The Jury would hear no more—Prisoner condemned.

A Deputation from the Department of *Mont Blanc* complained of the cold weather, and requested that the Sovereign People would declare their will that the month of *Frimaire* do form a part of the month of *Fructidor* for the future.

A Member—“I move the order of the day.”

Another Member—“Why are our important deliberations to be thus interrupted? I move for a Committee of Public Nonsense, to which this, and all other similar frivolous applications may be referred.

Decreed, That such a Committee is unnecessary, as the *Convention* are competent to decide on these matters.

WEDNESDAY.

President.—I am sorry to acquaint the Convention that Citizen *Larren*, a very good patriot, was hanged in London, for appropriating to his own use several English guineas, which he found in the bureau of his master, a vile aristocrat, who had destined them for

for Citizen Devaynes, for the purpose of furnishing the English troops abroad with shoes and stockings."

The Convention expressed much indignation.

President—"Larron's infant daughter is now crying to be admitted to the bar of the Convention."

The child and its wet nurse introduced—

President—"Citizens, behold the Child of the Republic—its cries are produced from its rising teeth; teeth which are impatient to burst into light, that they may bite the enemies of the Republic—I move that this young Citizen be instantly supplied with a coral in the form of a dagger, the motto—*Destruction to Despots.*"

Decreed—and the Committee of Public Safety be instructed to examine the state of the Nurse's health, lest any thing counter-revolutionary should appear in it.

A Member announced great news from England—GEORGE and all his Court were besieged in WINDSOR CASTLE—200,000 Sans Culottes were encamped in Bunhill-fields—their right wing extended to Blackheath, and their left to Highgate, while their advanced guard had seized the defiles of Newmarket. A fleet had sailed up the Severn to co-operate with the besiegers and a large *corps de reserve* was posted on the inaccessible rocks in the *Isle of Dogs*—batteries were playing on Windsor Castle from the heights of Hackney and Plaistow.

President—"Ca va—Liberty shall flourish—we will invade Britain immediately—the sun, moon, and stars shall light us to triumph—they shall be held in a state of *requisition.*"

A Member—"I was told by that

prying villain FOUCHET, who is now no more, that the SUN once stood still at the command of Citizen General Joshua—Are these days come again? That luminary has not been visible since last week.

President—"I believe the Sun to be a good democrat—if that emblem of Republican splendor could be suspected of any counter-revolutionary movements, I would denounce him to the whole people of France."—(loud applauses).

A Deputy announced the arrival of the illustrious *Margaret Nicholson*, who who had effected her escape from the prison of Bedlam. This great and glorious personage was received with all the enthusiasm of patriotic fervour; and was admitted to the honours of the fitting and embraced by the *President*.

She confirmed the intelligence of the siege of *Windsor Castle*, and assured the Convention of the good disposition of the *Sans Culottes* in the Departments of *St. Giles's* and *Salt Petre Bank*, who were continually annoying the aristocrats in those parts, and that in the Department of *Bedlam* there were many patriots worthy of being admitted among the rulers of this great Republic.

Decreed, That a Civic Fete be given to-morrow in honour of *Margaret Nicholson*, and that Citizen *Paté*, a *traiteur* in the *ci-devant Palais Royal*, be indulged with permission to furnish the said feast.

SATURDAY.

A coach horse, which formerly belonged to PITT, was guillotined this day.

Ca va ; ça ira ; ça tiendra.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

On the CLOSE of the YEAR.

THE close of the year brings with it to every contemplative mind a thousand awful reflections, marked

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with a mixture of pleasure and of pain. Few are so unhappy as to have no retrospect but to sorrows: and

B b

none

none so fortunate or so virtuous as to find no subjects of regret. Most may cry out with *Warton* (in his sonnet to the river *Lodon* :)

' Ah ! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders
crown'd,
And thought my way was all thro' fairy
ground,

Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun !
While pensive Memory traces back the
round,
Which fills the varied interval between ;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow marks the scene !

The period of unnumbered designs and hopes is arrived without their accomplishment, while its progress has been attended by many a dreadful evil, and many an unexpected grief. It is a pause which forces cooler thoughts upon presumptuous ambition; and more active sentiments upon unconfirmed indolence.

When we are about to part with the year, as with a friend, we begin to perceive its value, and to see with regret the advantages and the pleasures ready to pass away from us, which we neglected, while we might, to enjoy and to improve.

The scenery of nature seems in unison with our melancholy. The trees are stripped of their leaves; the verdure of the grass is faded; a gloomy mistiness hangs over the earth, and dark rains, and mournful winds, seem to complain of the decay of the season.

' 'Tis done ! dread Winter spreads his latest
gloom,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd
year,
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold ! fond man !
See here thy pictur'd life ; pass, some few
years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent
strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whether now are
 fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid
hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame !

Those restless cares ? those busy bustling
days ?

Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veer-
ing thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy
life ?

All now are vanish'd ! VIRTUE, sole sur-
vives,

Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high ! —

What awful events have taken place since the last short return of the present season ! The King of France, after a series of sufferings and insults, unexampled in history, and after displaying at the scaffold a degree of magnanimity and heavenly mildness to which no language can do justice, has obtained the quiet of the grave. The beautiful and heroic Queen, after miseries diabolically prolonged for more exquisite torture, after a trial of such unprecedented cruelty as to freeze the blood of every one with horror, which could never shake her indignant firmness, has at length followed him to that home, whither alone she could look for a period to her misfortunes !

Yet let not these splendid woes eclipse all private sorrows. A war has broke out, (necessary enough, through the wickedness of one base and bloody nation,) of which the fatality has been very afflictive. How many now are mourning over the loss of husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, who but a few months since were glittering with youth and festivity in the circles of peace, and looking forward to years of future enjoyment, and planning a thousand schemes of future good, or future ambition. They are cut off in a career, of which they did not suspect the close, and are already cold in the tomb !

Age too has had his triumphs as well as war. To recur to local instances, the *Kentish Register* has already recorded the death of some, who have shone from an early period of the century, on the public theatre of the county. It is awful to all of us to look forward to what another short revolving year may produce ! Perhaps ere its close the
Kentish

Kentish Register may have recorded (however obscure and insignificant it be,) that the hand, which writes

this, is then mouldering in the dust!

R. N. T.

N**n**, Dec. 16, 1793.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY of PENSHURST.

CONTAINING MEMOIRS OF SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

THE writer of biography is often more usefully employed to others, though with less credit to himself, by transcribing from curious books, than by obtruding on the public his own thoughts, and compositions. For a REGISTER such transcripts are peculiarly proper. I shall therefore in my present communication be content with copying the character of Sir *Philip* SYDNEY, from Mr. Cooper's Muses Library, a book somewhat rare, as well as ingenious.

“ Sir PHILIP SYDNEY, by the common consent of all Europe, was allowed to be the compleatest gentleman of his time; nature, fame, and fortune, seemed to vie with each other in showering down their favours on him: he was noble by descent, amiable in his person, in genius, and judgment, the standard, by which all his cotemporaries essayed and improved their own: as gallant in the field, as wise and learned in the schools; and at court so elegantly well bred, as if he had never known the pedantry of the one, or the rudeness of the other. Yet all these great accomplishments sat so easy on him, that nobody was offended at what they could not equal, nor envied the first praises to his character, though ever so jealous of their own. In a word, he was a most illustrious instance of real power of private virtue: for without titles, place, court-favour, or any other common bait for respect and veneration, he had homage from all eyes, commanded attention from every ear, and won the affection of all hearts. In so much, that Don

John of Austria, Viceroy of the Netherlands, one of the proudest men that ever was born, publicly treated him with more honour (though only a visitor at his court, and then very young) than the ambassadors of sovereigns: nay so universal was his esteem, and to such a height 'twas carried, though not born a prince, 'twas the general voice, no one was more worthy of a throne; and I presume it was rather owing to the wishes of the public, than any real fact, that 'tis said he was in election for the kingdom of Poland: * a circumstance infinitely more glorious than if he had worn the noblest diadem in the world by inheritance. But hyperbole itself was hardly thought able to do him justice: nor would less than a volume contain all the printed testimonies the learned have given of his unequalled virtues. Never had the muses a greater loss than when he died, for though by his own pen he could command immortality, he had the true greatness of mind to encourage merit in others, whenever he found it, without the interested views of policy or ostentation. For which, may his fame be ever dear to memory! And no English writer ever quote the *Roman Mæcenas*, without first acknowledging his superior in the immortal *Sydney*.

“ I find my zeal has led me into a strange mistake; I have wrote his character instead of his life, whereas his life had included his character. But 'tis in study just as 'tis in action;

* It seems however to be a fact generally credited.

many people see their faults, but are too fond of them to endeavour at a cure. He was son to Sir Henry Sydney, Knight of the Garter, and three times Lord Deputy of Ireland; and Lady Mary daughter to the Duke of Northumberland; and nephew to that great favourite Robert Earl of Leicester. Christchurch college in Oxford, had the honour of his education, from whence he set out very early on his travels, and was at Paris, when the protestants were massacred; and with other English Gentlemen, fled for protection to the house of Sir Francis Walsingham, Ambassador from Queen Elizabeth. At his return, her Majesty was one of the first that distinguished his great abilities, and as if proud of so rich a treasure, sent him immediately Ambassador to the Emperor, to do honour to herself and his country. Some years after this, he addressed in print his humble reasons to the Queen, to dissuade her from marrying the Duke of Anjou, brother to the French King; which, 'tis presumed, occasioned him to retire from court, and gave him leisure to produce his *ARCADIA*. Notwithstanding which, we find him two years after in favour again, and riding a tilt with Sir Fulke Greville, for the entertainment of the Duke, and waiting on him in his return to Antwerp. The next year he was knighted, and in the year 1585, intended an expedition with Sir Francis Drake; but was employed nearer home; the Queen appointing him Governor of *Flushing*, in the Low Countries, and General of horse. There he signalized himself in so heroic a manner, that the very Dutch, who at first hated him became his admirers. I wave the particulars of his exploits, and have only to add, that mounting his third horse, at the battle of *Zutphen*, he received a mortal wound, of which he languished twenty-five days; dying in the flower of his age, though arrived at the highest point of honest glory. He married the daughter of the great Sir Francis Walsingham, and left only one child

who afterwards married the Earl of Rutland, and unfortunately died without issue to perpetuate the living virtues of her illustrious family. After the innumerable compliments paid to this great man's writings, it would be presumption in me to attempt their character. His body was brought to England, and buried at St. Paul's with a magnificence suitable to his merit. Beauty, wit, piety and valour, being the undissembled mourners."* He was then only thirty two years old.

I shall give a specimen or two taken as they occur, of his poetry, which, at the distance of more than two centuries seems to require no other apology, than for that quaintness, which was the universal fashion of the times in which he wrote.

SONNET.

STELLA, think not that I by verse seek fame,
Who seek, who hope, who love, who live,
but thee;

Thine eyes my pride, thy lips my history:
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame,
Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame

A nest for my young praise in laurel-tree:
In truth I swear, I wish not there should be
Grav'd in my epitaph a POET's name.

No, if I would, I could just title make,
That any laud to me thereof should grow,
Without any plumes, from other's wings
I take.

For nothing from my wit, or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And love doth hold my hand, and makes
me write.†

SONNET.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear,
I saw thyself with many a smiling line
Upon thy chearful face, joys livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.

The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds with beauties so divine

Ravish'd, staid not till in her golden hair,
They did themselves, (O sweetest prison)
twine.

* Cooper's Muses Library i, 203. (8vo. Lond. 1737.)

† From the *Aristophel* and *Stella*, at the end of the *Arcadia*, 3d edition, p. 560, Lond. printed for William Ponsobnie, 1598.

And fain those *Col-youths* there would their stay

Have made, but fore'd by nature still to fly,
First did with puffing, kiss those locks display:

She so dishevel'd, blush'd; from window I
With sight thereof cried out, O fair disgrace,†

Let honour self to thee grant highest place.

Milton's opinion of Sir Philip Sydney, may be guessed from words of his nephew *Phillips* in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. 152: he calls him the glory of the English nation in his time, and pattern of true nobility, as equally addicted both to arts and arms, though more fortunate in the first; for accompanying his uncle the Earl of Leicester, sent by Queen Elizabeth, General of the English forces into the

† Ibid. p. 566.

Low Countries, he was there unfortunately slain: he was the great English *Mæcenas* of virtue, learning, and ingenuity, though in his own writings, chiefly, if not wholly, poetical; his *Arcadia* being a poem in design, though for the most part in solute oration, and his *Aristophel and Stella*, with other things in verse, having, if I mistake not, a greater spirit of poetry, than to be altogether disesteemed.

Perhaps in my next communication, I may have occasion to examine and compare the testimonies regarding this extraordinary man, of Wood, Fuller, Lloyd, Cibber, the *Biographia Britannica*, and Lord Oxford, in his *Royal and Noble Authors*, &c.

Dec. 16, 1793.

F. S.

ODDITIES.

THE late Sir John Pringle published a Medical Work, in which he said, he cured a soldier of a violent scurvy, by prescribing two quarts of the Dog and Duck water to be drank every morning. In a translation of this book by a French physician, this remedy is specified to be *two quarts of broth made of a dog and duck*.

An Ingenious and New Proposal for Paying off Debts.—An honest, but unfortunate tradesman, a prisoner for debt in Glasgow Gaol, convened his creditors together, a few days ago, and thus addressed them—"Since I came here, Gentlemen, I have conveyed to you the whole property I had in the world: I have made oath, that I had not wherewithal to support myself; and the Magistrates generously ordered you to give me a shilling a day for that purpose; the promptitude and punctuality with which I have, for many weeks past, received this allowance, pleases and distresses me;—it pleases me, because it convinces me,

that, though you have suffered considerably by me, you are still willing to befriend me—it distresses me, because the money I thus draw from you might, I think, be more usefully employed. I am, therefore, induced humbly to submit the following proposal to your consideration:—Set me at liberty: give me only 2s. per week for my alimentary provision, and I shall consent that the other 5s. be appropriated, by you, toward extinguishing the debts I now owe you." The creditors were so struck with the ingenious novelty of the proposal, that they set the debtor immediately and *unconditionally* at liberty.

A Dublin paper says—"We hear that the *Volunteers*, who were sent *handcuffed* a few days ago on board the *Britannia Tender*, are safely landed in England."

Anecdote.—A drunken sailor being asked, if he was sure of being gratified in three wishes, what they would be, replied—"My first wish would be *all the brandy in the world*." Your next,

next, Jack? "All the tobacco in the world." Now for the third—"Why d—n my eyes, more brandy."

Mr. Fox, when canvassing Westminster, having accosted a tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote: the blunt elector replied—"I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles!" Mr. Fox instantly retorted—"My friend, I applaud your sincerity, but d—n your manners."

A Painter for the Irish *Shakespear*, stopping to have his shoes cleaned on Essex-bridge, and talking in the mean time *professionally* to a friend, offered in the end the customary fee.—"Sir," says *Japan*, "we never take any thing from a *Brother Brush*!"

One of the charges gravely urged against Chabot, the French Deputy, is his having introduced a "*foreign commodity*" into the Republic!—Who would think that by this curious phrase was meant his marriage with an *Austrian* wife?

Henry Stevens relates an anecdote of a dwarfish man who had espoused such a gigantic woman, that he was obliged to clime upon the table if he wanted to kiss her. This woman, says our author, when her husband was vexed, or out of humour, would look down as if from a two pair of stairs window, and ask *who it was that kept grumbling there below*.

The great eclipse of the sun in 1764, occasioned the following very ludicrous circumstance in Ireland: The Earl of H—, (still living) who like some of our English noblesse, was much better skilled in driving four in hand, than in astronomy, was met in Dublin by the facetious George Nangle, on the morning of the eclipse. 'Where so fast, my Lord,' cried George. 'To the college,' answered the peer, 'to see the eclipse.' 'Then you will be disappointed,' re-

plied George, 'for it is absolutely put off till to-morrow.' His Lordship immediately turned his phaeton round and drove home; while George proclaimed the joke throughout the city, to the infinite mirth of the public, at his Lordship's expence.

A gentleman advertises a medicine for restoring lost appetite, which he kindly promises to distribute gratis to the poor. Would he not be extending his kindness, were he at the same time to present them with something to eat?

It was observed of the Duke of M—, that he frequently sent his fish to market: I always took him, said Tom Warton, to be a very *sel-fish* man.

The King of Prussia's last Will and Testament.

A remarkable passage in the late King of Prussia's will, when published at Versailles, made no small noise, on account of the following singular clause it contained, viz. he leaves *sa tête à la France! ses bras à l'Angleterre! son cœur à sa patrie et son derrier, aux Hollandois; parce qu'ils savent tire partie de tout!*" That is, "his head to France! his arms to England! his heart to his country! and his backside to the Dutch! because they knew how to profit by them all."

A poor fellow, in Scotland, creeping through the hedge of an orchard, with an intention to rob it, was seen by the owner, who called out to him, "Sawney! hoot mon, where are you gonging?"—"Bock agen," says Sawney.

A gentleman was lately observing to a bishop, that Mr. Pitt's talents for composition were equal to his oratory.—"Much as I admire both," said his Lordship, "I admire still more his talents for translation."

To the EDITORS of the KENTISH REGISTER:

GENTLEMEN,

YOU will much oblige many of your readers by inserting the following extracts from "*Dr. Knox's Narrative of Transactions, relative to a Sermon preached at Brighton.*" It is but right that a man, who has been publicly and repeatedly accused of preaching sedition, should be accommodated as generally as possible with the means of conveying his defence to the people. I have the more reason to hope that this will find a place in the Kentish Register, as Dr. Knox is a resident in the county, and the subject of his sermon has been much animadverted upon in the *Kentish Gazette*.

CLERICUS.

Dec. 9.

AT the ordination of every Priest, the following question is put to him, in the most solemn manner, by the BISHOP:

"Will you maintain and set forwards, as much as lieth in you, QUIETNESS, PEACE, AND LOVE AMONG ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE, and especially among them that are, or shall be committed to your charge?"

To which the following is the answer:

"I WILL DO SO, the Lord being my helper."

I conceive then it is the duty of every clergyman, bound by his promise, to preach PEACE ON EARTH and GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN, as well in a time of war as at any other time; as well to a congregation of Christian people in the military profession, as to a congregation of Christian people in any other profession.

In the interest of no party, the advocate of humanity, the friend of man, a lawfully ordained minister of

Jesus Christ, I have on all occasions endeavoured to fulfil this solemn engagement, made at the time of ordination; and particularly in the last Autumn, when a large and mixed congregation, at a place of public resort, was, on the morning of a Sunday in August, committed by the vicar to my charge.

To write and speak freely is the duty of every clergyman. His office demands and justifies it. It requires no apology, but deserves praise. That VERITAS ODIUM PARIT, or *truth makes a discourse* OFFENSIVE, is an old observation; but they who, regardless of their interest, voluntarily incur the odium which arises from doing their duty, are not culpable. A preacher ought to maintain the *freedom and dignity of the pulpit*, no less tenaciously than military men contend for the honour of arms. "*Pray for me*, says St. Paul, *that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mysteries of the gospel, and that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.*"

At Brighton church I did my duty, to the best of my power, with that boldness which the apostle approves, and which a good cause inspired. I retract not. I do not apologize. I rather thank God who gave me his grace to do my duty as I did; and I wish I had been enabled to have done it more effectually. The sword should then have returned to its scabbard, there to rust; no longer a brilliant ornament, but an ugly incumbrance, viewed with horror. *They should no more hurt nor destroy in all the holy mountain.* Every man should enjoy the being God gave him; nor lose it, except for MURDER, until he who gave, should take it away. The fiercest beast of the forest, that prowls for prey, does not shed the blood of its

own kind. Serpents bite not serpents. Lions kill not not lions. The tiger preserves perpetual peace with the tiger. Bears live in concord with bears. But MAN puts the IRON, given him for the purposes of agriculture and mechanics, on the ANVIL, and manufactures it into a SWORD, and DECORATES AS A TOY, an instrument purposely designed for the destruction of his fellow MAN, and of no other use.

In the Proverbs of Solomon we read, that "THE FEAR OF MAN BRINGETH A SNARE:" a snare, which may entangle a man in time-serving, in adulation, in the cowardly concealment of necessary truth through a dread of impeding or retarding his own preferment, or disturbing his own ease. I did not fall into this snare. In the cause of God, and of my fellow-creatures, I feared no man. Such a cause is a better breast-plate than triple brass: a more impregnable fortification than a *Vauban* or a *Lenox* ever invented.

What I said on war, was as applicable to the French, the Austrians, the Russians, the Prussians; to the Indians that SCALP, and to the Cannibals that EAT the enemies, as to any other people in the universe. Oh wretched degradation of human nature! In civilized and Christian countries, it is found necessary to hide the ugliness of war, (which goes naked among savages,) by pomp, finery, and GLORY. Ignorance is thus deluded. A great part of mankind are still GROSSLY ignorant, think little, and are fascinated with glitter. But silence the noise, and take off the tinsel and trapping, and the fascination is over. Dismantle Bel-lona's sword of its *pretty sword knot* and its carved and gilt handle, and you blunt its edge. Change even certain names, and observe the effect. For war, read havoc; for conquest, read murder and devastation. Voltaire puts these words into the mouths of the Quakers: "Our God, who
" has commanded us to love our
" enemies, and to suffer without re-

" pining, would certainly not permit
" us to cross the seas, merely because
" murderers clothed in scarlet, and
" wearing caps two feet high, enlist
" citizens by a noise made with two
" little sticks on a bit of dried asses
" skin. And when, after a victory
" is gained, the whole City of Lon-
" don is illuminated; when the sky
" is in a blaze with fire-works, and a
" noise is heard in the air of thank-
" givings, of bells, of organs, and
" of cannon, we groan in silence,
" and are deeply affected with sadness
" of spirit, for the sad havoc which is
" the occasion of these public re-
" joicings." Now the Quakers are a
plain people in their dreis, but very
shrewd; they are not caught by
GLITTER, as larks by looking-
glasses.

There are beings with two legs and unfeathered, (but not in Christian countries,) who appear as if they would care not, provided they could retain their titles and sinecures, if the whole human race had but one neck, and lay under the axe of the Guillotine. How happy we, who are blessed with the *Christian religion*, and prove our SINCERITY as Christians, by never entering on any wars, but when forced by *actual aggression*. *Defensive war* is certainly exempt from all the censure which falls on war wantonly and cruelly undertaken from pride and ambition. I always thought the *militia*, whose only business is defence, a most excellent institution, and its officers, in general, men of true patriotism. May I take the liberty of quoting what I said of them many years ago, in *Essays moral and literary*?

" I cannot close this subject with-
" out applauding those generous and
" liberal men, who, when their
" country was threatened with an IN-
" VASION, forsook all the comforts
" of their homes, and without pre-
" vious habits to inure them, sub-
" mitted with alacrity to the in-
" conveniencies of a camp, and
" the unsettled life of a soldier.
" Their judicious and patriotic ar-
" dour

“dour evinces that they wear a sword
“for their COUNTRY’S GOOD.”

I shall beg permission to transcribe another passage, which has also been written many years, on the military in general.

“Men in the military profession
“are not culpable for the existence
“of war; a state which they found
“established before they were born,
“and which it is not in their power,
“if it were their inclination, to alter.
“Their profession has always been
“deemed one of the most honourable.
“As things are constituted, and
“as they have generally conducted
“themselves, their claim to honour
“may, I believe, remain undisputed.
“While we lament that such an order
“of men should have been found necessary,
“we may freely bestow that
“praise, which the virtues of individuals
“engaged in it deserve.

“Courage is obviously a prime requisite
“in this profession. It has of
“course been cultivated, encouraged,
“and displayed by it in high perfection.
“But courage, when it does
“not arise from animal insensibility,
“is connected with every generous
“virtue. The soldier has, therefore,
“been distinguished for openness,
“honour, truth, and liberality. To
“the solid virtues, he has also added
“the high polish of urbane and easy
“manners. His various commerce
“with the busy world has rubbed off
“those asperities, and extended that
“narrowness, which too often adhere
“to the virtuous recluse. And perhaps
“it is difficult to exhibit human
“nature in a more amiable and honourable
“light, than it appears in the
“accomplished soldier; in the soldier,
“fully prepared for his profession by
“a liberal education, and finished,
“through the favourable circumstances
“of it, by all those qualities
“which render men generous in principle,
“and agreeable in conversation.”

But though I am ready to honour, as I have ever publicly honoured, the military profession; yet I wish, in the scripture language that, “MEN MAY

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NOT LEARN WAR ANY MORE.”

But, says an objector, there always were wars. It is granted. But because mankind have been unwise, are they never to relinquish their folly? Why should not human affairs, in this respect as well as others, admit of improvement, by THE TOTAL ABOLITION OF WAR? Human affairs should always be in a progressive state. The old age of the world, which is the present age, should correct the temerity of its youth; the enlightened state should rectify the errors of its past times of ignorance. Time was, when men did not believe the *existence of antipodes*; and when to have published an opinion of their existence, would have subjected the ingenious philosopher to the *inquisition*; and, perhaps, brought him to the *stake*. Time was, when men believed that the earth stood still, and that the sun and all the heavenly bodies rolled round it; and to have contradicted such an idea, would have been deemed damnable heresy. Time was, when people thought that Sir Isaac Newton’s discoveries could never have been made. The time *still continues*, when men believe war to be necessary; though the very same men, at the same time, (in England at least,) allow, that the Christian religion is true, which forbids rancour, malice, revenge, and teaches forgiveness of INJURIES AND OF ENEMIES. The commandments are read in the churches of England by public authority; and one of them says, Thou shalt do no murder; yet a party shall surprize a few unarmed foreigners asleep in a village retreat, and put them to death if there is danger of their giving alarm, and expect and even receive rewards and applause. The Bible, read also by law in our churches, contains this edict, founded in justice and mercy: “WHOSO
“SHEDDETH MAN’S BLOOD, BY
“MAN ALSO SHALL HIS BLOOD
“BE SHED;” yet, he who coolly
sheddeth the blood of thousands, shall be received with acclamations, illuminations, bonfires, explosion of cannons; and be considered as worthy of the

C c

the richest rewards and the highest honours a CHRISTIAN NATION can confer. Prejudice is very obstinate, and ignorance with great difficulty convinced. Yet I must believe, that a NEWTON may hereafter appear in the political world; and *prove* that men may live happily, the short space allowed them, without employing the *best part of their lives*, the time of youth, health, and strength, in cutting off each other from the land of the living. Is not the world wide enough for us all? We put PIKE, and other fishes of prey, into our fish-ponds, to eat up the little fish, that the others may fatten and become *overgrown* for the tables of the rich and luxurious: But it is quite another thing among *Christians*, who are taught to say, "OUR FATHER" "which art in heaven;" and who, consequently, are *all brethren*, and who cannot slay any of their species, unless in self defence, without being guilty of *fratricide*, an aggravated species of murder. "YE ARE BRETHREN," say the scriptures; "WHY DO YE" "WRONG ONE ANOTHER."

GREAT GOD! the Father of us all, have mercy on mankind, though their transgressions have justly provoked thee, and grant, that none of thy children may lead their brethren to mutual destruction. What, indeed, are these leaders? Are they not shepherds of their people? Is it not the shepherd's business to guard all the sheep from the common enemy, the WOLF? Would a shepherd, a real, not a figurative shepherd, be justified in leading one flock to fight and destroy another, *even if they would*, when thou hast given herbage sufficient for them all? But supposing, for argument's sake, that *shepherd himself one of the sheep*, would not his conduct, in teaching them to anticipate the butcher, be still more culpable, because more unnatural? But what are these leaders? Do they not enter the world in the same helpless manner as the poorest of their train? Do they not leave it, after a brief continuance, in the same helpless man-

ner? and shall the short miserable interval be spent in destroying life, and diffusing misery? They themselves are objects of greater pity, than those who *innocently bleed* under their guidance. Have mercy upon them all, O Father! and grant that PRIDE AND AMBITION may FALL at last, subdued by reason, and by the influence of Christian benevolence. Let us all remember we are *men*, pity human nature, alleviate its woes, and retain but one cause of amicable strife, the EMULATION TO DO THE MOST GOOD IN OUR TIME, AND TO PREVENT THE MOST EVIL.

Happy they, who, in this turbulent scene, are enabled to live in peace, and descend to the grave unstained with the blood of any fellow-creature! Behold a pale hand in a shroud, spotted with the blood of a brother! not one penitential tear to wash it out! O earth, cover it! May neither my friends nor my enemies have to meet, in another world, those whom they have sent prematurely out of this, with all their imperfections on their heads. May they live in peace, die in charity, and be united in bliss, at a joyful resurrection. So much, surely, I may *wish* without the imputation of sedition.

With respect to the charge of sedition, I ask, I solicit the strictest scrutiny of my conduct, as a loyal citizen, as a preacher of peace, as a friend to order, law, and liberty. I hesitate not to add the word *liberty*, though *by some* proscribed. If I were not a friend to liberty, as well as to law and order, I should indeed be a traitor; for liberty is the essence of the British Constitution.

To stifle useful truth by INTIMIDATION, is an attempt as weak as it is wicked. It would be equally feasible to extinguish the light of the sun, by binding bandages over the eyes of men. Fire, sword, banishment, proscription, prosecution, strained even to persecution, have been often tried in attacking truth; but they have ultimately promoted the cause which they were intended to annihilate.

hilate. Lop a tree, and, if the root is vigorous and the soil fertile, it will vegetate with redoubled luxuriance. It is one advantage, among a thousand, attending the conquests of reason, that they secure the regions which they subjugate. Brute force extends only to the body. The mind mocks its impotence. The FAULCHION, lifted up against PRINCIPLES, cuts the *air*, which instantaneously coalesces; while he who aimed the blow falls to the ground, by his own ill-directed force.

Nothing but a BELLUM INTERNECINUM, a war which cuts off man, woman, and child from the face of the earth, can exterminate salutary truth, once made visible, by her own unextinguishable lustre, to a whole people. The object cannot be destroyed, though the eyes which see it may be put out with the sword's point. Violence produces fear and death, but not conviction. It may

subdue, but cannot conciliate. Then *may violence cease from the earth*; and the mild arts of persuasion, reasoning, and argument, be the *only* means resorted to, unless when it is necessary to repel force by force, by all PEOPLE and RULERS in every part of the habitable globe. May the homage paid to grandeur be every where paid to virtue; the glory bestowed on warriors, reserved for the peacemakers; and the laurel become less honourable than the olive.

In this age of vicissitude, under every change of political, philosophical, or religious opinion, be it mine, as far as in me lies, to promote peace, to diffuse happiness, and to prevent or alleviate misery. These are my party principles—these my politics—this my philosophy—and this, with piety to GOD, and allegiance to the PRINCE OF PEACE, my RELIGION.

FOR THE KENTISH REGISTER.

LETTER from the WRITER of the LETTERS

ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

GENTLEMEN,

AS every one is subject to the avocations of business, the impediments of illness, or the seducements of indolence, he, whose communications are called for at a stated period, may surely be forgiven, if for once his business be deferred till it is impossible to perform it in the time that can be allowed for its production. Such is my case. I do not flatter myself that the public would miss the

continuance of the letters I have sent you. But to you as editors, I conceived the apology necessary, for a breach of the regularity of your plan. That however I may make some amends for the chasm, I transcribe the following droll poem of the witty PETER PINDAR, which as it has some connection with the subject, I cannot think improper to be inserted in your Register.

T H E

MAGPIE AND ROBIN REDBREAST,

A T A L E.

A MAGPIE, in the spirit of romance,
 Much like the fam'd Reformers now of FRANCE,
 Flew from the dwelling of an old POISSARDE;
 Where sometimes IN his cage, and sometimes OUT,
 He justified the Revolution rout,
 That is, call'd names, and got a sop for his reward.

Red hot with Monarch-roasting coals,
 Just like his old, fish thund'ring Dame,
 He left the Queen of crabs, and plaice, and soles,
 To kindle in Old England's realm a flame.

Arriv'd at ev'ning's philosophic hour,
 He rested on a rural antique tow'r,
 Some BARON's castle in the days of old;
 When furious wars, misnomer'd civil,
 Sent mighty chiefs to see the Devil,
 Leaving behind their bodies for rich mould,
 That pliable from form to form patroles,
 Making fresh houses for new souls.

Perch'd on the wall, he cocks his tail and eye,
 And hops like modern beaux in country dances;
 Looks devilish knowing, with his head awry,
 Squinting with connoisseurship glances.

All on a sudden, MAGGOT starts and stares,
 And wonders, and for somewhat STRANGE prepares;
 But, lo! his wonder did not hold him long---
 Soft from a bush below, divinely clear,
 A modest warble melted on his ear,
 A plaintive, soothing, solitary song---

A stealing, timid, unpresuming sound,
 Afraid dim NATURE's deep repose to wound;
 That hush'd (a death-like pause) the rude SUBLIME.
 This was a novelty to MAG indeed,
 Who, pulling up his spindle shanks with speed,
 Dropp'd from his turret, half-devour'd by TIME,

A-LA FRANCOISE, upon the spray,
 Where a lone Red-breast pour'd to eve his lay.
 Staring the modest minstrel in the face;
 Familiar and with arch grimace,
 He conn'd the dusky warbler o'er and o'er,
 As though he knew him years before,
 And thus began, with seeming great civility,
 All in the Paris ease of volubility :---

" What BOBBY! dam'me, is it YOU,
 " That thus your pretty phiz to music screw,
 " So far from hamlet, village, town, and city,
 " To glad old battlements with dull psalm ditty?
 " 'Sdeath! what a pleasant, lively, merry scene!
 " Plenty of bats, and owls, and ghosts, I ween;
 " Rare midnight-screeches, BOB, between you all;
 " Why, what's the name on't, BOBBY? Dismal Hall?

" Come

" Come, to be serious--curse this queer old spot,
 " And let thy owlish habitation rot!
 " Join ME, and soon in riot we will revel!
 " I'll teach thee how to curse and call folks names,
 " And be expert in treason, murder, flames,
 " And most DIVINELY play the devil.

 " Yes, thou shalt leave this spectred hole,
 " And prove thou hast a bit of soul:
 " Soon shalt thou see old stupid LONDON DANCE:
 " There shall we shine immortal knaves;
 " Nor steal unknown, like cuckoos to our GRAVES,
 " But imitate the geniuses of FRANCE.

 " Who'd be that monkish, cloister'd thing, a muscle?
 " Importance only can arise from bustle!
 " Tornado, thunder, lightning, tumult, strife;
 " These CHARM, and add a DIGNITY to life.
 " That thou should'st choose this spot, is monstrous odd;
 " Poh, poh! thou canst not like this life, by G---!"
 " Sir!" like one thunder-stricken, staring wide---
 " Can you be serious, Sir?" the ROBIN cried.
 " Serious!" rejoind the MAGPIE, " ah, my boy---
 " So come, let's play the devil, and enjoy."

 " Flames!" quoth the ROBIN---and in riot revel!
 " Call names, and curse, DIVINELY play the devil!
 " I cannot, for my life, the fun discern."---
 " No!---blush then, BOB, and follow me, and learn."

 " Excuse me, Sir, the modest HERMIT cried---
 " Hell's not the hobby horse I wish to ride!"
 " Hell, laugh'd the MAGPIE, " hell no longer dread;
 " Why, BOB, in FRANCE the Devil's lately dead:
 " Damnation! vulgar to a Frenchman's hearing,---
 " The word is only kept alive for swearing.
 " Against futurity they all protest;
 " And GOD and Heav'n are grown a standing jest.
 " Brimstone and sin are downright out of fashion;
 " FRANCE is quite alter'd - now a THINKING nation:
 " No more of penitential tears and groans!
 " PHILOSOPHY has crack'd RELIGION's bones.

 " As for your SAVIOUR of a wicked world,
 " Long from his consequence has HE been hurl'd:
 " They DO acknowledge SUCH a MAN, d'ye see;
 " But then they call him simply MONSIEUR CHRIST.
 " BOB, for thy ignorance, pray blush for shame --
 " Behold, THY DOCTOR PRIESTLEY SAYS THE SAME.
 " WELL; now thou fully art CONVINC'D---let's go."
 " What cursed doctrine!" quoth the ROBIN, " No---
 " I won't go,---no! thy speeches make me shudder."
 " POOR ROBIN!" quoth the MAGPIE, what a pudder!
 " Be damn'd then, BOBBY!"---flying off, he ray'd---
 " And (quoth the ROBIN) Sir, may you be SAV'D!"
 This said, the tuneful spright renew'd his lay;
 A sweet and farewell hymn to parting day.---
 In THOMAS PAINE the MAGPIE doth appear;
 That I'm POOR ROBIN, is not QUITE SO CLEAR.

KENTISH REGISTER, P O E T R Y, O R I G I N A L A N D S E L E C T.

OCTOBER, A PASTORAL SKETCH,

By DR. PERFECT.

* Those virgin leaves of purest vivid green
* Which charmed, e'er yet they trembled on
 the trees,
* Now cheer the sober landscape in decay."

OF visage deep-wrinkled with care,
His temples oak-garlands surround,
With haws and with acorns his hair,
And starwort with saffron is bound.
The damson her purple bestows
A lash o'er his shoulder to throw,
In negligence easy it flows,
Immingled with spots of the snow.

His right hand a scorpion retains,
High-lifted it writhes in the air,
On his left a rush basket suspends,
Replete with the chestnut and pear.
His franchise it is to convoke
Thick fogs of blue mist on the hill,
Ascending like columns of smoke,
Extract'd from the vale-loving rill:

HE comes—shall my muse wake the reed?
Ah, where are the notes of the bough?
When whilom the beech in the mead,
Attested the villager's vow.
When Philomel's pastoral lay
Proclaim'd her melodious pain;
The kids with the lambkins in play,
Skip'd frolicksome over the plain.

She flies from the dun-coloured grove,
Nor sings of past pleasures serene;
When zephyrs invited to love,
And Delia was Extacy's queen.
When near the smooth lapse of the brook,
I sought through the whispering vale,
The roses which painting her cheek,
Compar'd to her blushes were pale.

No more to the brook must I stray,
From the whispering valley exil'd;
No longer those zephyrs shall play
Round Delia that linger'd and smil'd.
Farewell to the gay flaunting hop,
The garden so fair to the sight,
The woodbine still blooming I'll crop
Convey to my fair with delight.

I'll gather autumnal perfume;
The fuckle rejects not her sweet;
Convolvuli offer their bloom,
To decorate Delia's retreat.
The pheasant I'd bear to my maid,
But shrink from the present would fear,
Left into scorn forrow betray'd,
Her eyes are suffus'd with a tear.

To Earth's soft'ring bosom the swain,
Obeient to Nature's command,
Consigns with attention the grain,
So grateful to Industry's hand.
The Martin our eaves has forsook;
The Woodcock re-visits the glen;
The Mallard repairs to the brook;
The Will-goose abandons the fen.

Shall rapine with murder be join'd?
O spare from perdition the hive;
Some process by far less unkind,
To plunder its treasure contrive.
Now hear the loud pack o'er the field,
In trail of the fugitive hare,
No longer in safety conceal'd,
She trusts to the brake or the tare.

But who is this envoy of woes,
That wakes with Aurora's first ray,
His tuneful complaints to disclose,
From the vine or the jessamine spray?
He sings desolations to come;
Stern Winter predicts from aloof;
My shed, social bird, be thy home,
Securely perch'd under my roof.

Dost grieve that the Summer is past;
The trees their green ornaments shed;
That omens of Winter so fast,
Impending press over thy head.
Prolong, gentle Red-Breast, thy strains,
Contagious shall usher thy moans,
My sympathy share in thy pains,
Thy sorrows, poor bird, be my own?

Pomona in straw-colour'd vest,
With berry-strung black solitaire;
The Gossamer's gauze on her breast,
And marigold beams in her hair.
October had met in the close,
Paid court to her presence and shape,
Vertumnus in jealousy rose,
Suspecting the *God of the grape*,

But he was derang'd in the vale,
While satyrs his orgies sustain,
My path from his feasts I'll curtail,
And shun his incontinent train.
Yet Bacchus to honour thy sway,
The fig and the vine let me bring;
Though the Muse for the present delay,
The games of the vintage to sing.

Now mid-day is silent around,
The gloom of ag'd cypresses I'll seek;
Yon turf with the osier fresh bound,
My heart-fell dejection shall speak.
Leander, my much-valued friend,
The Muse in remembrance essays,
From friendship in sadness to send,
What elegy weaves into lays.

The virtues resorted to see

Thy Solitude's sacred retreat,
Made innocence grandeur to thee,
Whose soul was Serenity's feat.
No wealth, nor parade, could annoy
The mines of contentment thy own;
While competence kindled that joy,
Which seldom awaits on a throne.

Obscurity mark'd his estate,
Yet unimpair'd health was his lot;
He scorn'd the least wish to be great,
Whose pomp was the peace of a cot.
How warm and sincere was his strain,
With simple morality fraught,
Devoutly religious, tho' plain,
He spoke to the *God of his thought*.

Ambition ne'er haunted his breast,
Unwounded by clamour and strife;
Rank poisons corrosive of rest,
Those furies that harrow up life.
Yet pensive and thoughtful he grew,
The mate of his youth was no more,
The friend of his age ever true,
His feelings intensely deplore.

I saw him one day 'neath the oak,
That measures a shade of extent;
In silence his misery spoke,
Dependence to solitude lent.
His brow was as dark as the shade;
October had cast o'er the dell;
Nor long did he grieve in the glade,
But languishing droop'd till he fell.
1793.

A RECEIPT for a POET.

FIRST supposing that nature has furnish'd a
brain,

(Else all other ingredients are certainly *vain*)
Look out for a countenance meagre and *thin*,
Nor the outside regard, so we furnish the *in*;
And because it is needful he should not *live high*,
Let his diet be such as his wit will supply;
For oft by experience this knowledge we gain,
What fetters the body will make a *lean brain*.
But I'll venture to promise with *that prudent*
care

'Tis a *thousand* to one he has *nothing to spare*.
Let his fancy be *lively*, his memory *strong*,
His judgement sufficient to know *right* from
wrong.

Attended by *prudence* to bridle his *quill*,
Or else it wou'd probably lead him to *ill*;
For shou'd he *breathe free* the satirical vein,
Each wound that he gives will redound to his
pain;

No matter how *just* all his *censure* may seem,
'Tis a *road* that will hardly arrive at *esteem*;
Like *treason* tho' never so highly *approv'd*,
The *traitor*, you know, is but seldom *belov'd*;
But where there is *merit*, in *foe* or in *friend*,
Let him *scorn* to be *silent* and *boldly commend*.

AN ADDRESS to a ROBIN.

Written in the Author's garden at Dover.

WHY sits thou lonely on the bough,
Sweet bird, whose breast with crimson
glows;

Why hast thou left thy tender love,
Who mourns thy absence, full of woes?

How can such warblings grace thy tongue,
Such soft harmonious notes prevail,
If she whom love has made thy own,
Sits pensive in the distant vale?

Or art thou cold to love and joy,
Lone bird! in winter only blest;
Mute when the vocal summer reigns,
And pleas'd when absent from thy nest.

No! that sweet song is full of woe!
Is it that she thy heart adores,
Sits watchful o'er her infant brood,
And all thy little aid implores?

And bids thee, at the morning's dawn,
Fly to this weak and fading spray,
Near which my Julia's milk-white hand,
Bestrews with crumbs the pebbled way;

And bids thee breathe thy sweetest strain,
All grateful for the gifts it brings?
Yes, social bird, 'tis hence thy song,
'Tis hence thy plaintive warbling springs.

That strain again! how full of woe!
Like thee, when absent from my love,
Like thee, fond bird, I pour my moan
All pensive in the lonely grove.

Go, tender bird, and tell thy love,
How charm'd I listen to thy tale;
And, mingling kisses with thy tongue,
Ailure her from the distant vale.

Tell her, within this garden ground,
And shelter'd by yon willow tree,
My Julia's hand with care shall weave,
A soft retreat for love and thee.

When the first leaf forsakes the bough,
And winter veils with clouds the sky,
My love shall form a safer bed,
Within the chamber where we lie.

There shall that fair and faithful maid,
Whose voice in joy, whose smiles delight,
With food and kisses bless thy day,
And guard thee thro' the wintry night.

Go then, dear bird! go, bring thy love,
No longer pour that plaintive strain;
'Tis thine to leave thy love no more,
'Tis thine no longer to complain.

RUSTICUS.

Dover.

A GIPSY

A GIPSY BALLAD.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

With a Latin Version.

A Wandering Gipsy, Sir, am I,
From Norwood, were we oft' complain,
With many a tear—and many a sigh,
Of blustering winds and rushing rain.

No rooms so fine, nor gay attire
Amid' our humble sheds appear,
Nor beds of down, nor blazing fire,
At night our shiv'ring limbs to cheer.

Alas! no friends come near our cot—
The red-breasts only find the way,
Who give their all—a simple note,
At peep of morn and parting day.

But Fortunes here I come to tell,
Then yield me, gentle Sir, your hand:
Amid those lines what thousands dwell!
And bless me, what a heap of land!

This, surely, Sir, must pleasing be,
To hold such wealth in every line!
Try, pray now try, if you can see
A little treasure lodg'd in mine.

ÆGYPTÆ CANTILENA.

En nemore inculto Norwoodi Ægypta, procellâ
Quâ sæpe infelix visa ruente queri:
Tegmine stramineo non hic pretiosa supellex,
Aurataeque trabes, nec laqueata domus:
Mollia nec formosa suadentia fulcra videntur,
Nec splendit renovans frigida membra, focus:

Heu nulli adveniunt tugulum miserabile amici,
Ni regulus, constans nocte dieque, canat.
Vati præbe manum, liceat mihi dicere sortem?
Ah quas divitiâs! jugera quanta tenes!
Fortunate frui tam lætâ forte tenellum
Thesaurum nostrâ nonne videre potes?

JEU D'ESPRIT.

*The following was sent the other day to SHIELD
the ingenious Composer, for his Ivory Tickets
by his friend PETER PINDAR.*

SON of the String! (I do not mean Jack
Ketch,
Tho' Jack, like thee, produceth dying tones),
Oh! yield thy pity to a starving wretch.
And for to-morrow's treat pray send thy
bones!

IMPROMPTU.

Sent to SHIELD for playhouse orders by the same.

SHIELD, while the supplicating Poor
Ask thee for meat with piteous moans,
More humble I approach thy door,
And beg for nothing but thy bones.

EPIGRAM,

*On a late metaphysical decree of the French
Convention.*

"DEATH is eternal sleep."—A fine long
nap!
Philosophers!—this last of all your schemes
Might do; but here's the devil in the gap—
Pray, is this SLEEP to be exempt from
DREAMS?

RETROSPECT of POLITICS.

NATIONS, like individuals, have their moments of exultation and depression, of hope and disappointment, and are alike exposed to the vicissitudes of chance and the caprice of fortune; accident often overturns the plans of wisdom, and the efforts of power are not unfrequently counteracted by causes which can neither be foreseen, nor averted. But although providence has thought fit, no doubt for the wisest purposes, to hide his dispensations from the view of mortals, beyond the present moment; yet the human mind is admirably constructed to accommodate itself to circumstances. A public disaster, or a sudden advantage, a victory, or a defeat, comes like an electric shock upon a nation; but no sooner is the event made known, than the emotion it excites begins to die away; and the con-

templation of acquisitions, or losses, are neglected, to speculate upon some new bubble that is expected to burst upon the world.

These observations are surely not inapplicable to the state of the public mind at the period of our last monthly report. Lord Howe was then in sight and in full pursuit of the French fleet; and Earl Moira, with the most flattering prospect of success, had sailed from Spithead, to make a descent on the coast of France; already, in imagination, a splendid finish was given to the campaign, by a captured French fleet moored in Torbay, and the British flag flying triumphant on the forts of St. Maloes. Calculations were made upon these supposed advantages, and in idea the French Republic was already reduced to a nullity. It was a fortnight before the

the nation was let down from this pinnacle, by learning the unpleasant truth, that the French fleet had got away from Lord Howe in the night—and circumstances have since arisen, which leave us not much room to doubt, but that the plan for debarking our troops on the coast of France has been disconcerted, at least for the present. Before, however, our regret had time to manifest itself for these discomfitures, an Extraordinary Gazette announced to us the capture of the most important parts of the island of St. Domingo. This conquest, it must be allowed, *came very opportunely*; the people of England were prepared to rejoice, and they had now only to transfer their raptures from one object to another.

The Austrian and Prussian armies on the Rhine, in the beginning of the month, gave more proofs of that determined bravery, which render them at once the terror of their foes, and the admiration of Europe; but though the French were evidently beaten in several engagements, it does not appear that any material conquests have followed the victories of the allies. This can only be accounted for from the rapidity with which the French recruit their armies. If they are beat on one day, still the carnage does not appear to lessen their numbers on the next; and whilst this is the case, even victory must ultimately be defeat to the combined powers, who have to draw their resources, and recruit their armies, from distant countries. Much as we wish well the cause in which we are engaged, and feeling as we do that the crimes and cruelties of France ought to meet the detestation of every civilized nation in the world, we cannot yet contemplate her power, whilst exercised on the defensive, without a conviction, that our attempts to subjugate her by force of arms will cost us very dear, without realizing those expectations, that naturally attend the cause in which England is engaged. Let it be remembered, that the kingdom of France is at this moment one vast camp.

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The mind of the country is estranged from every other object, and directed to war—every spring that can stimulate her inhabitants to revenge and contempt of death, is put in motion—the Commissioners of the Convention, attended by the guillotine, swarm like like a pestilence over her vast departments; and those, who do not come forward and idolize the dæmon, are instantaneously cut off. Temporalizing measures are done with. Every man, woman and child, who cannot dismiss from their hearts all ties of consanguinity, cast every thing that is respectable from them, proclaim themselves savages, renounce their God and worship an opera girl, tricked off in the meretricious garb of the Goddess of Liberty, is deemed a traitor, and immediately put to death. A power thus consolidated with blood, may be detested; but it will not cease to be formidable whilst goaded at all points, by enemies determined on its destruction. At no period of the world, did national councils require more wisdom to direct them than the present. A monster is abroad too powerful to be tamed, and too vicious and subtle to be trusted. It is the opinion of many, (and the idea is not unreasonable) that France, at this moment derives her greatest energy from the opposition made to her; take the opposition away, and she will soon work her own destruction. The great mass of the people are prevented, by external enemies, from contemplating the horrors of their situation; and those deadly jealousies which the CHIEFS of the banditti entertain for each other, as we saw lately in the conduct of Robertspiere and Danton, are repressed by the general danger which menaces all—But how are the nations of Europe to secure themselves? The plan suggested by Jasper Wilson, seems the most likely to be attended with effect. To fortify all the towns and cities bordering on the frontiers of France. Our navy already commands the ocean—the French, if they attempt it, will experience as little success in any hostile

D d

hostile operations against the allies, as the allies have experienced in their invasion of France—Before, however, another campaign commences, our Parliament will have determined on the propriety of what has been done, and on the policy of what should be done in future—and we have such firm reliance on the integrity and wisdom of those men who are at the head of affairs, as to be persuaded, that the true interest of their country, will be the only rule of their conduct.

The present month has witnessed the existence of a LITTLE POLITICAL REPTILE calling itself the SCOTCH CONVENTION—a scion, we presume, of the old tree which bears the same name at PARIS. The officers of justice, at Edinburgh, have very properly interposed to prevent its doing mischief; for no good could possibly be meant by a THING which had assumed a title now assimilated with every thing BEASTLY AND BAD.

We cannot close this report, without mentioning in the warmest terms the generous example of this country, towards those who are fighting its battles, by the voluntary subscriptions of the public to supply the troops abroad with cloathing and other necessities—and this laudable enthusiasm was perhaps nowhere so general, so prompt, and so effectual, as in the COUNTY OF KENT; by this act of national benevolence, 15,000 of our countrymen, instead of finding their winter quarters abroad a mere refuge from danger, will experience in them all the comforts and enjoyments of which their situations are susceptible. We trust the example will be followed throughout Europe; the inducement to it is powerful; it is a duty which the affluent owe to the distressed; in the fulfilment of which, all those delicious sensations are set in motion, which constitute the truest luxury of life.

COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

Tuesday, December 3.

AUGUSTUS ROGERS, esq. chosen representative in parliament for the borough of Queenborough, in the room of Gibbs Crawford, esq. deceased.

Among other effects of the mildness of the season, a robin's nest, containing five eggs, was found at Hearn.

The Rev. Fyche Palmer, and Mr. Thomas Muir, were brought from Edinburgh, on board a revenue cutter, and put into the custody of Duncan Campbell, esq. the governor of the hulks at Woolwich, previous to their transportation to Botany-Bay. They had been convicted of sedition in Scotland, in stirring up discontents against the British government in favour of that established by the French convention.

During the last month, Rebecca Jarritt, near Maidstone, whose case was dropical, had 12 gallons and three pints of water taken from her. In four years and seven months she had more than 200 gallons drawn from her, by undergoing an operation 36 times, by the easy method related in the medical communications.

Last week the remains of the Right Hon. Lord Romney were deposited in the family vault, in the chancel of Maidstone church.—Nothing could be a more convincing proof of the great respect due to his lordship, than the

solemn appearance of the immense concourse of people that attended on this mournful occasion.

A fire broke out in the stables of Sir Peter Burrell, bart. at Langley, which consumed the premises, and a set of fine horses in them.

Friday 6. The sloop Catherine and Mary, belonging to Dover, laden with hemp, caught fire by its heating, in the harbour. She was obliged to be scuttled and sunk.

Upwards of 100 guineas subscribed by the inhabitants of Dover, and remitted to the committee in London, for promoting the laudable purpose of supplying the British troops and seamen with warm winter clothing.

Thursday 19. His Excellency Agi Jusuff Effendi, Minister Plenipotentiary from the Sublime Porte, with a retinue of 14 persons, dressed in the Turkish habits, landed at Dover from Ostend. Immediately on his arrival he was conducted, amidst a great concourse of people, to the York Hotel, where he was waited upon by the officers, civil and military, with some of the principal inhabitants; the Devon and Rutland militia were ordered under arms, and a general salute fired from the cannon of the forts. The next day in passing through Canterbury in his way to London, two troops of the third regiment of dragoon guards, mounted, met his Excellency about half a mile on the new road leading to Dover, and escorted him, with trumpets sounding, to the

the Fountain tavern. The streets were lined by the Suffex regiment of militia, who received him under arms, with colours flying, and their band playing "God save the King." After the Ambassador had alighted, he received the respects of the officers of the dragoons and the Suffex militia, also of a large assemblage of clergy and gentry of the city and its neighbourhood, amongst whom were a great many ladies; all of them were received with a becoming dignity, after the custom of his country. Having refreshed himself with a pipe and coffee, he proceeded on his route to London, and had the same ceremonies observed by the military at his departure as on his entrance. His Excellency is the only Ambassador to the court of London, invested with full powers, which has been sent by the Porte for more than 50 years.

Friday 20. George Rowe, late a shipwright of Chatham dock-yard, and master of a public-house at Upnor, who was lately convicted in the Court of King's Bench, for buying and receiving a large quantity of his majesty's stores, and judged to be imprisoned three months, and then publicly whipped one hundred yards from the dock-gates, underwent his sentence at Chatham, amidst a great concourse of spectators.

Wednesday 25. The inhabitants of Canterbury and the neighbouring country, to reward the orderly and soldier-like behaviour of the Suffex militia, now quartered in that city, entered into a subscription for the purpose of giving them a Christmas dinner; near forty pounds were subscribed and expended for the purpose, and a very excellent dinner was served up to near 900 men, on Christmas day, in their respective barracks—besides their dinner a pint of strong beer was given to each man. The whole was conducted with much regularity, and the men expressed themselves much pleased with this handsome testimony of respect.

ERRATA.

The Editors hope their readers will excuse and correct the following errors, which in the hurry attendant on periodical publications has escaped notice.

- Page 69, col. 1, the four lines at the bottom should stand at the top, as the beginning of the 3d stanza of "August, a pastoral sketch."
- 180, col. 1, line 18, for dreadful read dreaded
- 181, — 1, — 12, of "History of Penshurst" for Mr. Cooper, r. Mrs. Cooper
- 182, — 2, — 32, for No, r. Ne, *ibid.* — 2, — 34. for any r. my *ibid.* — 2, — 3, from the bottom, for Aristophel r. Astrophel
- 183, — 1, — 1, for Col-Youths, r. Æol-Youths *ibid.* — 4, — 4, dele comma after puffing *ibid.* — 2, — 8, read Astrophel *ibid.* — 2, — 18, for Oxford, r. Orford,

PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Right Hon. Charles, Lord Romney, unanimously elected president of the Marine Society.

BIRTHS.

- Nov. 28. At Coombe place, Suffex, the lady of George Skiffnell, esq. of a daughter,
29. At Chatham, the Hon. Mrs. H. Fox, of a daughter.
17. At Eastbourne in Suffex, the hon. Mrs. Warneford, lady of F. Warneford, esq. of a daughter.
22. At Sevenoaks, the lady of sir Stafford Northcote, bart. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

- Lately, at Lambeth, Mr. John Child, of Ludgate-street, London, to Miss Rebecca Warner, daughter of William Warner, esq. of Greenwich.
In London, Mr. James Seale, late of the Bower farm, to Miss E. Johnson, of Maidstone.
Nov. 30. At Stockbury, Mr. Rugg, of Debting, to Miss Payne, of Stockbury.
Dec. 1. At Upper Deal, Mr. William Kennett, of Dover, to Mrs. E. Bowls, widow of the late Mr. William Bowls, Deal pilot.
5. At Margate, Mr. D. Pound, midshipman, to Miss Martha Percival.
At Ashford, Mr. S. Hearnden, to Miss Ann Tonbridge.
At Hearn, Mr. Thomas Marsh, coal-meter, to Mrs. Sarah White.
9. At Whitstable, Mr. — King, to Miss Mary Leggett.
10. At St. Peter's in Thanet, Mr. Boys, of Sampson, to Miss Mockett
At Adisham, Mr. William Greenland, of Wingham, to Miss Reynolds.
12. At Newington next Hythe, Mr. Jacob Squire, to Miss Ann Hogben.
15. At Sandwich, Duglis Hernic, aged 23, to Sarah Springle, aged upwards of 70, who has been a widow more than 20 years, and great part of the time had walked with a stick; but on the day of marriage she threw it aside, and walked to church without its assistance to all appearance as nimble as a girl of sixteen.
17. At St. Nicholas in Thanet, Mr. James Evernden, of Down-Barton, to Miss A. Down.
At Margate, Mr. Israel Gore, one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's Chapels royal, to Miss Surflen.
18. At Upper Deal, Mr. Lancelot Hayward, to Miss Mary Whendall.
19. At St. Nicholas in Thanet, Mr. John Downes, farmer, to Miss Pett, of Downbarton.
23. At Biddenden, Mr. Peter Davis, to Miss Beale; and Mr. Edward Davis, to Miss Mason.
25. At Upper Deal, Mr. David Anderson, to Miss Hannah Hinds
26. At Dover, Mr. Thomas Sharp, to Miss Perkins, daughter of Thomas Perkins, esq.
At Hougham, the Rev. Anthony Egerton Hammond, to Miss Charlotte Biggs, daughter of Thomas Biggs, esq. of Maxton, near Dover.

DEATHS.

DEATHS.

Nov. 27. At Rochester, Mrs. Chapman, wife of Mr. John Chapman, formerly watch-maker and silversmith, at Sheerness.

At Chatham, in her 83d year, Miss Lowdell.

Dec. 3. At Linton, Mr. Dann, farmer.

5. At Elham, Mr. James Rolfe, aged 83.

8. In London, Captain John Hoile, of Sandwich, hoyman. He was suddenly taken ill at the corn-market in Mark-lane, and expired in less than an hour, leaving a wife and nine children.

10. At Chatham, after a lingering illness, Mr. Phineas Kite, tallow-chandler.

Lately, at Brighton, in an advanced age, Mrs. Batchelor, lady of Captain Batchelor, of the Suffex militia.

At Wrotham, Mr. Thomas Fulljames, in his 67th year, much lamented by his friends and relations.

17. In the Grey Friars, Canterbury, Mrs. Pilcher, widow.

At Sittingbourn, Mrs. Barns, wife of Mr. Samuel Barns, butcher.

19. At her house in St. John's street, Berkeley-square, London, the non. lady Elizabeth Finch, sister to the late and aunt to the present Earl of Aylesford. Her ladyship was born in 1717. and is the second of his lordship's maiden aunts who have died within six months.

22. At Folkstone, after a lingering illness, in the 25th year of his age, Mr. Richard Minter, butcher, son of Mr. John Minter.

At Buckwell in the parish of Sturry, Mr. Thomas White Collard, of the Hoath farm, near Canterbury.

At Brompton, universally regretted, Mr. Joseph Drawbridge.

23. At Charing, Mrs. Smart, widow of the late Mr. Smart, attorney-at law.

At Sandwich, Mr. W. Jordan, many years collector of the Customs at that port.

25. In Canterbury, Mrs. Sarah Pankhurst, mantua-maker.

PRICES of MEAT in SMITHFIELD MARKET.

	Dec. 2.		Dec. 9.		Dec. 16.		Dec. 23.			
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef, - per score	7	0	7	6	7	0	7	6	6	0
Mutton, per pound	0	4½	0	5	0	4½	0	5	0	4½
Beef, - per stone*	2	6	3	4	2	4	3	4	2	6
Mutton, per stone	2	10	3	4	2	10	3	4	2	10
Veal, - per stone	3	6	4	8	3	0	4	4	3	0
Lamb, - per stone	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Pork, - per stone	3	0	4	0	3	0	3	8	2	8

* Of 8 pounds—By the carcase, to sink the offal.

HEAD of CATTLE, sold each Day.

Beasts, - about	2,000	2,500	2,500	1,500
Sheep - - -	9,000	8,000	10,000	6,000
Lambs - - -	-	-	-	-

PRICES of TALLOW in LONDON.

	Dec. 2.		Dec. 9.		Dec. 16.		Dec. 23.			
Per Cwt.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Town Tallow	45	0	0	0	45	0	0	0	44	6
Russia Candle Tallow	38	0	41	0	38	0	41	0	38	0
Russia Soap Tallow	37	0	38	0	37	0	38	0	37	0
Stuff - - -	25	0	35	0	25	0	35	0	24	0
Graves - - -	8	0	0	0	8	0	0	0	8	0
Good Dregs - - -	6	0	0	0	6	0	0	0	7	0

Average Price at Clare, St. James's and Whitechapel Markets.

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Per Stone of 8lb.	2	8½	2	8½	2	8	2	7½	-	-

PRICES of HOPS in KENT.

	CANTERBURY.				MAIDSTONE.			
	Bags.		Pockets.		Bags.		Pockets.	
	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
Nov. 30	9	15	10	0	10	15	12	0
Dec. 7	10	0	10	10	11	0	12	0
Dec. 14	10	0	10	10	11	0	11	11
Dec. 21	10	5	10	10	11	0	12	0

FOR DECEMBER, 1793.

AVERAGE PRICES of WHEAT,

199

By the QUARTER of EIGHT WINCHESTER BUSHELS.

From November 23 to December 14.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Nov 23		Nov. 30.		Dec. 7.		Dec. 14.		s. d.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
Middlesex	45	4	45	3	45	6	45	11	
Surry	46	10	46	0	46	0	46	8	
Hertford	45	5	45	7	45	7	46	2	
Bedford	47	1	47	9	47	8	49	11	
Huntingdon	46	7	46	7	46	10	47	5	
Northampton	50	2	50	8	50	8	50	8	
Rutland	53	6	53	6	56	0	54	6	
Leicester	54	0	54	0	54	9	54	10	
Nottingham	53	10	54	0	55	2	54	4	
Derby	56	8	55	0	56	3	56	2	
Stafford	51	8	52	1	52	7	53	11	
Salop	49	7	50	0	51	9	51	4	
Hereford	49	9	50	6	51	7	52	10	
Worcester	54	0	54	11	55	0	54	5	
Warwick	52	8	52	1	52	0	54	4	
Wilts	43	6	43	8	44	4	43	2	
Berks	46	4	45	0	45	0	45	11	
Oxford	48	0	48	0	48	0	49	10	
Bucks	45	8	46	4	46	2	46	6	
Brecon	48	0	52	3	54	5	54	5	
Montgomery	44	10	47	0	49	2	49	11	
Radnor	49	8	49	10	50	2	50	7	

MARITIME COUNTIES.

Dist.	Essex	-	-	-	-	42	10	42	2	42	0	45	6
1	Kent	-	-	-	-	45	5	41	2	43	8	44	8
	Suffex	-	-	-	-	42	0	41	11	42	1	42	2
2	Suffolk	-	-	-	-	44	1	43	11	43	5	43	2
	Cambridge	-	-	-	-	42	9	42	5	42	6	43	5
3	Norfolk	-	-	-	-	41	6	41	8	41	6	42	1
	Lincoln	-	-	-	-	47	2	46	7	47	8	46	8
4	York	-	-	-	-	44	1	44	3	44	11	44	4
	Durham	-	-	-	-	41	4	42	0	42	8	44	1
5	Northumberland	-	-	-	-	40	6	40	5	40	7	40	10
	Cumberland	-	-	-	-	48	3	49	0	49	1	53	3
6	Westmoreland	-	-	-	-	50	7	51	2	51	7	51	7
	Lancaster	-	-	-	-	48	4	49	8	51	0	51	1
7	Chester	-	-	-	-	49	4	51	1	49	2	49	3
	Flint	-	-	-	-	49	11	54	4	44	6	50	2
8	Denbigh	-	-	-	-	52	4	53	0	52	9	53	5
	Anglesea	-	-	-	-	40	0	42	0	44	0	42	0
	Carnarvon	-	-	-	-	45	0	46	0	46	0	46	4
	Merioneth	-	-	-	-	48	7	48	0	53	6	54	1
	Cardigan	-	-	-	-	46	2	46	0	47	5	47	9
	Pembroke	-	-	-	-	40	9	40	6	39	7	41	4
9	Carmarthen	-	-	-	-	47	6	47	5	50	0	50	0
	Glamorgan	-	-	-	-	49	5	50	5	49	6	50	4
10	Gloucester	-	-	-	-	50	0	50	5	49	11	50	11
	Somerset	-	-	-	-	50	7	51	4	52	2	52	0
	Monmouth	-	-	-	-	49	11	53	2	54	7	54	10
	Devon	-	-	-	-	48	0	48	7	48	4	49	5
11	Cornwall	-	-	-	-	48	0	48	0	48	5	48	3
	Dorset	-	-	-	-	42	3	43	9	44	5	46	9
12	Hants	-	-	-	-	41	11	41	11	42	9	43	3

AVERAGE of ENGLAND and WALES.

Per Quarter - - - | 47 4 | 47 8 | 48 1 | 48 8 |

KENTISH REGISTER,

AVERAGE PRICES of WHEAT,

By which Exportation and Bounty are to be regulated.

Computed according to the Directions of the acts of 31st and 33d Geo. III.

From Nov. 23 to Dec. 14.

Distr.	23.		30.		7.		14.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
1	44	11	44	6	44	9	45	11
2	43	9	43	6	43	2	43	3
3	41	6	41	8	41	6	42	1
4	45	2	45	1	45	10	45	1
5	40	11	41	2	41	8	42	4
6	49	2	49	10	50	1	50	9

Distr.	23.		30.		7.		14.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
7	48	8	50	2	50	5	50	5
8	48	9	49	3	49	10	50	6
9	45	9	46	6	46	4	47	8
10	50	3	51	3	51	10	52	3
11	48	0	48	4	48	4	48	10
12	42	0	42	7	43	6	44	9

RETURNS of WHEAT,

Sold at the Corn-Market, in Mark-Lane, London.

From Dec. 2, to Dec. 23.

Dec. 2.		Dec. 9.		Dec. 16.		Dec. 23.	
No of	Price	No of	Price	No of	Price	No of	Price
Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.	Qrs.	s. d.
69	47 6	27	50 0	63	49 6	150	50 0
1063	47 0	120	49 6	720	49 0	200	49 6
417	46 6	67	49 0	818	48 6	310	49 0
1131	46 0	265	48 6	766	48 0	546	48 6
550	45 6	879	48 0	614	47 6	645	48 0
1178	45 0	313	47 6	505	47 0	40	47 6
210	44 6	230	47 3	200	46 6	260	47 0
62	44 0	1757	47 0	110	46 0	855	46 0
109	43 0	110	46 6	360	45 6	286	45 0
47	42 0	1235	46 0	180	44 6	20	44 0
17	40 0	43	45 0	17	44 0	70	43 0
		6	44 6	3	41 6		
		65	44 0	16	40 0		
		14	43 6				
		30	41 0				

PRICES of HOPS in SOUTHWARK.

Per Cwt.	Dec. 2.				Dec. 9.				Dec. 16.				Dec. 23.			
BAGS.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.	l.	s.
Kent - - - -	8	0	10	10	8	0	10	10	7	10	10	10	7	10	10	10
Suffex - - - -	7	0	9	0	7	0	10	0	7	0	9	0	7	5	9	0
Effex - - - -	8	0	11	0	8	0	11	0	8	0	11	0	8	0	10	10
POCKETS.																
Kent - - - -	9	0	11	11	8	8	11	11	8	0	12	0	8	8	12	0
Suffex - - - -	8	0	10	10	8	0	10	10	7	0	10	0	7	0	10	0
Farnham - - -	10	0	22	0	15	0	21	0	8	0	21	0	8	0	20	0
Worcester - -	8	0	10	0	6	0	10	0	7	0	10	0	7	7	10	0

AVERAGE PRICES of SUGAR,

From the Returns made at Grocer's Hall, Nov. 27 to Dec. 18.

Per Cwt.	Nov. 27.			Dec. 4.			Dec. 11.			Dec. 18.		
Exclusive of the Duties	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.
	2	9	11	2	9	0 $\frac{1}{4}$	2	8	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	2	9	6 $\frac{3}{4}$

LONDON, December

LONDON, December										
		2.	9.		16.		23.			
<i>Per Quarter.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Wheat	-	32	46	6	34	49	0	34	49	6
Rye	-	30	32	0	30	32	0	30	32	0
Barley	-	24	35	6	24	35	0	24	35	6
Oats	-	20	27	0	20	27	0	21	27	6
Beans	-	36	38	6	36	38	6	36	38	6
Tick Beans	-	32	34	6	32	34	6	32	34	6
Peas	-	38	52	0	36	51	0	36	51	0
Hog Peas	-	38	40	0	36	38	0	36	38	6
Tares	-	30	33	0	32	34	0	32	34	0
Malt, Brown	-	42	45	0	43	45	6	44	45	6
Amber	-	40	44	0	40	44	0	42	44	0
Pale	-	37	38	0	38	40	0	38	0	38
<i>Per Sack.</i>		34	35	0	34	35	0	35	0	35
Flour, Fine,	-	28	32	0	28	32	0	24	30	0
Second	-	34	35	0	34	35	0	35	0	35
Third	-	28	32	0	28	32	0	24	30	0
Rough Meal	-	28	80	0	28	80	0	28	80	0
<i>Seeds.</i>		10	26	0	10	26	0	10	26	0
Clover	-	34	42	0	34	42	0	34	42	0
Trefoil	-	20	30	0	20	30	0	20	30	0
Cinquefoil	-	20	30	0	20	30	0	20	30	0
Ryegrass	-	20	30	0	20	30	0	20	30	0
Sainfoin	-	20	30	0	20	30	0	20	30	0
Turnip	-	20	30	0	20	30	0	20	30	0
Canary	-	20	30	0	20	30	0	20	30	0
<i>Per Tuff</i>		20	30	0	20	30	0	20	30	0
Rape	-	30	33	0	30	33	0	30	33	0

CANTERBURY, Nov. - Dec.

30.	7.	14.	21.
s.	s.	s.	s.
40	45	41	46
42	42	49	42
48		49	42
27	33	28	33
23	27	22	27
32	30	30	39
36	38	36	33
44	48	40	45
34	35	30	33
		35	34
50	0 50	0 50	0 50
51	0 51	0 51	0 51
52	0 52	0 52	0 52
35	0 35	0 37	0 37
53	0 33	0 35	0 35
29	0 29	0 31	0 31
25	0 25	0 26	0 26

MAINSTONE, Nov.—Dec.

28.		5.		12.		19.	
r.	s.	r.	s.	r.	s.	r.	s.
42	46	30	46	40	46	30	46
32	3	30	32	30	32	30	32
30	26	33	35	30	35	30	35
20	27	44	26	44	26	24	26
30	35	32	34	32	34	32	34
35	37	34	38	34	38	36	38
40	40	38	40	38	40	38	40
36	40	36	38	36	38	36	38
40	44	40	46	40	46	40	46
46	48	42	44	42	44	42	44
48	50	43	46	43	46	43	46
47	49	45	47	45	47	45	47
37	39	36	38	36	38	36	38
35	37	34	36	34	36	34	36
30	32	30	32	30	32	30	32
		28	30	28	30	28	30
39	42	36	40	36	40	36	40
41	20	12	20	12	20	12	20
34	36	38	36	38	36	38	36
22	24	17	24	17	24	17	24
11	14	11	16	11	16	11	16

DARTFORD, Nov.—Dec.

30.	7.	14.	21.
44 47	44 47	44 46	43 4
27 29	27 29	30 34	34 37
21 23	21 23	22 29	23 27
35 36	35 36	34 36	35 38
37 40	37 40	40 42	40 44
34 38	34 38	36 38	38 40
38 0 38 0 38 0 38 0	40 0 36 0 36 0		

ACCURATE PRICE OF STOCKS, NOVEMBER 28 TO DECEMBER 27, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

Days	BANK						INDIA			SOUTH SEA		New Navy		Ex- cheq. Bills.	3 per Cent. Scrip.	Commerce Exch. Bills.				Lotry Tickets.	
	Stock.	3 per cent. reduc.	3 percent. confol.	4 per cent. conf.	5 per cent. ann.	Long ann.	Short ann.	Stock.	Scrip.	Bonds.	Stock.	Old ann.	New ann.			Bills.	1st Class.	2d Class.	3d Class.	4th Class.	Englsh. l. s. d.
28	167 1/2	74 1/2	74 3/4	89 1/2	108 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	210 1/2	—	25 spr.	—	74 1/2	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 6 0	—
29	168 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	24	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 9 0	—
30	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 14 6	—
1	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
2	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
3	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
4	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
5	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
6	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
7	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
8	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
9	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
10	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
11	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
12	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
13	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
14	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
15	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
16	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
17	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
18	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
19	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
20	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
21	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
22	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
23	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
24	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
25	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
26	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—
27	169 1/2	74 1/2	75 1/2	90 1/2	109 1/2	21 1/2	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	15 17 6	—

In this Table, the highest and lowest prices of the 3 per cent. consols. are given each day; in all the other funds the highest price only.

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EVACUATION of TOULON.

ADDITION TO THE POLITICAL RETROSPECT.

A Few hours unavoidable delay in the publication of this number, gives us the opportunity of announcing the disagreeable intelligence of the evacuation of TOULON BY LORD HOOD, on the 19th of December. It appears by the accounts yesterday received from Paris, that this place was no longer tenable from the daily increase of the Republican army,

who threatened to escalate and storm it. Lord Hood destroyed such of the French ships as he could not bring away, and set fire to the arsenal—the town was likewise set on fire in several places, and a great number of the inhabitants, with their effects received on board the fleet, before the Republicans took possession of the place.

Canterbury, January 1, 1794.

End of the first Volume.

